THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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9 SEP 1936 NEW SOUTH WALES

Queen Adelaide

ONLY one Australian capital city, Adelaide, is named in honor of a woman—and a Queen at that! She was Queen Adelaide of England, portrayed in this beautiful study by artist Boothroyd, which is singularly appropriate since Adelaide is now celebrating its Centenary. Born in 1792, Queen Adelaide, at the age of 26, married the Duke of Clarence, who became King William IV of England. As "Queen City of the South," Adelaide perpetuates the memory of an English Queen noted for her beauty and nobility of character.

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VOLUNTARY PAINLESS DEATH *for* INCURABLES

Women's Association to Discuss Euthanasia

IS IT "MURDER PROMOTING" OR "ACT OF MERCY"?

Should euthanasia be legalised?

Euthanasia—or painless death for invalids—will be discussed in Melbourne this week by delegates to the Australasian Women's Association in order to get a definite viewpoint on the matter.

This "painless death" crusade has attracted a great deal of attention overseas and caused much controversy, and at the Melbourne conference a proposal is on the agenda paper that the incoming board of this Australasia-wide women's association should consider whether support should be given to any movement to legalise euthanasia.

In England, the agitation has gone so far that a bill has been drafted for submission to Parliament. At a meeting of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society held in the Great Hall of B.M.A. House, London, the question was exhaustively discussed both for and against.

THE discussion at this meeting, at which there was a large attendance of very representative people, throws so much light on the subject that we take this opportunity of publishing a complete report of the proceedings.

Lord Moynihan, who presided, said that the object of the society was to obtain legal recognition of the principle that in cases of inevitably fatal illness in which agony reached, or perhaps overstepped, the limits of human endurance, the sufferer should have the right to demand, and the society the right to give, the means of relief.

There were cases of which it might indubitably be said that during the brief remainder of life the agony would be intense and the end certain. It would be asked whether they had any intention of seeking to include other cases than these in their demands to the legislature, such cases, for example, as those of mongolian idiots or persons suffering from senile dementia.

They were asking for no such authority. They realised also that there were certain denominations within the Christian Church whose members had no right, and could never from ecclesiastical authority obtain the right, to such relief and release as that for which the society was asking legal sanction. He asked such to stand aside and not refuse the relief to others.

Mr. C. J. Bond, F.R.C.S., chairman of the executive committee, said that everyone, especially doctors, would welcome the change in public opinion of recent years.

Civilised man was being called upon to exercise increasing control over human development and human life, meaning control at both ends, entrance into and exit from life, but in order to exercise this control wisely there was needed a truer conception of the value of life, which consisted not in living, but in living usefully and happily.

Many Safeguards

THE population was an ageing one, with a larger relative proportion of elderly persons—individuals who had reached a degenerative stage of life, in which cancer and other disabling diseases tended to occur.

Thus the total amount of suffering and the number of useless lives must increase, and this problem required wise handling. To talk of the proposed bill as a bill to promote murder and the doctor working under it as a public executioner was beside the point. He added that to-day they were concerned only with voluntary euthanasia, but "as public opinion develops . . . further progress along preventive lines will be possible."

Dr. Killick Millard, secretary of the society, gave an outline of the proposed bill. The sufferer must sign an official application form, his signature duly attested by two witnesses, one of them of a specified status. He must also obtain two independent medical certificates that he was suffering from incurable disease likely to involve severe pain. These would be sent to an official whose duty it would be to see that the case was a proper one to come under the Act, and if satisfied he would grant the necessary permit, not to be acted upon until after an interval of seven days.

The practitioner who was to administer euthanasia would be named in the permit, and would hold a licence from the Minister of Health. He hoped he would be known as the "mercy doctor."

The Earl of Listowel, as the first layman to address the meeting, spoke of indebtedness to the doctors who had had the courage to take up this cause.

Church Support

CANON HAROLD ANSON, Master of the Temple, as representing a group in the Church of England, including the late and present Deans of St. Paul's and Canons C. E. Raven and H. R. L. Sheppard, found no religious or moral objection to the principle of the bill.

The Rev. F. W. Norwood, president of the National Free Church Council, strongly supported the bill. A civilised society which, though it maintained capital punishment refused to allow it to be a public spectacle, should not condemn loving and sensitive people to watch the lingering death of one dear to them, knowing all the time that their attitude would be indefensible if the sufferer were a dog.

In answer to a question, Dr. Millard said that the method to end life would be for discussion by experts when the time came. It did not follow that only one method would be sanctioned, but any method must be simple, painless, and effective.

Another questioner declared that all doctors were taught that it was wrong to allow a patient to die a painful death. Why, therefore, was there need for legislation which must be distressing to the patient?

Lord Moynihan said it was true that medical men had the power already to relieve suffering, but it was equally true that a tolerance to morphine was established, and larger and larger doses had to be administered, to the detriment of the character of the individual.

Doctor's Protest

DR. C. O. HAWTHORNE spoke in opposition to what was proposed. He said that although the meeting was held in the House of the British Medical Association, the association was not responsible for it, and its Council had never even considered the question. He went on to argue that the position contemplated, that of a person suffering severe and prolonged pain with the prospect of a fatal termination, was one of the most exceptional events in medical experience.

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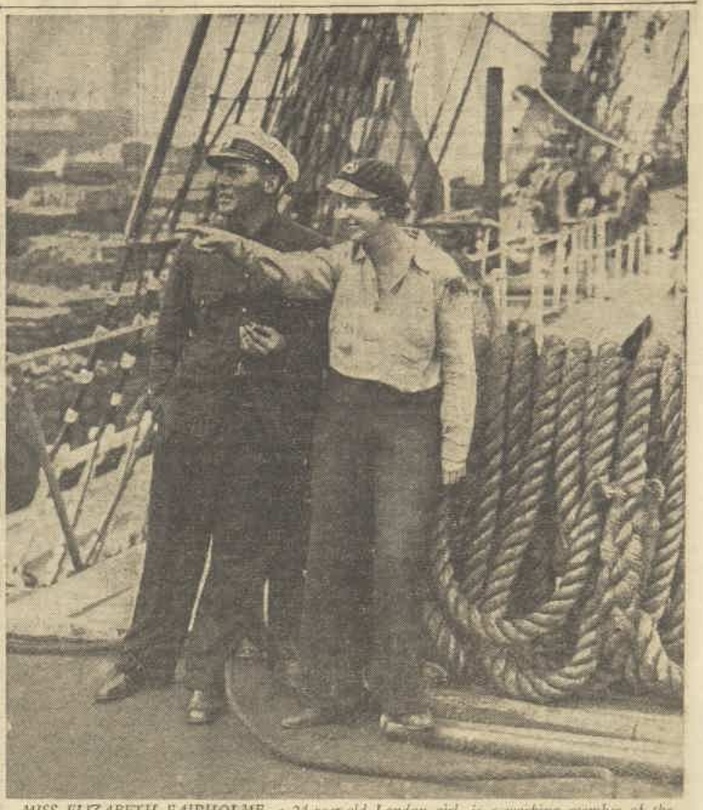

MISS ELIZABETH FAIRHOLME, a 24-year-old London girl, is a working member of the crew of the Finnish barque Viking, and is shown with the first mate on the arrival of the vessel at Hull recently with a cargo of wheat from Australia. This is her fifth trip on the Viking. She is an accomplished accordion-player, and leader of the sing-songs on the ship, and is declared by the captain to be as good as any man in the crew.

AUSTRALIAN *Women Fight for* PEACE

Press for Anti-War Ballot and People's League of Nations

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

LONDON, Sunday.

Australian delegates to the Peace Campaign Congress being held at Brussels are pressing for a world peace ballot and a People's League of Nations as the best means of obtaining permanent harmony among the nations.

The Australian delegation has the distinction of being the only one to sumbit a proposal endorsed by its government, the others being non-official but representative of a strong section of national thought.

MANY well-known Australian women at present in Europe will attend the conference as delegates.

The delegates number four thousand from all walks of life—housewives, business women, authors, doctors, factory hands and peasants—over half of them women, and they are meeting in the Brussels Palais Ducentenaire for the International Peace Campaign for an International Peace Congress, to give it the full title. The peace crusade is meeting in the face of a very warlike Europe.

Russia has reduced the conscript age; Germany has doubled the size of her army; France plans to keep conscripts under arms for the third year. Everywhere there are increased military commitments in the national budgets, and armament firms are working at top speed.

But 4000 voices from many countries will raise the cry of peace in the armed camp of Europe.

Delegates are attending from all countries except Germany and Italy.

Lord Cecil and the French Air Minister, M. Cot, will be there personally.

No delegate is officially recognised by his own Government.

The Australian delegation has the distinction of being the only one to submit official proposals, the principal of which are for a world peace ballot and the formation of a people's league of nations. The English delegates are supporting these.

The congress is sanctioned by the Belgian Government on the condition that the organisers pledge themselves not to attack the arms industry, any Government, any Dictator, and not to broadcast speeches or hold public meetings or demonstrations.

The delegates will be given a civic reception by the former Burgomaster, M. Max.

Spectacular Delegate

THE most spectacular delegate is probably the American, Mrs. Vincent, who is dubbed the "Joan of Arc of Peace." She is representing the World Union of Mothers.

She came to the congress wearing a uniform, macintosh, shoes of dazzling rainbow hues, and carrying a flag depicting a rainbow encircled by a white ring, which she explains combines the colors of the national flags of the world.

The Australians include Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, Mrs. Halse Rogers, Mrs. Curtin, Miss Hart, Mrs. Griffith and Mrs. Maund, representing the United Associations; Mrs. M. Anthill, Housewives' Progressive Association; Miss Helen Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, Feminist Club; and Sir Colin and Lady Mackenzie.

The N.S.W. Minister for Education, Mr. D. H. Drummond, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Watt are representing the League of Nations Union.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Spencer Shier.

For Overseas Congress

PROF. W. A. OSBORNE, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Melbourne University, will leave for England next April to attend the conference of the British Medical Association at Belfast University, where he received his medical training. He also hopes to visit the University of Tubingen in Germany.

Prof. Osborne is one of the three honorary Australian Fellows of the American College of Surgeons, and he hopes to attend the congress of the College before he returns home in December, 1937.

New Lord-in-Waiting

SINCE the accession of King Edward VIII numerous changes have been made in His Majesty's personal staff, and in view of the Coronation celebrations next year great interest has been evinced in these appointments.

One of the latest is that of the Earl of Sefton, who succeeds Lord Brownlow as Lord-in-Waiting. The Earl is a bachelor, aged 38, and one of the King's oldest friends.

He is a Captain of the Royal Horse Guards Reserve, and succeeded to the title in 1930.

Noted Church Worker

STILL taking an active interest in the World's Christian Endeavor Union, which she helped her husband inaugurate in 1881, is Mrs. Francis E. Clark.

This world-wide church organisation was founded when Mr. Clark was minister at Williston Church, Portland, Maine. Its membership to-day runs into hundreds of thousands.

Mrs. Clark accompanied her husband on a visit to Australia in 1892. Last year she was an honored guest at the World Peace Fellowship at Philadelphia, where members of the Union gathered from all corners of the globe.

MAGIC YEARS *Ahead for* WOMEN

There's a Lot to This Centenary Idea of Planning and Living

CENTENARY and Sesqui-centenary celebrations, so popular in Australia just now as festival landmarks of national progress, afford an opportunity of examining the prospects that Father Time has in store for us in the magic years that will spin the world round to the year 2036.

In this article, Mrs. I. H. Moss, leader of women's organisations in Australia and prominent delegate to the women's Centennial Congress in Adelaide this month, adapts the Centenary idea, which celebrates the past, and shows how it can be used to plan people's lives in the years ahead.

It is a hundred years' plan for living that is rich in opportunity for women.

By MRS. I. H. MOSS,
President of the National Council of Women in Australia.

ANY plan for a hundred years' living must depend for the complete fulfilment on peace.

My hundred years' plan for living is based on world peace, with tolerance and understanding between man and man and nation and nation.

How are we going to achieve lasting peace?

The world is organising for peace to an extent never attempted even in organisation for war.

The League of Nations is under a cloud, but we must not lose faith in it.

In sixteen years we have tried to alter human nature to the extent of expecting to conquer instinctive fighting tendencies.

Ban Poverty, Disease

BUT we have to stamp out human traits born of thousands of years of living by the sword.

Perhaps in the next hundred years we can come a little nearer to achieving this.

Any organisation for peace must be on a broad scale that will include economic adjustment as well as adjustment of the relations of nations and human beings.

A world united in peace can then tackle the real problems of mankind—poverty, disease and ignorance.

In the few years since woman began to question her status we have nearly achieved equality of the sexes, but in my hundred years' plan there would be complete equality—equal opportunity and pay in all professions and industry for equal work, but not equal pay for unequal work.

It is doubtful whether we can ever achieve complete equality for all mankind.

The discoveries and experiments of science cannot eliminate the differences between one man and another, the qualities of intellect that can give a man power, riches, or intellectual achievement, while another lives his life in comparative poverty and obscurity.

But with education and health provisions we can provide fairer conditions and finer opportunities, security, and the assurance of employment for men less adequately equipped to take their place in a modern competitive world. We can ensure that they and their children are guarded against poverty and want.

Health Certificates

TO give women complete equality we have yet to alter laws governing nationality of married women, to give them the right to change or retain their nationality, and enact uniform laws governing domicile, marriage, and divorce.

The standard of education will need to be raised, especially in regard to health education. Practical schemes for higher nutrition and diet in relation to motherhood, childhood, and humanity generally will be our ammunition in the fight against disease. Many problems affecting the standard of health and human efficiency would be wiped out if health certificates for both men and women before marriage were compulsory.

We have done a great deal to give children a fair start in life, but further provision for them would play a big part in this hundred years' plan.

Forsaken Children

WE must ensure that children are born into happiness.

We have provided some pre-natal care, fine hospitals, nursery schools, creches, kindergartens, and State schools. We do all we can for young people until they are seventeen or eighteen, but then we forsake them.

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Marriage, health, education, work, and leisure on new lines.

WOMEN NOWADAYS can pick any part of the globe in which to work and live. Father Time is giving them greater responsibility and more opportunity in managing the world's affairs.

HOW FAR BACK CAN YOU REMEMBER?

HAVE you ever thought how close we live to the happenings of one hundred years ago?

* * *

MANY people can easily remember important events of the 1870's and 1880's. Others recollect stories related by their parents and grandparents, giving first-hand impressions of the early days of the 19th century and the difficult struggles of the first colonists.

* * *

NATIVE races relied chiefly on this word-of-mouth method to pass on their traditions and history, century after century, but modern man, with his mind busy on to-morrow's problems, writes yesterday's history and anecdotes indelibly in books.

* * *

IT is just another example of how the written word outlasts the spoken word. Verbal repetitions of eye-witness accounts of any events rarely go beyond the fourth and fifth generation.

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You can now add several inches to your height! With this remarkable method it is now possible to increase your height, at the same time improve your health and appearance. Without the use of drugs or unnatural methods, this system will add inches to you. You CAN be taller.

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All the social and business advantages of a commanding figure can be yours. You can stand above your fellows and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive. Nothing aids you more to social and business success than a tall, commanding appearance, nothing will add more to your personality—and yet all this is within your grasp! You can NOW get this extra height.

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96 YEARS OLD *and Has Had* 23 CHILDREN

Big Gathering of Pioneers... Ages Total Over 50,000 Years

Mrs. B. J. Currie, of North Adelaide, is 96 years of age, has had 23 children, including four sets of twins, does her own housework, looks after herself entirely, and can remember back 91 years.

She is one of over 650 of South Australia's pioneer men and women invited to a Centenary garden party on September 23. The ages of the guests total more than 50,000 years.

SHE is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the women invited (and she says that she hopes to attend the party).

She lives by herself in a tiny house in North Adelaide, does her own housework, looks after herself entirely, and is most indignant about the "inquisitive people who ask personal questions" whenever she appears in public.

However, she gives the answers readily enough, knowing that the reason for the questions usually arises out of interest in the State's early history.

Sitting in her little parlor with its glass cases of strange corals as her background, Mrs. Currie recalled some of her early childhood in Adelaide with great vigor and much amusement for a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

"People ask me," she said, "if I remember my voyage out on the Martin Luther. How could I . . . I was only 4½ years old at the time.

"But I remember when I was about five years old and everyone called me 'Topsy,' which means mischief. I always seemed to be getting into mischief, but that was only natural.

"We lived at Port Adelaide, and when I was very tiny I remember the boats arriving from England and the sailors rolling their trousers up to their knees and carrying the women and children to shore from the small boats, so that they could land the ship's passengers without their having to wade ashore.

"I always used to rush across and ask if I could mind the babies, if there were any.

"Then I remember quite well the first soldiers who arrived in South Australia. They got off at Port Adelaide, too. We lived in the Port Adelaide district before we were burned out of our home."

Mrs. Currie's schooldays seemed to be an excuse for a jolly existence.

The school she attended stood where the Iceworks now stand in Morphett St., Adelaide, but she says the more youthful of her days there seemed to be spent in threading beads and other occupations suited to young ladies. Her name then was Tessa Stewart.

"You want to know," she said, "how we got to Adelaide to school. Shanks' ponies, my dear, shanks' ponies.

"The natives did not bother us much, except by asking for 'baccy' or sugar, and the only time we children were ever frightened of them was when they rolled the whites of their eyes at us. Then we were terrified."

Mrs. Currie has lived in many parts of the State since those days, including Strathalbyn, Hindmarsh, Moonta, and Adelaide itself, "taking the rough with the smooth," as she puts it, but seeming to enjoy every moment of it.

She says she has had 23 children in all, including four sets of twins.

"Lovely children they were," she smiled, "and we all used to get together and have the 'un of Job.

Does Her Own Work

"THERE is nothing like a big family to provide fun, and although there were hard times, there were the good ones as well.

"If God spares me and I can get a car, I shall certainly be at the garden party, my bonnet and all. People laugh at me for it, but I think it is lovely, and I couldn't get my head into one of those hats people wear now, anyhow."

Mrs. Currie continues to do her own housework except for tasks requiring more strength than hers. She even does bits o' washing. She is intensely cheerful, although her optician told her at a recent visit she was fast losing her eyesight.

"That's all right," she told him, "there are plenty in the world waiting to take my place!"

Days when the Horse was King

A SPIN IN THE PARK: A speed thrill of yester-year, and a delightful cameo of the past, complete with dogcart, spalking pony and the groom. This was how the ladies took the air in the days before the advent of the roadster. The picture comes from Adelaide with the Misses Ayers at the controls. It is an early vehicle exhibit for the South Australian Centenary celebrations.

Now, What is Your Choice?

STORIES, like individuals, fall into certain types, and although most of us like a good story on any subject, there are certain yarns which have a particular appeal.

What type do you like best? There is a guinea prize for the best letter written on the subject, and ten consolation prizes of 5/- each.

During the last month four stories specially selected for the wideness of their appeal have been published as free supplements to The Australian Women's Weekly. The last of these appears this week, a farce-comedy, "Marry For Love," by the brilliant Australian writer, E. V. Timms.

Write us a letter expressing your preference. A sentence will do just as well as a letter, but keep your opinion to 50 words.

Read the supplements and write your letter now. It might win a guinea for you.

AMERICAN *Finds Sydney* RELATIVE

Writes to Women's Weekly

The other day, Mr. W. Dilthey wrote to us from Torrance (California): "Your paper is read by 90 per cent. of Australian women and you may be able to find my cousin for me."

Mr. Dilthey was right. The day after his letter was published in The Australian Women's Weekly, Wilhelmina Dilthey, his cousin, walked into the office.

DOCUMENTS produced soon established the fact that the missing cousin had been located. She is now Mrs. J. Eslick, of Fivedock, Sydney.

"I am the only relative on my father's side in Australia," she said, "and this unknown cousin is a surprise. I have written to him telling him that I saw his letter in The Australian Women's Weekly. I don't know anything about him. He may be a millionaire for all I know. Anyway, here's hoping."

Mrs. Eslick said that many of her friends got in touch with her about the letter in The Australian Women's Weekly. She was rather surprised, not dreaming of hearing of her father's relatives in such a manner.

Her mother was killed in a motor smash at Taverner's Hill, some months ago, and although there are many of her mother's relatives in Australia, her cousin in America is the only member of her father's family alive. Her father, like the cousin in Torrance, was an engineer.

MRS. J. ESLICK.
—Women's Weekly photo.

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IT is now possible to try Brodie Mack's famous Correspondence Art Course in your own home, under any conditions you like, and if, after 30 days, you are not perfectly satisfied that this wonderful short-cut method will develop your talent, reveal to you the secrets of black and white illustrating, cartooning, etc. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny, but you must hurry. This offer is for a limited time only—post the coupon below to-day.

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Artists to-day are in demand, thousands of pounds are paid every year for drawings, fashion illustrations, cartoons, comic-strips, advertising catalogues, pottex designs, etc. Publishers of all the hundreds of periodicals and newspapers want original drawings and ideas—your ideas, and they are willing to pay for them handsomely! If you have the inclination for drawing, an inclination that many of us possess, then why compete with the crowd in ordinary occupations? Brodie Mack can develop your ability for this fascinating accomplishment. Many Brodie Mack pupils have developed this fascinating hobby into a highly remunerative profession embracing magnificent opportunities to those people possessed of the enterprise to lift themselves out of the humdrum rack of mediocrity and the dull, drab monotony of factory, shop, or office routine. In addition to its lucrative achievements, it will lift you from comparative obscurity to a position of importance in the public life of the community.

Earn Money with Your Pen or Pencil in your Spare Time.

Brodie Mack has made it possible by means of this remarkable course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of you reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist.

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Now is the time to start learning—remember many famous illustrators learnt this way—the Brodie Mack Way—they were not born famous. This is your opportunity to become a real artist, capable of making faithful sketches that will surprise your friends, delight yourself and take you out of the small-pay drudgery job. This is YOUR opportunity—are you going to pass it up? Then get that coupon into the mail this moment—NOW!

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AWW PROJECT

The Australian Women's Weekly (1933 - 1982)

Issue 1936-09-12

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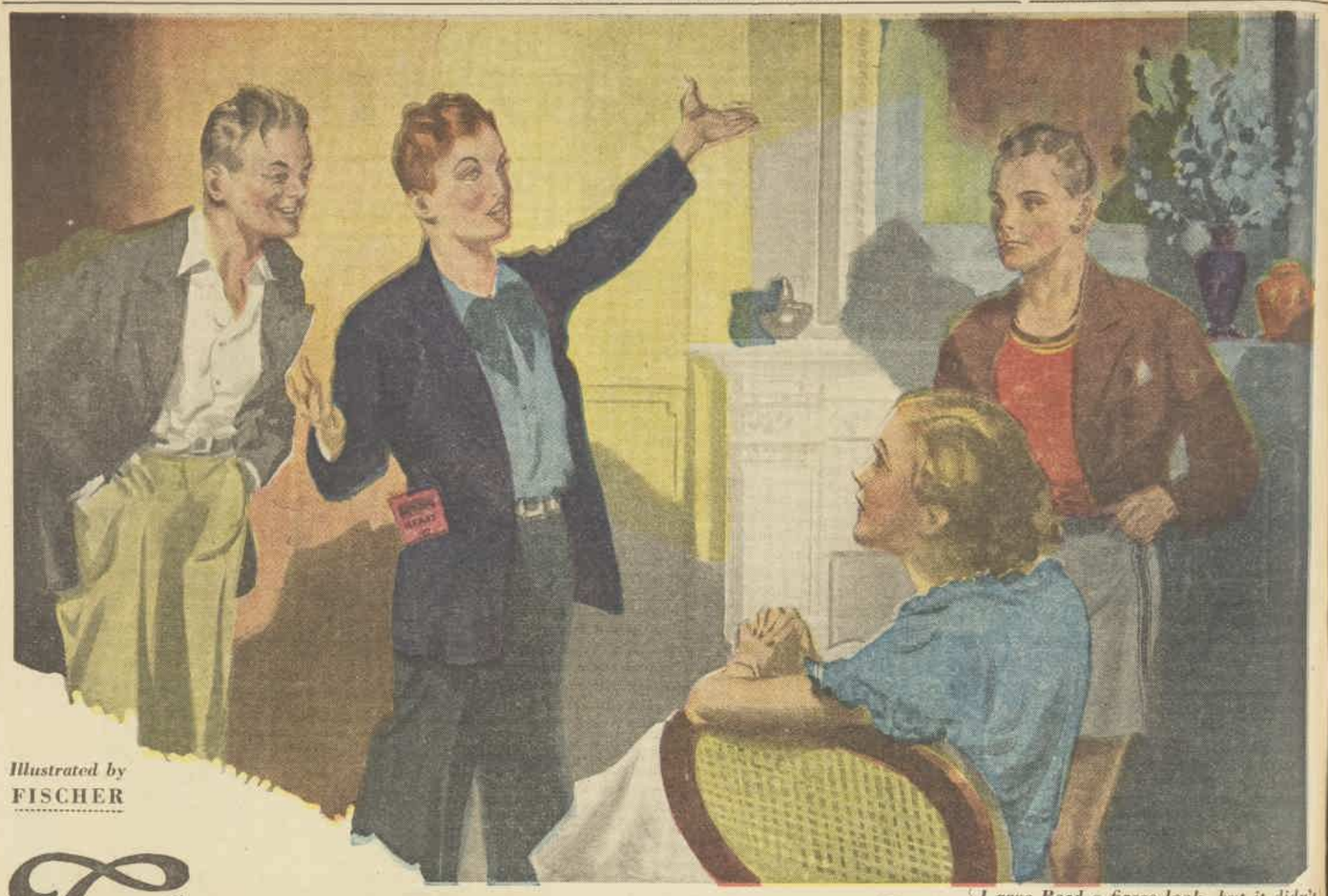

Illustrated by FISCHER

I gave Reed a fierce look, but it didn't do any good. "Celestial fields are sown with stars . . . the earthly ones with flowers . . . is that the one?" he asked happily. "Or was it . . ."

The BIRDS *and the* FLOWERS

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

He had lush blonde hair and was frightfully attractive. He chased butterflies and quoted poetry. But somehow Nick disliked him.

I ASKED where were the elephants because I've always heard that a circus can't move without them to push the waggons, but nobody paid any attention to me. The Minot family was moving, and when I say moving you'd be positively surprised what I mean.

Naturally every spring we make the northward trek to Marblehead, like we were savage tribes after grass, but this spring we were dismantling the homestead on Commonwealth Avenue on account of we'd bought back the old Minot house on Beacon Hill, and some of the stuff was going there and some to the country.

"Wouldn't it be a shame," I said to mother, "if somebody made a mistake and Sal got put in cold storage?"

"Yes, dear," murmured mother absently, paying even less attention to me than usual, if possible.

Sal growled at me rudely. That dog is worse than human. I don't recall of any Pekingese being on the passenger list of the s.s. Mayflower, but it wouldn't surprise me to hear she came over with Priscilla Alden. She's been grandfather's dog these many years, and while she can no longer bite innocent bystanders—having no biters—she still has the urge.

Mrs. Clapp, our antique housekeeper, and Jasper, the prehistoric butler, were sorting the rest of the livestock. It turned out that mother and father were driving together in solitary elegance in mother's car—trust the charming Mrs. Palen Minot, junior, to arrange that. Jim, grandfather's chauffeur, was taking the slaves and family retainers, including Tom Ella, Mrs. Clapp's union cat, while little Leo had the cute task of piloting Behemoth, looking more than usual like Noah's Ark—I mean Behemoth, not me—its draughty interior being filled with Sal, Rollo, my English bull, the two Siamese cats, Cafe and Lait, and grandfather.

Just as I was about to thrust a ham sandwich in my pocket, who should arrive on the scene but our devoted friend and my severest critic, Nicholas Avery.

"Do come and see us some time when we haven't got yellow fever," I suggested, cordially.

"May I join the dash to the pole, sir?" Nick asked grandfather.

WILD horses would not make me admit that I'm ever glad to see Nick Avery, but as a matter of cold fact, I was that pleased. Marblehead isn't much of a drive, and it didn't look like I was going to be lonely, but still if there were any tyres to be changed or anything, he would come in handy.

"I'll sit in back among the pets," said grandfather, gallantly. "Dear, dear, I feel just like Barnum!"

Ordinarily, Nick Avery is quite a wise-cracking lad, even if his idea of humor does consist mostly in insulting me, but since February, when he got his heart what people laughingly call broken by my cousin Tanya—with just the least little wee push from me—he has been a touch subdued.

"This must be a precarious month for you, Leo, with all those seniors you've promised to marry after graduation getting graduated," he said, as we zoomed along.

"Isn't it nice that you and I still have another year of school?" I came back. "Maybe mother'll let us have a candy-pull when we get promoted!" Nick has been going to college for simply eternities, he having decided to be a medical man, and I, praise be, will be finished next year.

We had an uneventful trip—at least it was until we turned off into our own road. Nick, who was driving, was going slowly anyway, and suddenly he snorted and turned to grandfather.

"Mr. Barnum, sir—your what-is-it!" he announced.

I followed his eyes. "What's wrong?" I demanded, right away as mad at Nick's attitude as I would have been, and was, a week later.

"I beg your pardon," Nick was saying, in an affected voice, stopping Behemoth short, "but is this the road to Marblehead?"

I certainly didn't see what Nick found so funny. Here was this really frightfully attractive boy, with the most lush blonde hair I ever saw in my life even if it was a little long, and, after all, why shouldn't he have a butterfly net in one hand and a little red leather book in the other on account of he was catching butterflies and reading poetry as I was so soon to discover was his wont? I've never been much of a poetry-reader myself, but I thought of "To a Fringed Gentian" right away, when he lifted the most violet-blue eyes anyone ever saw, with the most curling lashes.

"Marblehead?" he echoed, as though he's never heard of it in spite of being in it. He looked at me and smiled divinely. "I'm afraid I can't tell you. I've been rambling in the fields all morning and I'm really quite utterly lost."

"I'll say he is," muttered Nick, sub rosa, letting out the clutch, and he began humming that tune from Gilbert and Sullivan about a la-de-da-da young man.

"Would you mind telling me, Nick Avery," I asked coldly, "just what you think is wrong with that young man?"

"Yes," said Nick.

I waited. "Well?"

"I SAID yes, I would mind," Nick explained, with a grin.

"Oh—honestly!" I exclaimed disgustedly. "Talk about girls not liking other girls to be pretty——!"

"You hit it right away, Cassandra," said Nick. "Men don't like men to be pretty, either."

I snorted contemptuously.

"He's really," murmured grandfather mildly, from the back seat, "pure Greek, Nicholas. Those hyacinthan curls and that straight nose . . . Praxiteles could have made him."

"I might like him better in marble, sir," Nick said, and turned Behemoth up our drive.

What they say about a drowning man having all his past life flash before him as he goes down for the last time is what I always feel when we come home in the spring, except that it's terribly pleasant. I always feel sorry for kids who've lived all over the place and haven't one house that means everything to them. Just looking at Robin's Rest, which is what it's called, gives me a feeling of belonging in the world and everything being okay. There are times when you're not quite grown-up and yet not really a kid when the world seems awfully big and almost frightening, and it's sort of like not being sure you were expected at the party.

WE drove up past the horse-chestnut tree I fell out of and broke my arm when I was seven, and Mudpie Rock that I used to have a whole bakery of elegant mudpies drying on in the sun was still where it always was. Rollo bounded out of the car and galloped around, sniffing smells he remembered, and Sal looked just like an amiable dowager at her granddaughter's successful wedding. I dumped Cafe and Lait into the house, they being strangers and foreign cats besides, and even they began mewing and exploring in the most pleased manner.

My room was just the same. Whenever I feel so urged to redecorate, I do it in Boston—last winter I did over my room there modernistically, all chromium and black and natural wood and mirrors, and it's quite cute, really, except that I still have to see if a thing will light up before I'm certain if it's a lamp or a chair. But I don't think I'm ever going to change a thing at Robin's Rest, even when I'm an old lady. Baby Stuart and the Boy With The Torn Hat were still on the wall; the dimity ruffles were all fresh on my poster bed, and my books, from the fairy-tales I colored with crayons and the Oz stories up to last year's novels, were waiting for me. And when I opened my closet door there was my last summer's favorite dress, so I put it on, and then just sat and sort of burbled with happiness.

The next day was like I'd never been away. Pussy Lee came over by the short cut across the fields after breakfast, and Jane Hurlburt tore up the driveway in her old green flivver and said that Link Miller was working on his motor-boat engine, which is how he spends his summers in the boathouse and why didn't we go down there and annoy him?

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Poets In The Spring

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613812

YELLOW LIGHTS

A Complete Short Story

"I tell you," said Bellamy, "it's the best thing I've ever written." And so it was. A brilliant story which was to have a strange history.

"It's about your book, Mr. Martin; I think it's perfectly wonderful! Wonderful, I mean, the way you've got away with it! You see, I know who wrote it. I'm Betty."

Illustrated by FISCHER

: : By : :
H. Kingsley LONG

IGNORING the door marked "Inquiries," Jack Bellamy charged into the general office of Messrs. Martin & Martin, pushed a protesting clerk out of the way, grinned at a startled typist with grey eyes, and strode into the private room of the head of the firm.

Mr. Jack Martin, who valued his dignity, was not pleased by this intrusion. He pushed his horn-rimmed spectacles above his brows and glared at the other Jack. He beheld a picturesquely untidy young man wearing flannel trousers and an old sports coat, and carrying a brown-paper parcel. This parcel he now dumped upon Mr. Martin's desk with such vehemence that the ink splashed out of the inkwell on to the polished mahogany.

"This is your lucky day, Martin," he shouted. "In that parcel is a masterpiece and a best-seller—the finest thing I've ever done!"

"Idiot!" said the publisher savagely. "If you carried a handkerchief, I should make you mop up that ink."

"Out damned spot!" cried the other, and with the words he snatched the snowy linen from his friend's breast pocket and ruined it for ever with energetic dabbings at the blue-black pool.

"You fuss about a little drop of ink," he went on, throwing the stained handkerchief into the wastepaper basket, "when I tell you that I have written a story of pure flame! Do you realise that I've been living like an anchorite for over a month, the slave of my own inspiration? I have sacrificed everything for this book of mine. I've sent an angel to purgatory with a Suet Pudding. And you talk about ink!"

"Mad!" said the publisher helplessly. "Quite mad! What the devil do you mean by all this nonsense about masterpieces and suet puddings?"

"Singular, my dear fellow, not plural. Only one pudding. She—the Suet Pudding—lives at Stow-on-the-Wold or Toller Porcorum, or some impossible place like that. She is physically a double round like a figure eight and mentally a double zero. And she happens to be Betty's aunt. In fact, I've confided the poor girl to her care. I had to. When I lost my job there wasn't enough money to keep us both."

THE publisher seized his friend by the collar of his coat and jerked him into a chair.

"I swear I'll send for a constable and have you removed," he shouted, "if you won't talk sense. Don't you understand that I'm furious with you, Bellamy? You have three important manuscripts to report upon and you've had them for more than a month. What's more, you were paid in advance for reading them. Then you disappear; your office is evasive; you leave no private address; and now you burst into my room like a—like a bomb!"

"All right; all right, old chap. Keep your shirt on. Do you mean to say that you didn't even know that I'd got the sack? Why, everybody was talking about it. My editor had the nerve to cut one of my reviews. I told him what I thought of that—and him—and the low hound gave me three months' notice! I happened to be exactly three months overdrawn and so the final pay envelope contained nothing but my own chits. That was his idea of a joke."

"Great Scott! So you've been dismissed? You're no longer attached to 'The Comet'?"

Bellamy hooted with laughter.

"Attached?" he shouted. "I'd give you full marks for that, Martin, if I didn't know it was an accident. But you're right. I'm no longer attached to anything, but my Art and my adorable Betty. And I've got to detach her from the Suet Pudding by wire this very day after I've touched you for a trifle of ready."

"I should be 'touched' if I let you touch me for twopence," snapped the publisher. "What about my three manuscripts? Your lady friends don't interest me. I want your reports. Do you think this firm can treat all its authors like imbeciles?"

"I can't imagine why not. Still—your Infernal manuscripts are in that parcel. I've only read one of them. I finished my own book at midnight, and my state of excitement and divine achievement was such that I could not sleep. I seized one of your precious authors from the shelf. I read him, and I slept!"

Mr. Martin seemed to lose color.

"Would it be too much to ask," he gasped, "which of the three manuscripts you did read, Bellamy?"

"It was anonymous. If Betty's aunt had been at Cambridge with you and me, I should have thought she wrote it herself. The book is without form and void—a piece of prodigious banality and pompous into the bargain. That, by the way, is my full report. You can have it in writing if you want to, provided you credit me with the proper fee. Now my book . . ."

"Heavens!" said the publisher. He had been standing during this conversation, but now he sat down heavily before his own desk. His momentary pallor had given way to a hot flush and his fingers were trembling.

Bellamy raised astonished eyebrows, but went on impatiently with his own story.

"My book," he repeated, "is a kind of glorious accident. You see, after I quarrelled with 'The Comet' I was in a bit of a hole. You know Betty, don't you? No, but you've heard of her, of course. A marvellous girl, but a little impatient at times—Aren't they all?—and this seemed to be one of them. She seemed to think it was my fault that she didn't take another part after 'Black Garters' finished at the Palatial. And it's true we had arranged to get hitched up. However, there's many a slip twixt the cup and the hitch. I was broke. My landlord, an impatient and matinerless hog, was writing rude letters. Betty was behind with her rent, too. So I decided to write the book. It's in the parcel with the others."

"I still don't understand what you're talking about," said Mr. Martin stiffly.

"Why, the masterpiece, of course. I'm explaining how it happened. Being in this nasty hole, you see, I galloped about a bit, borrowed a spot of money here and there, and then packed Betty off to stop with the Suet Pudding Aunt. I gave her her fare, naturally, and some pocket money, but, thank heaven, I took the precaution of hiding a tenner in the lining of my hat and she never thought to look there. I've been existing on that ever since in some perfectly foul digs at Highgate. Not that it mattered: I was too busy writing to think of anything else."

"I'M not interested," snarled the publisher, "in you, or your ridiculous entanglements, or your book, Bellamy."

The young author took not the slightest notice of this discouragement. His lean brown fingers were busy with the string about the brown paper parcel and presently he flourished aloft two penny notebooks, every page of them covered with his own minute and difficult calligraphy.

"In these two notebooks, Martin," he chanted, "you have not the book of the month, but the book of the year! Nothing but my modesty prevents me from describing it as the novel of the century. I shall leave others to do that. Honestly, my dear chap, it's a wow! It's got it all! I've been reading for Martin & Martin this past three years and reviewing for 'The Comet.' During all that time have I ever failed to spot a winner or detect a dud? No, never! And this book of mine—tout simplement—is far better than anything I have ever read."

"It isn't typewritten," grunted the publisher.

"Blind brute! What does that matter? Get one of your girls to hammer it out; by preference, that sweet kid with the grey eyes; she'd get a fearful kick out of it. I couldn't type the thing myself. I had to leave my machine in my old flat for the benefit of the landlord. It was too heavy to carry. Forget all that though. I must tell you more about the book. It's sure fine. Women will simply eat it. The theme's tremendous—nothing less than the revolt of modern woman against the tyranny of man. And what a plot! Oh, boy, what a plot! The climax will shake any reader—even you, my dear Martin, though you don't know anything whatever about women—to the very soul. I've stripped their poor little souls bare in this book. The psychology is devastating. And, what's more, nothing but superb technique could get this yarn past the public prosecutor. But it's got that technique. It is infallibly a best seller. I tell you, it's got it all!"

"Marvellous!" said Mr. Martin. "All you have to do now is to take your best seller away and—sell it."

"That's not too bad, Martin!" laughed Bellamy approvingly. "But now let's be serious. I want a fifty-pound advance right away. The truth is I'm worried about Betty. A month at Stow-on-the-Wold with the aunt may be trying the little angel too hard. I mean to fetch her back to London at once. In fact, I'm feeling a vague jealousy. 'Jealousy,' by Jove! What a coincidence! That's my first chapter heading. Just that one stark word 'Jealousy!' It's a new stunt, I think. I've headed all my chapters like that. The second is 'Ambush'; the last one, I remember, is headed 'Yggdrasy!—the tree whose roots bind Heaven, earth and hell together. Neat, don't you think?"

"No. And take your book away. I shan't advance you a penny."

The author stared at his friend with incredulous eyes.

It began to dawn upon him that Mr. Martin might not be joking after all. He rose to his feet with immense dignity.

"Do I understand you," he said, "to mean that you won't brass up at all?"

"I hope you do."

"And that you are going to turn me down before you've even read my book?"

"Definitely."

"Very good. But even the ties of friendship have their breaking strain. You've had your chance. Now I'll take the thing to Blurbs, who do know a winner when they see one."

Mr. Martin fidgeted in his chair. Blurb & Blurb had snaffled several very nice bits of business from Martin & Martin already. They had had three "books of the month," he remembered, only last August. It might be a mistake to let them capture Jack Bellamy. The fellow certainly had talent for all his intolerable conceit. And he understood women, too, confound him!

"You can't take a joke, can you?" said Mr. Martin fretfully. "You can't seem to realise that I was feeling rather peevish with you, Bellamy. I didn't say I wouldn't read your book. I only said I wouldn't give you an advance before reading it. After all, I've only got your word for it that it's a winner. Now, if there were someone else to back your opinion. . . ."

"There is no one," said Bellamy frigidly. "Nobody else has even seen it. Nobody knew I was writing it—not even Betty. I brought it here immediately it was finished. Don't you understand that I've been writing at white heat for a month and never spoken to a soul all that time?"

"All right; I'll read it over the week-end; if not before. And on Monday I might consider an advance."

"Nothing doing, Martin!" said the author bluntly. "I won't leave it with you except against something on account and a promise of a decision by to-morrow."

"Oh, be reasonable, Bellamy. Supposing I don't like your masterpiece? Then I'd be stung, wouldn't I?"

"What's the good of supposing anything so ridiculous? I tell you it's the best thing I've ever written."

"Perhaps, but all your stuff's fearfully highbrow."

"This isn't. It's a daring departure from everything I've ever written before. This time I have written for the million with lovely and lucid simplicity. I have refrained from artifice and have been content with 'that great art which is universal in its appeal.' Hs!"

"YOU are quite sure," murmured the publisher feebly, "that you haven't under-estimated the book in any way?"

"Spare your sneers," retorted Bellamy. "Read it and convince yourself. Or let me take it to Blurbs. It's just as you please."

"I'll tell you what I will do. I'll give you twenty pounds against a general receipt. If I don't take the book, you'll have to work off the advance against reading fees. But I'll read it to-night and give you a decision to-morrow. How about it?"

"Make it forty!"

"Twenty-five, and that's my last word."

"Done! You're a miserable huckster, Martin, but I wants da mon' and I'll make you pay up properly when we sign that contract. I'd like cash if you can manage it, because I'm in a hurry to wire Betty."

The head of the firm reluctantly counted out notes, extracted one by one from his own pocket book. He would not part with them until Bellamy had signed a receipt in the desired terms. Then he handed them over, and the young author, smiling his friend most direfully between the shoulders, charged out through the general office as violently as he had charged in, barely checking his rush to blow one kiss to the grey-eyed typist.

He Wrote a Masterpiece

Please turn to Page 38

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

ACCENT THE BACK OF YOUR DANCE FROCK!

● WHITE suede-finished French crepe makes the frock and emerald taffeta the brilliant back draperies of this model.

● PRIMROSE chiffon for the last model—the clever pleated treatment of the back is lined with apple-green.

● AMETHYST slipper satin, lined with violet, makes this gown with shirred inset flowing into enormously full back panel. The shoulder strappings show the violet side of the material

● BRILLIANTLY-PRINTED floral black satin makes a dramatic garment. Heavy black taffeta ribbon makes the shoulder pieces and enormous bustle bow and ends, to give accent to the back of this frock.

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REDINGOTE REVIVAL

THE wheel of fashion has spun us back to "the daring styles" of the days of William IV.

At least, this is the way two gentlewomen named De Courcy described the redingotes which will be seen again for street wear in the coming season if the couturiers do not mislead me.

● *TWO smart outfits for the cocktail hour or for formal afternoon wear are photographed above. That at the left comprises a long skirt of heavy black crepe cut on slim-fitting lines. It is topped with a short-waisted blouse of floral brocade patterned in large but sparse motifs on an eggshell ground.*

● *THE OTHER cocktail dress photographed is also of the blouse and skirt genre. The skirt of black satin made upon the dull side has a peaked front panel and a little fullness round the hips. The blouse of gold lame has a full bodice, and full sleeves.*

● *AT THE RIGHT is a photograph of an attractive feminine frock and coat in lace. The frock is very simply cut and finished with a neckline frill. The full coat shows the redingote trend.*

● *ABOVE: A smart afternoon two-piece of black sheer. The coat has wide kilted sleeves.*

● *BLACK cloque makes the smart afternoon suit pictured above. The skirt favors the pencil silhouette. The little jacket adopts the peplum mode. The sleeves are short and puffed and there is a large posy of white flowers worn at the waist.*

BY Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in London.

"Daring" Styles . . .

I PICKED up their "Journal of Fashion and Romance" off a stall in Charing Cross Road the other day.

Turning over its yellowed pages, with their elaborate illustrations, I was struck with the similarity of "the daring styles" of the days of William IV to those of to-day—or even to-morrow.

In this age of speed, when we travel far and swiftly by aeroplane, our clothes will be reminiscent of the days when stage coaches clattered over cobbled roads.

"A fashion is about to be introduced in full dress," wrote these long dead ladies, "which has, in our opinion, more of originality than good taste to recommend it, but which, nevertheless, is, we believe, very likely to become general. We allude to the mode of under-dresses of striking colors worn with redingotes."

Modern fashion notes, however, do not question the taste of the autumn trend, which indicates the return of tight-fitting redingotes, made flowing and worn with under-dresses or waistcoats of contrasting color. They describe the new vogue as a return to femininity.

By daylight we swagger around in mannish tweeds, divided skirts, trousers and even shorts—work like men, play like men—but, lo, when evening comes, there is the soft swish of taffeta petticoats, high-piled curls and the perfume of flowers.

Women in the evening are to become soft, clinging creatures, liable to scream or have the "vapors" at the sight of even a very small mouse, thus reviving masculine gallantry, which has been dwindling from lack of use.

There are, of course, limits to this nineteenth century revival, particularly when it involves the achievement of an hour-glass figure by wearing fearsome garments supported by whalebone, which had to be dragged into place by the strong right arm of a maid or an obliging husband.

Carriage Dresses

THE carriage dresses, even the most moderate of them, described by the Misses de Courcy, would overflow a taxi, and walking as we moderns stride would be impossible when encumbered with about twenty yards of satin, lavishly trimmed with sable—which is a mild version of what the de Courcys called "a walking dress."

Literally, they describe it as "Lilac gros de Tours robe, figured in detached bouquets of a deeper shade. Corsage a three-quarter height, and plain sleeves a la Folle. Green satin mangle considerably shorter than the dress, lined with saffron-colored gros de Naples and bordered with a full roulleau of sable. Turkish sleeves excessively large, and square collar, both trimmed with sable."

All the notes are liberally sprinkled with French words, carefully presented in italics.

For Debutantes

ENCHANTING dresses worn by this month's garden-party debutantes, however, though reminiscent of some of the plates in this delightful relic of the nineteenth century, had an air of simplicity, achieved by natural waistlines and lack of superfluous adornment, which our great-grandmothers never attained.

At the wedding of Lady Mary Hope, our gay and lovely Duchess of Kent accompanied her mauve gown with a folded turban ornamented with a jewelled brooch. This might be a description from the fashion notes of the Misses de Courcy for the month of July, 1835.

"We observe," they say, "among the head-dresses now in preparation, a number of turbans. The fronts of these are disposed in full folds, ornamented with diamond 'epis' or white roses."

Amazing

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results WITHOUT the use of narcotics. Doctors are fighting for many a life to-day because a "simple cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Dresses, Suits and Tunics Share Spring Honors!

DRESSES, ensembles, suits, tunics—it will be difficult to make your choice from the new spring collections.

Color, line and fabric are of equal importance. The new colors and color combinations will enchant you, the new fabrics, so varied and so interesting, will make your choice a pleasant task, and the new styles will enable you to suit your individual type.

NEW skirt lengths are short, reaching just below the knee in some cases; many skirts are flared, some cut quite circular. As a contrast there are pencil-slim skirts with just room enough to walk. Other skirts are pleated, tiny pleats hanging from the waist or wider pleats stitched to below the hips or to the knees and then hanging loose.

Sleeves are larger—moderately puffed if short, wide at the armhole if long, and shirred or gathered at the shoulders.

The new silhouette emphasises the shoulders, making them wider than normal, and pulls in your waist. Shoulder width is given by the tops of the sleeves being pushed up, by pads, by folds of the fabric draped about the upper arm, by low shoulder yokes.

Tight waists are accentuated by rib-hugging jackets with little peplums flaring out beneath. Contrasting belts impel you to have a narrow waist. There are corselet belts, wide in front, embroidered with spots or flowers.

Wide fabric sashes in bright colors tie around dark frocks. Suede belts with large buckles are dark on pale frocks and pastel or bright on dark frocks. Print sashes and belts are smart on plain crepe or wool frocks.

The bolero has returned—it, also, accentuates the waist. These loose little jackets hang straight to just above the waistline, which shows the contrasting blouse or sash.

Collars on dresses and blouses mount high; scarves, bows, net and lingerie ruffs and draw-string necklines come well above the base of the throat.

Tailored suits vie with the dress-and-jacket combination and tunic frocks for first place.

Suits made of sheer pastel woollens, of linen and printed crepes—short skirts, fitted jackets, and soft, feminine blouses. Many black or navy wool or crepe skirts are topped by plaid taffeta jackets. Taffeta is well to the fore in the mode.

Crisp peplum-waisted jackets are worn in black or navy with matching slim skirts and pastel chiffon or net blouses for late afternoon parties. Nearly every dress has its accompanying jacket—short or three-quarter length, fitted or loose. These are collarless as a rule, and show the wide shoulder-line. Fabric and color can match or contrast with the dress.

Print jackets over plain dresses and plain jackets over prints; pastel and brightly-colored crepe or linen or pique jackets over dark silk or wool frocks; plaid taffeta jackets over dark frocks.

- *ABOVE AT THE LEFT, a black dress in crepe or sheer wool is worn with light accessories—hat, belt, collar, gloves, and bag. These may be white, yellow, pale pink, or pale blue.*
- *NEXT TO THIS, a pale grey frock of sheer wool is trimmed with wool embroidery and tassels. The hat and shoes are grey, the jacket white or coral. The dress could be navy and the jacket white or yellow.*
- *AT RIGHT, a print dress and three-quarter loose jacket, with very broad shoulders. The print is green-and-white under a green wool jacket, and green hat and shoes, or tan over a tan-and-white print.*
- *NEXT TO THIS, a navy-blue tailored dress. Very smart when worn beneath a tailored pique jacket. The dress can be wool, linen, or crepe, and has short sleeves. White hat.*
- *AT THE EXTREME right, a navy-blue crepe skirt and navy-blue short jacket with big sleeves. The bodice to the skirt and lining to the jacket are navy, white, and green print. The sash is green crepe.*

PARIS Snapshots

SUMMER evening coats are three-quarter length, and loose, made of satin, taffeta, organdie, lace, or printed chiffon.

o o o

PRINT evening frocks are veiled with the finest chiffons and nets—the print dress is tight-fitting, the over-slip very full.

o o o

WITH the very low-necked evening gowns massive necklaces are worn—strings and strings of pearls, all rather short, ropes of colored beads and colored glass stones—and are matched by wide bracelets.

o o o

CHANEL puts large bunches of flowers at the low necks of her evening frocks, and suggests a smaller bunch of the same flowers to be worn on top of the head. Molyneux shows a lei of pink peonies with a pink satin dress. Little boleros or capes are entirely covered with organdie or chiffon poppies, violets, or daisies. These you wear over crepe or chiffon frocks.

o o o

ON summer nights you will be wearing cotton evening gowns—chintz, challis, pique, or linen, they are mostly printed with little or large, well-spaced flowers. Over these wear little cotton tailored jackets.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613816

IN LOVE

Ten-minute Story by
Virginia Dale

SHE thought her husband took her for granted, and when someone came along and made her life like a play, who could blame her for being thrilled?

"WHAT does anything matter," Allan Arnold whispered, "except that we love each other?"

Dorothy looked at him, thrilled and happy.

"I know. That's the way I feel. Oh, Allan."

She felt his hand close firmly over hers. He was just enough taller than she; the top of her smooth little head came exactly to his shoulder. She never felt so satisfactorily small and young as when they stood side by side like this.

He said softly, "Then, my sweet, you simply must tell your husband. To-night."

"To-night? Oh, but Allan——"

His eyes darkened. "If you love me, Dorothy——"

"You know I do."

How could she help it? Could anyone? From the first minute she had seen him at Ann's cocktail party three months ago there had been, well, something. Everyone had been so excited to see a real English actor standing nonchalantly about like anyone else. No, not like anyone else! That very nonchalance set him apart. And his clothes fitted so beautifully. He had a clipped British accent and, even with his incorruptible poise, a boyish eagerness that was charming. They were all buzzing about him. "Did you see him in 'Toys'? . . . They say he's going to Hollywood. . . . Isn't he too attractive." Even the few men eyed him respectfully.

HE made his way casually to Dorothy five minutes after she came in. The girls teased her about it afterwards. "Lucky for you Martin wasn't there. Husbands are queer about good-looking young men." Beneath their teasing she could read an envy that made her feel both young and stimulated.

"Dorothy," his voice broke into the twilight now of her long drawing-room, "we simply can't go on like this. Why put off telling him? Or shall I?"

"Oh, no. I will. It's only—well, you see, dear, I suppose Martin still sort of loves me. We've been married seven years," she ended weakly.

"He—love?" Allan threw out his hands in that quick, boyish gesture she loved. "My sweet, he loves his cement business if you like. I'm not saying anything against him," he said, with an air of being honorable and fair. "It's just not in some men to make women of first importance as they should be."

In the electric stillness they heard the tinkle of silver from the dining-room. Nora setting the table.

"I must hop it," Allan said, quite loudly and politely.

His going would leave her desolate.

"Allan," she decided suddenly, definitely, "I'll tell him to-night. Right after dinner."

One had a right to happiness. Wine and fire and music, Allan had said. She switched on the table lamp for Nora's sake and none too soon. They heard Martin's key in the hall door and then the door slamming. With a quirk of his left eyebrow, Allan indicated the hall. They strolled over and saw Martin getting out of his overcoat.

"Oh, hello," he nodded agreeably. "Not just going, are you, Arnold?"

"Afraid I must."

"That's too bad. Well, Dotty," he patted Dorothy's cheek.

She watched Allan, lithe and looking so splendidly aloof, slip unhurriedly into his outer coat with its daily gardenia tucked into the lapel. She had to turn her eyes away from him as a sort of possessive pride swept over her. What fun everything would be when they were finally together! Midnight suppers and after-the-theatre parties. Of course that would mean a lot of irregular hours. Would they make her look old? She thought of the wonders of beauty salons and what they could do to wrinkles. Of course she'd have to watch her diet, not get fat. Allan would hate that.

"Au 'voir, Dorothy."

"Oh, good-bye, Allan."

"Sorry you always have to rush off just as I get here, Arnold."

"He has to get to the theatre, Martin."

He was gone. Romance and excitement and youth went with him.

"Well, Dotty, dinner about ready?"

"I expect so." For a second she just looked at Martin. All he wanted was his dinner. "I'm going to my room," she announced.

"What? All right. Where's my paper? What smells so good?"

"Think of you noticing, Martin. It's my new perfume. Nuit d' ——"

"No. That isn't what I meant. From the kitchen. Mushrooms—smells like."

"Oh."

IN her room she sat down before her vanity-table. Three reflections looked back at her. The crystal bottles with their gold stoppers made points of light under the shaded lamps. "It will be over after to-night. I've given him the best years of my life. And now we've just come to the end, that's all. He hasn't the right to keep me from happiness." She found she was trembling.

"Dotty, what are you doing?"

She was startled to find Martin standing at her door.

"Why, nothing."

He came into the room. "I've something on my mind, Dot. Want to have a little talk?"

She was a little frightened. "Now? Before dinner?"

He went over and sat on the bed. "Dotty," he began.

She became frozen by a strange note in his voice. He knew! Before to-night she had been troubled because he had found Allan there so often.

"Dotty I—there doesn't seem to be any way of saying this. But when two people find out they really love each other——"

"Go on," she bade him stonily.

"We always promised each other that if either of us stopped caring, the other wouldn't stand in the way. And so—I want to play fair——"

She moistened her lips.

"So I must tell you," he went on. "It's come. I love someone else."

For a full minute she stared, not taking in his words. She dropped her eyes and noticed that the back of her hand mirror wasn't properly cleaned. She must tell Nora. Then she looked back at Martin and his words crashed into her understanding.

"You're in love?" she cried.

He nodded.

NOW was the moment to scream with laughter. To say, "My poor dear, what a relief! I, too, am in love. This solves everything." Why didn't she? One part of her mind took time to wonder why she didn't while she demanded shrilly:

"Who is she?"

"Sh!" he warned. "Nora and the cook will hear you." He went over and closed the door.

"Martin, answer me! Who is she?"

"She's no one you know, Dot. A blonde girl who——"

"A blonde!" Dorothy repeated bitterly. She took up the hand mirror and flung it down. It lay splintered at her feet. "Of course it would be a blonde."

"I don't understand."

"Oh, don't you?" She was on her feet now, taut and shaking. "I mean that I suppose every man has to have a blonde some time in his life. But to think that you—you——"

"Dorothy, don't talk so scornfully. If you knew what love can be——"

His voice broke, leaving her horribly frightened and still. Everything solid and secure had vanished when he spoke of loving someone like that. She thought dully, "But I have Allan." The thought brought her nothing. She wanted to cry out, "It's I who know what love is! Allan and I——" And then she knew she couldn't say it because it wasn't true. She didn't love Allan. She loved Martin. Only for a little while she had forgotten. What was he saying?

"Everyone has the right to grab happiness as one can, Dot. I've tried to be a good husband. I have, up to now, haven't I?" When she said nothing, he persisted. "This is my chance. No one could blame me these days."

"But what about me? I'm your wife."

He mumbled, "Naturally, I'd provide for you."

He had it all planned. He'd probably even talked it over with that blonde!

"Martin," she cried piteously, "how can you do this to me?"

"These things just happen . . ."

"You've no right to let them happen!"

Tears were streaming down her white face. Had she really lost him? But that was impossible. They were married. She wanted terribly to tell him what marriage meant, how forever inseparable their years together had made them. Interdependent, interwoven.

She said steadily, with a dreadful quiet, "I'll never let you go."

There was a knock at the door.

"Yes, what is it?" Martin managed to call.

Nora announced, "Dinner is served."

"Pull yourself together, Dorothy. We'll talk again later."

She heard his footsteps going down the hall. It seemed to her that he was a child, a child that must be guarded against scheming women. She looked at herself in the triple mirror. Was that blonde beautiful? Once Martin had said she was the most beautiful thing in the world. She smiled shakily, remembering.

When she came out into the hall, Martin was stooping to pick up something where Allan's coat had been. It was Allan's gardenia. She watched him twirl the stem thoughtfully. Slowly there crept over her the queer feeling that she could see into his mind, that she could see exactly what he was thinking as he stood with the crumpled flower. Martin had known about her and Allan. He had known, and he had told her about an imaginary blonde, because he wanted her to say, to cry aloud, all the things in his own heart.

"Martin," she said softly. "You know we belong to each other."

HE didn't know how to take that.

"We're us. We always will be," she said firmly. "I'm thousands of years older than you are, really." A sudden thought struck her. "You know I'm—— twenty-seven," she said faintly.

He wasn't quite certain his little act had been found out, but he thought so. After all, married people couldn't put much over on each other. He turned abruptly in the direction of the mushrooms and the dining-room. Dorothy smiled. Oh, he was a child, her Martin. Allan Arnold was as if he had never been, he was as imaginary as Martin's blonde.

Reaching for the salt, Martin said grumpily, "Twenty-seven?" He salted vigorously. "Go on, Jot. Your mother told me long ago how old you are. You're twenty-eight and I wish to Heaven you were fat and forty."

She knew he meant it. A comfortable, a secure happiness enveloped her. She put just a little more butter on her mushrooms.

(Copyright)

ELIZABETH RUSSELL, Paramount player, chooses a jaunty check jacket to wear with her black woollen skirt. A mortar-board beret completes the attractive outfit.

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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 12, 1936

LUCK—"GOOD FAIRY" OF AUSTRALIANS

PERHAPS nowhere else in the world are there so many votaries of the goddess chance, or believers in luck, good or bad, as in Australia.

Visitors from abroad have been particularly impressed by this Australian trait. Many assert that it has imparted a streak of fatalism to our national character.

Recently, we have heard of a woman's "lucky" piece of coal, which won two big lottery prizes, of a "lucky house" with two prize-winning tenants in succession, of an adopted black kitten which brought success at the races, and of "lucky" mascots in possession of our fliers, athletes, and tennis champions galore.

Similar beliefs are common enough among other nationalities, it is true.

But the queer side of the matter is that Australians, apart from faith in luck, are singularly hard-headed, and prone to scoff at the superstitions and folk lore of older civilisations.

We have few local ghosts and no bush fairies. Fantastic cults imported from overseas find few followers. Both in country and city the Australian tends to a matter-of-fact mental outlook, no doubt a legacy of pioneer days and grim struggles against the material forces of Nature.

Yet behind this cynicism lurks our belief in Luck—this mysterious force which, according to modern science, is an illusion.

Every person buying a lottery ticket (say the mathematicians) has an equal chance. There is no good fairy working overtime in the interests of the eventual winner.

Again, what is "good luck" for one person may be "bad luck" for another. An attack of flu is bad for the patient, good for the doctor. A bridge player's run of luck is bad luck for his opponents. A lucky stroke, winning a tennis set, is "hard luck" for the loser.

In Luck (say scientists) we merely personify our unexpectedly fulfilled (or defeated) hopes. Yet what typical Australian, finding a pound note or fluking a difficult golf stroke, fails to impute the act to an interposition of that fickle goddess, Good Fortune?

A queer national trait, this belief in luck, and yet on the whole an asset. For, after all, it has inspired that acceptance of risk, that nonchalant bravery that marks the Digger in war or the men and women fighting drought and flood in the bush—good luck to them!

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

All Talkie

SCHOOLTEACHERS at a recent conference decided that the "all-talkie" system of instruction in schools had failed. There was too much oral instruction, they said, and our children were starved for the want of selected reading in school.

This is a terrible state of affairs, but surely the present child is lacking in initiative! Isn't the old geography book still capable of housing and hiding the selected reading of the youngsters? Who wants to study the river systems of Africa or its mountain ranges when on the other page the pupils' selective reading says: "Ned's rifle spoke twice, and two more Redskins bit the dust."

Draw the Line

AN English bishop has said that he does not object to girls in cycling shorts or women without hats attending Church service. All he demanded was that people behave decently, and they would be received courteously at his church.

As against this, a New York clergyman removed a girl who was wearing slacks.

Somewhere between these two points must be found the correct attitude towards dress for Church-going. The millions who adhere to conventional attire haven't much time for the exhibitionists who like to attract attention in church or elsewhere by outlandish or inappropriate garb.

Anyway, the clergy have to apply the brake somewhere. There are a lot of cranks about these days. Supposing shorts were permitted; then someone else will want to wear bathing costumes, and, of course, there are nudists.

Mistress of the Seas

VERY British was the way the liner Queen Mary asserted her speed superiority over her rivals. There was a nonchalance about it in the best sporting tradition.

The first record was not claimed as there was the question of the greater distance traversed by the Normandie, the French record-holder. So the British ship, just to clinch the matter and without undue publicity, set about winning the record for the eastern and western crossings.

There is more than an expression of the competitive spirit in the winning of the Atlantic blue riband. It is an indication to the world that British ships have not lost their ascendency, nor Britons the knack of building them.

Liquid Diet

"TREAT your body as you treat your motor car and you'll feel as young as I do at eighty" said Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, famous authority on health and diet.

Well, it looks like a happy time being had by all if we take Sir William's advice. The diet of a motor car consists entirely of liquid with a kick in it.

Motor cars are very fast, and smash themselves up, so really we haven't much to learn from them! In fact, we very much doubt if we could go their pace and live to be 80.

Lyric of Life.

REMEMBERED

If that our immortality should lie
Only in what we are to-day,
The things we do, the very words we say,
The little imprint that we leave in life.

. . .

I think it would be splendid then
To leave a little graciousness with men.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Common Sense

UP in Queensland at a place called Kingaroy the local School of Arts decided to sell a war trophy (a battery gun taken from the Turks), since it had fallen into disrepair.

The Returned Soldiers' Association did not want it at any price, but one Digger said, "I'll give you 5/-." He wanted it to make into an implement for his farm.

This modern version of beating the sword into a ploughshare should have gone round the world. But the village fathers had no imagination. The council went into committee to make sure the price was right.

Surely such a common-sense lead in the peace crusade was cheap at the price.

EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, who visioned a model England and county aristocracy in Australia. (See column 4.)

Not All Vanity

IT isn't all vanity that urges a girl to mortgage her wages to have her hair permanently waved, as suggested by a witness at the Banking Commission in Melbourne. Prof. Woods, giving evidence, said that it might be an appreciating asset to her and enable her to work better.

In a wage inquiry some little time ago a woman gave a magnificent answer to the oft-repeated question of why girls on low wages spent so much money on their hair.

"I must make 35 look 25," said the lady, "in order to keep my job."

Learned counsel hadn't an answer to that.

Nice Little War

WHAT a nice little war the next one is going to be for civilians!

"If you want to give the white feather to anyone in any other war, give it to the fellow who gets into a uniform and goes off to a funk-hole or trench," said Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier, London.

Those who went off to a dugout, he added, would be infinitely safer than women and children who, at home, would be subject to bombings and gas attacks.

This warfare of highly civilised nations is a most gallant affair the way it places women and children first.

Almost Became All Squires and Ladies

A new rural England in the antipodes, complete with squires, ladies, and landed gentry, with hired laborers to work the land, where the leisured classes could enjoy all the refinements and reproduce all the best traditions of English society life—such was the dream of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the founder of South Australia in 1836.

LINKED with his Utopian vision is the story of a runaway love match. Wakefield and his bride—a schoolgirl—were married at Gretna Green.

The groom was later charged with having abducted his bride, and was sentenced to three years' hard labor in Newgate prison.

While in prison Wakefield wrote and published a "letter from Sydney," in which he elaborated a plan for the colonisation of South Australia.

Piquant, indeed, is the fact that, while the State has no early convict history, the plan for its colonisation was developed in prison.

Two Classes

THE scheme outlined by Wakefield, which was adopted for the new colony, aimed at building up a new country on the lines of an English county.

It was to be a place of refinement, with two distinct classes—the wealthy, squire-like people, who would own all the land; and the laborers, who would work it for them.

Squire John Bull and his lady in the back-blocks! Had things turned out differently they would be playing their part in Australia's internal, social and workaday life, offering an unusual contrast to the sturdy, independent race that to-day peoples the Commonwealth, South Australia included.

"Emigrants were to be carefully selected," wrote Wakefield. "There was to be no indiscriminate shovelling out of paupers, but young people of both sexes were to be sent to the new land."

Wakefield had never even seen the first colony at Sydney, but his scheme attracted public attention, and was brought under the notice of Earl Grey, a prominent Englishman of the day.

As a result of Wakefield's "letter from Sydney," the National Colonisation Society was created with the object of colonising South Australia.

The South Australian Land Company was formed in 1832 by a number of wealthy Englishmen who were prepared to emigrate and begin life in the new country if the Government would grant them the territory.

However, the Government refused, and the company was dissolved.

In 1833 the South Australian Association came into being, and in the following year an Act of Parliament was passed, authorising the creation of one or more provinces around St. Vincent's Gulf.

To prevent the land falling into the hands of any but the leisured classes a minimum price of 12/- per acre was fixed on all land, and the proceeds of the sale of the land were to be used for promoting the migration of laborers and their families.

No convicts were to be sent out under any circumstances, and as soon as the population of the new colony reached 50,000 a constitution was to be granted by the Home Government.

Early Land-grabbers

ANOTHER provision made was that if, after 10 years, the population had not reached 20,000, the Crown would take over of the Commissioners in whom the land was vested.

Colonel Torrens and George Fife Angus were appointed the first land commissioners.

Captain Hindmarsh, who had fought at Trafalgar with Nelson, was appointed the first Governor of the new colony, and he selected a spot for the seat of Government seven miles from St. Vincent's Gulf, where the fine city of Adelaide now stands.

A big land grab by the early settlers followed, one man, Mr. Peel, taking 500,000 acres, which he had marked out on a map, in England, as his own slice of the new country.

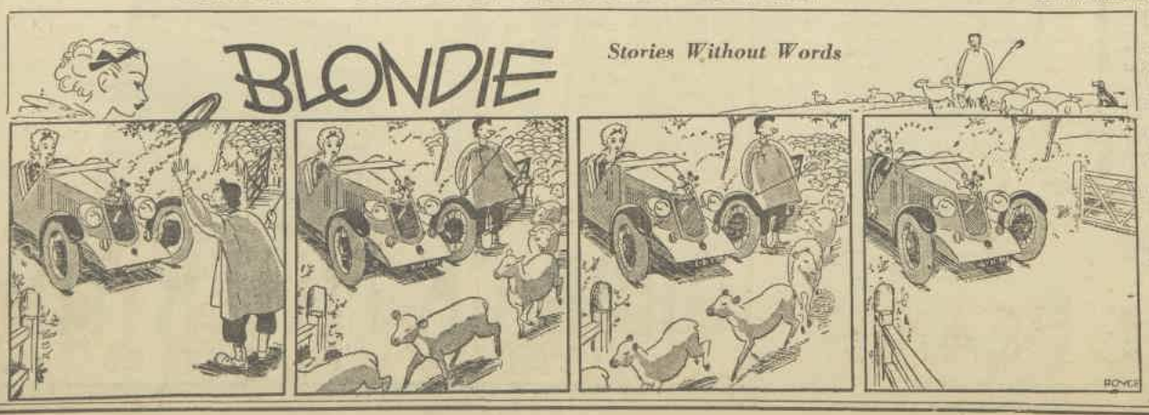
The Governor was a little more modest, and took only 100,000 acres; while another slightly less ambitious land-seeker was content with 80,000 acres.

However, trouble arose early between Governor Hindmarsh and some of the settlers, and he soon returned to England.

His successor, Governor Gawler, made valiant efforts to make a success of the model colony, but found the revenue from land sales quite inadequate to carry on the Government.

Finally, in 1841, the State was bankrupt, with debts amounting to £155,000 which the Government of England had to liquidate.

The Act under which the colony was established was abolished, and South Australia was declared a Crown colony.



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HOW ADELAIDE *Got Its Name* ... 100 YEARS AGO

A Page of Forgotten History Reveals the Fine Old Pioneering Spirit

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED By FINEY

The South Australian Centenary recalls many memories to me. The hardships we pioneers suffered in the early days! I really don't know how I put up with it all.

Strange how Adelaide came by its name. I remember as if it were yesterday when my grandfather collapsed on the town's present site and refused to go any farther.

"But why should we camp in this desolate spot?" I asked in my eager, pioneering fashion.

"I Adelaide night last night," gasped my grandfather. This was in the days before aspirin tablets.

THE place is still called Adelaide. So history is made.

We first pitched our camp in what is now King William St.

Sitting around the camp fire we used to discuss possible means of digging post holes without having actually to dig.

We trained wombats to dig holes, but they were unsuitable because when the posts were put in they had to be inserted horizontally, and there is nothing more untidy looking than a horizontal fence. Although, mark you, it saves opening gates.

At last we prevailed upon the king of the local tribe to lend us some laborers for hole digging. King Billy was his name. Hence King William St.

A treacherous tribe they were, too! Think nothing of pointing a bone at you. If you were not careful they would sneak up behind you in their nulla nullas (native goloshes) and smack you on the base of the skull with a corroboree. Stirring times!

First of His Tribe

LIVING conditions were primitive. We used to cook our dampers (a species of indigestion made of flour and water) in the ashes. For a long time we found it less arduous to eat the ashes and leave the damper for the dugongs (a kind of wild dog), which used to howl up and down Rundle St. all night.

I had a narrow escape while prospecting for solder and aluminium. A group of aborigines approached me with sawn-off boomerangs and brandishing their gunyahs menacingly. I tried them with a few blandishments. These they seemed to like and munched them avidly.

The witch-doctor then approached me.

"Any camphor, moth-balls, boot-laces or razor-blades?" he hissed, opening his cassowary, or ceremonial suit-case.

I warily backed away, as I always do on such occasions, and took refuge in my little bark hamper, or humpy, as the Algoos call it in the south-west. I was besieged for eight days and lived entirely on emus—baked in the ashes, of course.

When the North-West Mounted Police arrived . . . no, that was when I was in Alaska. When the rescue party arrived I was down to my last emu.

Hazardous Times

ALL this happened in the very early stages of settlement. The later stages, though not fraught with so much peril, were full of hazard and arduous toil.

My grandfather used to say, "Never mind, boys. You just wait till the Centenary comes around in about niney-nine years; that'll be the day! Won't we have some fun!"

This used to buoy us up a bit when we were out ploughing the fields and dragging hunks of gold in out of the wet. At night we would sit around the rough, bark table and talk about the good old days that were coming.

All Not in Vain

I REMEMBER there was one among us who used to brood a great deal. So much so that we once put a setting of eggs under him. But nothing came of it.

He it was who built the first church in Adelaide. It became an obsession with him. My grandfather said: "Never mind. Let him have his head; it'll keep him quiet." He was completing his eighty-ninth church when he fell off a spire and expired.

I think I may say without fear of contradiction that my grandfather, Alphonse Lower, was the largest landholder in South Australia.

Our backyard was two hundred miles square, and did it take some mowing! Players would be lost for days on the tennis court and turn up haggard and emaciated, having eaten the gut out of their racquets.

L. W. Lower was and is and always will be a pioneer. Just as he is pictured above, so he is to-day. He always carries his trusty magnifying glass with him in order that he may miss nothing, and he loves a game of Snakes and Ladders.

Still, the struggles of the early pioneers have not been in vain.
Did we have a Federal Government in those days?
NO!

Any dole?
NO!
Any . . . Oh, all right.
I wish I was a pioneer again.

How does she keep her GIRLISH FIGURE

SHE'S happy, healthy, deliciously slim. The very picture of health, she enjoys every minute of her life, and she maintains her figure without dieting or special exercises.

Slenderness is hers because she follows the golden rule of a nightly dose of Bile Beans. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system and eliminate daily all surplus fat residue. They purify the blood and clear your complexion.

So why not reduce your figure to normal and keep slim and youthful by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime.

"As a costumiers' model I know how essential it is to have 'appearance' and to be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times, and keeps me slim and attractive."—Miss D. H.

* * *

"As I lost 4 lbs. in the first fortnight I kept on with my nightly Bile Beans. Now my weight is down by 20 lbs. and my health is improved in every way. When my costumier measured me recently I was four inches less in bust, waist and hips."—Mrs. L. D.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU SLIM AND KEEP YOU SLIM.

She's 20, *but*— she feels 40!

Don't let ACHING KIDNEYS *make YOU old before your time!*

BACKACHE
Sign of Kidney Trouble.

NO DOUBT you have watched someone suffering from Backache, and noticed how every movement caused them to wince and distort their faces in pain—how old they looked—how unhappy!

And yet, this dreadful, continuous Backache does not come unheralded. There is always a period of warning—a few sharp twinges—a dull, weary ache—signs that the Kidneys are out of order and need attention.

Learn to recognise these early stages of Kidney Trouble, and at the slightest indication, begin taking a course of DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS — the Remedy which has brought relief to tens of thousands of other sufferers of Backache, and various forms of Kidney Troubles, such as Rheumatism, Twisted or distorted Joints, and Lumbago.

DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS bring immediate relief, and in a few days you will feel perfectly well again, in fact, you will probably feel better than you have for a long time, for Gin Pills flush out your Kidneys and assist them in removing all impurities from the blood streams.

Have the health that can be yours—begin a course of Gin Pills to-day.

You can absolutely rely on—

27 *Pills* 1/9.
60 *Pills* 2/9.

DR SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

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Restore Your Health
. . . . with proper food

We publish below recent letters received, representative of hundreds addressed to us during the past few months. These letters tell a story of vital interest to all sick people and those suffering from general debility who are anxious to regain normal health and strength.

DID YOU KNOW?

1. That the majority of our worst diseases, such as Cancer, High Blood Pressure, Arthritis, and Gastric Ulcers are entirely or almost unknown among native races who eat their own food, but became common among these same people when they start to eat White Man's Food.
2. That primarily by instructing parents in proper feeding, the Plunket Society has reduced deaths among young children in New Zealand to 1/5th of the previous figure.
3. That "proper meals" do not mean anything faddy, but simply a rearrangement of foods which you like.
4. That improper meals are by far the most important cause of sickness in Australia, and proper meals are the most important part of any cure.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, RHEUMATISM, AND NERVES

Mrs. M., of Perth (W.A.), joined the Club in March, 1936, suffering from high blood pressure, rheumatism, and nerves.

In May, 1936, she reported: "To enumerate some of the benefits I have received from your clever treatment: Nerves and heart steadier; the much enlarged knuckles on fingers of both hands now almost normal. No pain across the back when bending. Sweating fits much less frequent. Lips (which used to be purplish in colour) now a good, clear red. More energy and confidence."

In August, 1936, she reported: "It seems wonderful to be free from rheumatism all through the damp weather. In spite of the weather I have been able to take my walk almost every day, and, as well as that, have been more active in every way lately."

GASTRIC AND DUODENAL ULCERS

Mr. J., of Lawrence, N.S.W., joined the Club in March, 1936, suffering from gastric and duodenal ulcers, of fifteen years' standing, and severe anaemia. Vomiting turns were frequent, and he had been unable to work for two years.

By May, 1936, his wife wrote to us: "I must say his health has much improved, so much so that he has been able to take up light work after not working for close on two years. He has ceased taking any powders. There is no vomiting or pains—he is sleeping and eating well, and his colour is improving."

OBJECTS OF THE CLUB:

The main object of the Club is to provide a place where sick people can have planned for them simple meals which will make them well. For this work the Club retains a permanent staff of dietitians.

The Club encourages members to consult their doctors if they so wish, although the Club believes that true cures can be achieved only when the cause of disease (usually improper meals) is removed and the body is properly nourished. Still, it is fully aware of the value of the professional assistance which can frequently be given by the physician.

In really serious cases the Club will not admit people to membership unless they are under medical supervision.

Nutritional Diseases treated by the Dietitians of THE GOOD HEALTH CLUB include: ARTHRITIS, ASTHMA, BLOOD PRESSURE, CONSTIPATION, CATARRH, FLATULENCE, GASTRIC ULCERS, INDIGESTION, "NERVES," RHEUMATISM, OVERWEIGHT, UNDERWEIGHT, "RUN DOWN," ETC.

You are invited to call and discuss your case with our dietitians.

GOOD HEALTH CLUB OF AUSTRALIA
156 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY. 'PHONE: MJ4205.

If unable to call complete this Coupon and post without delay.

To THE GOOD HEALTH CLUB OF AUSTRALIA,
Union Bank Chambers, 156 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

I am interested.
Please send me a copy of your book, "Healing with Food," which outlines the work the Club can do to help me. Enclosed is sixpence in stamps towards the cost of printing, packing, and posting.
NAME .....
ADDRESS ..... W.W. 12/9/'36.

NOTED AUSTRALIAN FASHION AUTHORITY INSISTS ON THIS
Pure Silk Thread

High up in the Trust Building, above the roar of Sydney's traffic, Germaine Rocher creates many of the most distinguished fashions worn by Australian women. To Germaine Rocher, as to all French designers, detail is supremely important. Is it any wonder, then, that of all pure silk sewing threads, Gutermann's is used exclusively by this famous couturier.

J.186

Gutermann's Sewing Silk

Follow the lead of the great dressmakers—do all your Spring and Summer sewing with Gutermann's Pure Silk Sewing Thread.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

English Middle Class Life Under the Microscope

URSULA BLOOM AT HER BEST

Almost any competent writer can turn out a readable book on a big theme, but the particular gift of Ursula Bloom is that she can write of the trivial, everyday affairs of life, with its occasional crises, and make them interesting, and of prosaic and undistinguished people and make them real.

URSULA BLOOM has done nothing better than "Laughing Lady" a story of a sensitive girl's battle with life, reviewed on this page.

SO it is that "Laughing Lady" is a most readable story. It deals with life early in the present century, and the picture is not a very happy one—even the "Laughing Lady" of the title refers to a picture postcard and not to the heroine, who is a very sad and depressed little person indeed, before happiness is won.

If Miss Bloom's picture of conditions in the late Victorian era is true (and apparently it is), women of to-day should feel happy that such a thing as tyranny of the family is going out of fashion. Eleanor Martin is a pathetic figure, and the story recounts in detail her battle for liberty of thought and action which these days is embodied in the modernist's gospel of living your own life.

Eleanor clashes with her family, she runs up against the rawness of life, she tastes unhappiness in many ways, but the ending of the story finds her settled and happy with the man of her choice.

Characters Live

SO cleverly is the story written that it might be any woman's journey through life. Character drawing is excellent. Eleanor's mother is brilliantly portrayed as a moody woman moved by the caprice of the moment, unstable and exacting, the worst possible companion for a sensitive and imaginative girl. Her social aspirations provide the humorous highlights of the book.

Georgie, the girl's crippled brother, is another splendidly-etched character. His is a warped mentality which goes with his poor, broken body, a minor tragedy of the suburban back street. The father of the girl provides an interesting contrast. He is a likeable and human figure but is only nominal head of a house divided.

Miss Bloom has done nothing better than this admirable study of family life. It makes excellent reading which women will enjoy, being honest and accurate in plot and treatment.

The fault of the book is a tendency to over-write minor incidents which could have been dismissed in a line (**"The Laughing Lady."** Collins. 7/6.)

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"THE DUKE IS SERVED." Philip Lindsay. Once again Australian Philip Lindsay has written a very fine historical novel with a glamorous background. Lindsay has occasionally annoyed the more conservative critics by writing of history and using the 20th century approach. Well, there doesn't seem much wrong with that. It does appear that some historical writers tell their stories of the past as if they, too, had passed out.

History has its glamor—if that were not so we wouldn't bother reading it. Lindsay gets his glamor all right but never at the expense of accuracy. **In this 15th century story of English Royalty he serves the Duke piping hot, and you'll enjoy it.** (Nicholson and Watson. 7/6.)

* * *

"WAKING DREAMS." Marjorie Moore. Good week-end reading. It's Romance with a capital R, and tells you why Anne Penlake, engaged to Wilbur Eredjton, decides she likes actors best, and marries Luke Anderley. London is the setting, and the story is well handled in the sentimental vein. (Mills & Boon. 7/6.)

"And so the beautiful Ivory Castle is saved"

Joan likes telling stories anytime . . . and she's simply loving it to-night, because she's chosen her special favourite—the story of the Gibbs Fairies, and of how they fight against Giant Decay to keep our Ivory Castles strong and shining. When the story's over, Joan and Brian both see to their own Ivory Castles—they bring out their Gibbs and give their teeth a really thorough brushing.

GIBBS POLISHES AS IT CLEANSES

Swirling antiseptic Gibbs foam goes searching into every corner of your mouth—dissolves film, removes dangerous germs, sweeps away tiny food particles—anything that might cause decay. And as it cleanses the teeth, it brings up their natural polish, leaving them gleaming white.

Your Teeth are Ivory Castles
defend them with

Write your own name on your own tin

Gibbs Dentifrice
IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN

At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/-, 37,41,25 large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

For dental plates use GIBBS DENTURE TABLETS 1/6 at all chemists.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613820

The Same Street—One Hundred Years After!

THIS IS KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE, in 1844, when efforts were being made to establish a model Australian colony based on the aristocratic squire life of English counties, as told in the article on page 12, column 4. Objecting to the convict settlement atmosphere then surrounding the colonisation of N.S.W., the founder of Adelaide, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, visioned a new State composed of a leisurely land-owning class, with their retainers and working folk. This picture gives some idea of how far his plan had progressed. The social elect, prepared for a day's hunting, are seen riding through the main street, and the town has turned out to watch them.

THE SAME STREET TO-DAY and a sweeping panorama of the great city that has grown up around it. What would its founder, Wakefield, think of it? With the collapse of his scheme, Adelaide, guided by men and women whose pioneering spirit and industry are common national traits, developed broadly along the same lines as other Australian capitals. Had the city developed as originally planned, the Centenary celebrations now attracting visitors from the other States and abroad would perhaps have been of a different character. In any case, Adelaide is a city of which Australians from all quarters of the continent may be proud.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613821

"He's a different man— now that he sleeps well!"

Thousands of business men, and women, owe their present fitness to the sound sleep and new energy they enjoy since taking Bourn-vita. Thousands have written expressing their gratitude for the benefit they have derived from Bourn-vita! Here's a typical letter:—

"After a very hard and high-pressure day at the office I always used to feel too unnerved to manage to get to sleep peacefully. Some weeks ago, however, I tried Bourn-vita for the first time and now I am pleased to say that I sleep far better than ever I did in my life. I awake in the morning fit and ready for any kind of work. In the evening, too, I am always ready for dances, tennis, etc. . . . I feel so pleased that I have at last found an ideal tonic food-drink."

A GENEROUS SAMPLE — FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

The secret of Bourn-vita's efficacy lies in its healthful ingredients — principally malt, milk, eggs and chocolate—and to its rich content of malt diastase which makes digestion easier and also helps to digest other foods, too; thus you sleep soundly, your mind and body relax properly and you cannot but help awake in the morning re-invigorated. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night at bedtime and notice the improvement to-morrow.

Cadbury's

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS
1/6 ¼lb.; 2/9 ½lb.; 4/9 1lb.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

THE FOOD-DRINK for DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

BV.206

MISS SHIRLEY McLEOD packing for her trip to the China seas.

DREAMED *a Dream that* CAME TRUE!

Girl who won steamer ticket to East sails this week

To visit other lands, to study first-hand the customs and manners of other peoples, to travel in luxury on ocean liners, and see and enjoy all those wonders we read of in books . . .

This was the dream for years of Miss Shirley McLeod, of Melbourne, and it was in the hope of seeing her dream realised that she entered the China Seas Voyage Competition, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in January last.

And now her dream has come true.

THE film "China Seas" was being exhibited in Australia at the time of the competition, portraying glamorously the appeal of the East, and readers were asked to write a short letter saying "Why I would like to visit the romantic China Seas."

Miss Shirley McLeod, a pretty nineteen-year-old Melbourne girl, won the competition, and she will arrive in Sydney on her way to Hongkong on Monday next by the Changte.

Thousands of entries from all over Australia were received, but Miss McLeod's letter was superior to them all.

Here is her winning letter:

"My eyes ache over rows of black figures on white paper. I close them. I see waving palms—transparent, tropic seas—glorious colors—sea flowers—sea creatures—birds of paradise—strange lands—strange people.

"My eyes have stopped aching . . . I open them to write again. But now my heart aches."

Miss McLeod was selected as the winner of the competition in February last, but she was unable to leave on the tour immediately.

During the voyage to the East she will be the guest of the Australian-Oriental line of steamers.

In addition to the trip to the East Miss McLeod received a number of valuable gifts donated to the winner of the contest, including a lingerie set, tour frock, pair of shoes, luxury beauty casket, six pairs of silk stockings, bathing costume, handbag, Kodak camera, and parasol.

It has been the dream of Miss McLeod's young life to travel and see other countries, but she little realised a few months ago that she would have the opportunity so soon and under such ideal conditions.

During the stay of the Changte in Sydney—about five days—Miss McLeod will be entertained by The Australian Women's Weekly, and will speak over the air during The Australian Women's Weekly sessions from 2GB.

Miss McLeod is a fine type of sensible young Australian girl, and well worthy to represent her country as an ambassador of goodwill in the East.

Girl of 17 Marries Man of 100

By Air Mail from our London Office.

DESPITE the opposition of her parents, a girl of 17 has married a man of 100 in Yugoslavia.

The bride is the pretty daughter of a farmer, and the couple had been engaged for a year.

During that time the girl repeatedly expressed her determination to marry her aged fiance.

DO YOU BLAME THE LAUNDRY TOO?

No laundering can prevent faded stitches—unless threads are COLOR-FAST! Keep dainty things chic and new twice as long by sewing with COLOR-FAST Coats' Super Sheen. Strong, reliable, for hand and fast machine work, and full quantity—80 yards on more practical spool.

COATS' SUPER SHEEN Color fast JUNIOR

ISSUED BY J & P COATS LTD.

YOURS for 2/ DEPOSIT

Smart frock of washable Spun de Chene, in latest fashionable narrow stripes. Exclusive model. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

This attractive creation by our expert Fashion Designer for Spring and Summer wear is an unusually smart model. Frock is relieved by two crossway strips of self-material, forming panels in front from neck to waist. The narrow collar fastens high in front and is continued to form smart cravat which ties in bow. Sleeves are short and trimmed with crossway band. Skirt has full 3-inch hem and inverted pleats form panel down front and waist is finished with neat belt of self-material and white buckle.

Full Price 16/11 (S.O.S. and O.S. — 2/6 extra)

SIZES: S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S. and O.S.

COLOURS: Pink, Green, Blue, and Brown — all on white ground.

BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, striped Spun de Chene Frock (washable) at present bargain price of 16/11. S.O.S. & O.S. 2/6 extra.

Size. . . . . Colour. . . . .

I enclose postal note for 2/-, as deposit, together with 8d. for postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or in fortnightly instalments of 2/- till full price is paid. If not satisfied, and I return frock unworn within 7 days, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with Full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address clearly written on separate sheet.

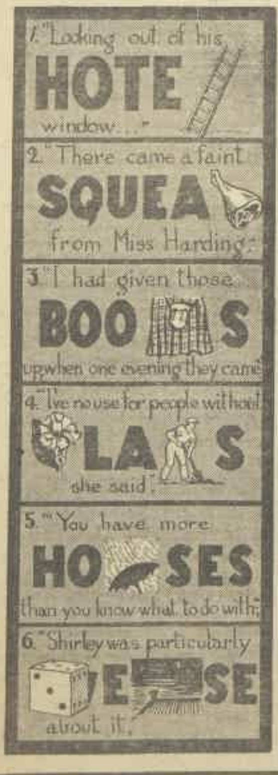
No. 5 *Women's Weekly—12/9/'36—No. 9*

Post your order to—

FELIX ARDEN

A.C.A. Building, York & King Sts., Sydney.

EVERYBODY IS DOING "QUOTATIONS." ARE YOU?



£25 QUOTATIONS MUST BE WON

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL who like a good competition! Here is the ever-popular picture-puzzle in a fresh and fascinating form. Try this new puzzle this week—you may win £25 the very first time.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE: You simply have to complete six words only! In the panel on the left you see six quotations from the works of six well-known authors—but in each case one word has been enlarged, and a picture or so inserted in place of letters. The missing letters are the INITIAL LETTERS of the little illustrations! Thus, with "puzzle" word No. 1, you spell off:—

H—O—T—E—(L for Ladder), making Hotel,

which is, of course, the correct answer. In the same way, read each other quotation in turn, and spell off the "puzzle" word, adding in the FIRST LETTER ONLY of each picture you come to. Use your knowledge and judgment, and remember that the extracts are taken from the works of the six authors named below.

When you have read the six quotations, make a list of your six "puzzle" words in ink on one side of a sheet of paper, sign your name and residential address, and post your entry to:—

QUOTATIONS No. 3V,
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by C. J. BROWN & CO., 375 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY: All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER.

THE PRIZE of £25 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct. In the case of ties, the prize-money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. No competitor may win more than one share of the prize-money

SEALED solution and £25 prize-money is deposited with "Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry. Postage stamps (1/1) accepted if postal note unobtainable. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on October 3rd.

NOTE.—The quotations in this puzzle are taken from the works of the following authors: John Galsworthy, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Ian Hay, Cecil Roberts, Ursula Bloom, W. J. Locke.

Some . . . NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Have you a book called 'Man, the Ruler'?"
"Fiction department on the fourth floor, sir."

LION: The tamer was a very hard man to get on with.
LIONESS: Yes, I was surprised to find him so tender in his dying moments.

"I'm afraid my husband is developing socialistic tendencies."
"Is he taking anything for it?"

HE: What would I have to give you for a kiss?
SHE: An anaesthetic.

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY? If So You Need Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task is; whether you serve behind the counter, work in a factory, or are occupied from morn to night with household duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're too weary and irritable to enjoy your leisure.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

FEET ACHED AND BURNED

"Being a bus conductor it was real misery to be on my feet. for they ached and burned so much. But rubbing Zam-Buk in every night brought welcome relief and in a few days my feet were free from all pain, soreness and swelling.

"Now it is no trouble to go up and down the bus steps. I would not be without Zam-Buk."—Mr. H.J.R.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THEATRE MANAGER: What misrepresentation do you claim?
Dissatisfied Male Patron: Well, you advertised a chorus of seventy, and not one of them looks a day over sixty!

MABEL: Is your husband versatile?
Millie: Yes; he can drink anything.

BANDIT: Those bullets of yours are jokes.
Soldier: Yes. You'll die when you hear this one.

FAIR CUSTOMER: My husband is thinking of buying a new grand piano. Would you please send a few samples to our address?

HE: Why don't you marry?
She: I'd rather go into the discard than the discord.

AUTHOR: Have you seen the new play I wrote about the couple who were always quarrelling?
Neighbor: No; but I heard you and your wife rehearsing it last night.

PROUD MOTHER: And what do you think of our little Willie as a pianist?
Professor: Well, he has a nice way of closing the lid.

ESTATE AGENT: I forgot to mention that in this old mansion you're buying there are three old stained-glass windows.
Newly-Rich: That won't matter. If they're stained too bad to be cleaned, I can put in some new ones.

INDIGESTION

IMPROPER TREATMENT TOO OFTEN BRINGS OLD AGE CONDITIONS PREMATURELY.

Advancing years bring many aches and pains. The body has not the resistance of youth. When to advanced years is added the complication of Indigestion, old age conditions come many years before they should. Not only is there intense pain, but the body is not getting its proper nourishment from the food taken and becomes very weak and debilitated.

A good corrective stomach medicine, such as De Witt's Antacid Powder, will work wonders. Its effect is gentle, but immediate. The harmful excess acid is neutralised, the inflamed stomach is protected and encouraged to heal and grow strong. If you suffer from dyspepsia, gastritis, flatulence, palpitation or any form of indigestion, get a canister at once. It costs but **2/6**

De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613823

COLDS & FLU ARE ON THE INCREASE

REPORTS from all centres indicate that coughs, colds, sore throats, and 'flu are on the increase. Be prepared to stamp them out by quick action with 'ASPRO.' At the first sign of a Sore Throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the Sore Throat will be relieved and the inflammation banished. For a Feverish Cold or 'Flu take three 'ASPRO' tablets at inception and two every three hours until symptoms disappear. With the last dose when going to bed take a hot lemon or other stimulating drink. 'ASPRO' will not fail you. It brings quick and definite relief, and with 'ASPRO' there are no dangerous after effects.

'ASPRO'

SMASHES ATTACKS in ONE NIGHT

'ASPRO' Relieves Arthritis and Colds.

Hunter Street,
TAHMOOR, N.S.W.,
31/1/35.

Dear Sirs,
'ASPRO' has saved me very much suffering and many pounds, as I am a great sufferer from Osteo Arthritis. When the pain is most severe, I take one tablet every 3 hours, and get relief. If I get a cold, I take 2 'ASPRO' in a hot lemon drink, and get to bed. The cold is generally defeated by the treatment.

(Sgd.) E. B. WHITE.

ALWAYS USE 'ASPRO' FOR

SLEEPLESSNESS	MALARIA
RHEUMATISM	COLDS
TEMPERATURE	EARACHE
IRRITABILITY	NEURITIS
FEVERISHNESS	GOUT
SORE THROAT	SCIATICA
TOOTHACHE	LUMBAGO
INFLUENZA	DENGUE
HAY FEVER	ASTHMA
HEADACHE	NEURALGIA

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

23Fb/36

GEORGE EDWARDS BROADCASTS AN 'ASPRO' Play

Every Sunday Night at ¼ to 9 (E.S.T.)

Tune in to 2UW, Sydney, 2HD Newcastle, 2GZ Orange, 3KZ Melbourne, 3BO Bendigo, 3HA Hamilton, 3TR Sale, 4BK Brisbane, 4AK Oakey, 5KA Adelaide or 7UV Ulverstone for

"THE INEVITABLE"
on
Sunday, Sept. 13th

The BIRDS *and the* FLOWERS

Continued from Page 6

EVERYTHING looked like it was going to be just as always, right up to the usual point where we all discovered that we were going to be late for lunch, and separated. I was tearing across the short cut, singing, for some reason, "The Farmer in the Dell," at the top of my lungs, when I stumbled over something and fell headlong on my face in a patch of dandelions.

I sat up, rubbing my nose, and what I'd stumbled over sat up, and it turned out to be the frightfully handsome boy we'd seen the day before.

"I say, I'm sorry!" he said. "Are you hurt?"

"Just my nose," I answered, dazedly, because as he looked at me, with solicitude and sympathy in those eyes, it happened. I mean, I've had a lot of crushes and secret passions in my day and been quite crazy about the odd boy, but I'd certainly never felt like this!

He looked back at me, and suddenly he leaned forward. "I met a lady in the meads . . . full beautiful—a fairy's child . . . her hair was long, her foot was light . . . and her eyes were wild!" he said. Well, for reciting poetry out loud! "That's Keats," he told me.

I just gaped at him. I guess my eyes were wild, all right, though I did think the light foot was a bit tactless, under the circumstances. Still, as he said, it was Keats.

"I saw pale kings, and princes, too . . . pale warriors, death-pale were they all . . . They cried, 'La belle dame sans merci . . . hath thee in thrall!'"

You'd have to see him and hear his voice to understand how it wasn't funny. I felt shivers up and down my spine.

"Ever since yesterday I've been remembering how you look," he told me. "I wrote a verse to you—would you like to hear it?"

I mean you couldn't possibly understand what it was like unless you could see the meadow, with the grass quite tall already, spotted with dandelions in the yellow sun, and the blue sky and the smell of summer.

He looked up at the clouds and began reciting. "A lady in a crimson car . . . a chariot tinted royal red . . . a lady cometh from afar . . . an unseen coronet on her head . . ." There was a lot more to it, but I don't remember. There have been so many poems since then. We probably would have sat there until dark if I hadn't got hungry and remembered that I'd been late for lunch an hour ago.

"Won't you share my lunch?" he invited me, so we ate some hard-boiled eggs and liverwurst sandwiches and sarsaparilla and the most divine little chocolate cakes, and it seemed his name was Reed Bigelow and his mother had a tearoom in the village and made batiks and lampshades and what have you.

WELL, I was just in a dither when I finally went home, and I'd promised Reed to take a walk with him after dinner. I told mother, naturally, and she said, "Bigelow? I wonder what Bigelow that is?" but of course I wouldn't know, not caring about heredity like she does. Pussy telephoned and said everybody was ganging up at her house that evening and I said maybe I'd drift in later and bring a boy friend and I hung up leaving her curious, which she's talented at, anyway.

We were all sitting in the living-room, Nick and grandfather at their everlasting chess game, when suddenly there were sounds like a pack of wolves on the porch. Rollo jumped up and tore for the front door, growling dutifully, and I went out and there was Reed held at bay by Shanghai Sal.

"She can't hurt you," I said. "She hasn't any teeth." I picked her up and she was just quivering with fury. Usually she quiets down after some member of the family throttles her for a while, but this time there was no calming her, and even Rollo, the big copy-cat, kept up his growling.

"Do excuse Sal, Mr. Bigelow," mother said, after Nick, with the most fiendish smirk on his face, had carried her upstairs and shut her in grandfather's room. "She's old and has no manners."

Reed looked, I thought, paler than necessary, though strong men have paled before Sal in her day.

"Old!" I scoffed. "She's always been a disagreeable, nasty, little dog! Why grandfather ever kept her in the first place!——"

Grandfather looked at me and chuckled, and mother was changing the subject, anyway. As a matter of fact, I'm the only person in the world who really knows why grandfather treasures that Peke, and I swore on my honor never to tell. It was when mother and father were in Europe last autumn that he told me. Sal had just lost her last tooth in Jasper's ankle while he was serving us coffee in the drawing-room—real coffee, too, with all the caffeine in it, which fact made his face so sour with disapproval that he couldn't look any worse when he got bit, and didn't.

"Darling," I asked, "was Sal an election bet you lost bac- in the dear, dead days, or what's the answer?"

Grandfather looked at me intently, and then he looked up at the Sargent portrait of grandmother on the wall. "Leonora," he said, "your grandmother was an estimable woman, and not for worlds would I say anything disrespectful to her memory, but——" Then he looked down at Sal and patted her lovingly on the head.

I mean it may not be the most flattering comparison, and I can see how grandfather would feel about admitting it, but the resemblance is startling.

Please turn to Page 22

Answers To This Week's Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: Essen, manna, aire, leed, R.I., nascent, me, are, St., N.E., nil, Kobe, dace, snow, tree, grit, soda, Rita, twin, aie, ma, P.P., set, S.E., several, S.E., ware, aped, water, mater.

DOWN: S.A., sin, eras, nest, mien, sane, net, N.D., erake, meter, tran, mice, chenille, narrows, E.W., D.T., grass, rile, Ta, N.T., dies, enter, mere, aver, pram, papa, sat, let, W.A., D.E.

Miss Maribella Rodiger—"Pond's keeps my skin free from blemishes."

LINES, WRINKLES
COARSENESS
BLACKHEADS
BLEMISHES
DRYNESS
SAGGING TISSUES

Your skin has two parts— In the underskin are tiny blood vessels, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands . . . When these grow sluggish, expect skin faults.

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Lines, Wrinkles, Blemishes, first develop . . .

Skin Authorities say

ONCE the "Teens" are past, your underskin begins to lose its vigour. Its circulation slows. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. Then blackheads, lines, blemishes, wrinkles appear.

But you can ward off these faults with one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Every night and morning cleanse your skin with this deep-reaching and germ-free cream. Dust and grime will float out of the pores.

Begin to use Pond's Cold Cream at once. See your skin grow finer — softer — clearer. Little lines soften. Blackheads, blemishes disappear.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults.

TRIAL OFFER: *Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Suntan) ☐.*

POND'S, Dept. X88, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name __________

Address __________

Will you marry me?

"And so," she said softly, "you want to marry me."
"Terribly. I'm in love with you, Janie."
"Much?"
"Oh, tons."
"But you know lots of YOUNGER girls."
"But none like you. You're so young, so pretty."
"I'm 35."
"You look 25."
Next moment she was in his arms.
Yes, Janie is 35, but Powder Charmosan so SUBDUES and CONCEALS faults and signs of age in her skin that you'd NEVER dream it. It imparts such clear, suave, rose-petal charm to her skin, such chic, such a film of loveliness that she just LAUGHS at her age.
You, too, get a box of Charmosan face powder to-day and know the thrill of a clear, young and pretty skin.
It's from Paris.

Charmosan face powder from Paris

All shades and suntan. Stays on for hours and hours. Large double size box, 2/6. Sold everywhere.

P.S.: Use Charmosan Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. This lovely cream goes right into the pores and out again and cleanses the skin and pores of "make-up," dust, etc., beautifully. Leaves skin supple and smooth. A nightly face massage with this cream also keeps away wrinkles and crows feet . . . what a blessing. It is perfumed with myrrh and jasmin . . . gorgeous. Big jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.

4 Blonde Types who should use

Sta-blond

Unique Shampoo-Rinse Combination that Washes Hair 2 to 4 SHADES LIGHTER

EVERY Blonde, whose hair has faded, become brownish, yearns for the gleaming golden lights, the fascinating glints of her former blond beauty. If you are a "used-to-be" blonde, don't yearn for ravishingly lovely hair—have it! Use STA-BLOND. One shampoo with this unique combination Shampoo and Rinse *all in one*—does wonders to the dullest, most streaked hair. Use STA-BLOND tonight. See how quickly, easily your brownish hair is washed 2-4 shades lighter. It's marvellous for keeping natural light blond hair from darkening. Safe, too, for STA-BLOND is a harmless shampoo, free from injurious bleaches. It helps your "perm" to stay in longer. Used by a million blondes.

Get a STA-BLOND today and bring back that glorious, golden beauty to your hair. Your money back if you are not delighted with STA-BLOND'S results. Known in America as **BLONDEX**. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

Every reader is welcome to write to this page, either on some fresh subject, or in answer to one already featured. Letters should be short and to the point. Addresses are given elsewhere in this issue.

HELP THEM NOW

HOW often does one see the son or daughter of well-to do parents struggling to make both ends meet on a small salary? The parents explain that their children will be comfortable later when they themselves have departed from this world.

But would it not give greater pleasure all round if the children were given at least a portion of what is to be eventually theirs as soon as they reach a dependable age?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. F. I. Simmons, 36 Cowra Street, Mile End, S.A.

◆ ◆ ◆

PRECIOUS THINGS

THE voice of a loved one raised in welcome, the rattle of cups and saucers, the singing of a kettle, the chime of a church bell at eventide, the happy voices of children, the joy and blessing of a good home—surely these are the most precious things in life, homely and everyday, yet priceless.

Mrs. M. Staton, 36 Albyn Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

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FASHION CRAZE

WHY is it that women are continually criticised for their vanity and their craze for being in the fashion, but when you think what a dull, uninteresting place the world would be without fashions, surely changes could receive a little more encouragement! So let's all develop our individuality by what we wear, and thus bring new life and interest into the dreary business of existing.

Miss Peggy Bullock, Victoria Avenue, Chatswood, N.S.W.

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ANTICIPATION WORSE

WHEN reading an article in The Australian Women's Weekly, on Dr. Axel Munthe, one sentence gave me food for thought: "The fear of blindness is far worse than blindness."

How often is it so! The agony of anticipation is far more acute than the actual pain.

What a world of anxiety would be banished if we could always keep in mind the little axiom, "Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you."

Mrs. P. Jenkins, Bundri F. Bag, via Tongala, Vic.

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TEACH LOGIC

WHEN one listens to the wide, sweeping statements and the careless manner of speaking by some people, one wonders why logic isn't taught in the schools.

If children were taught to reason for themselves, and to think before speaking, from an early age, we would soon develop a race of more concise thinkers—and speakers.

If we want children to grow up useful members of the community we must first teach them the art of sane reasoning.

Miss Janolie May, No. 50 Styles St., Leichhardt, Sydney.

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DISLOYAL WIVES

A GREAT number of wives seem to have no reticence at all concerning their marital differences.

In cliff, social and sporting circles you hear women telling the world their real and fabled grievances against their husbands.

Where is the wife who would not be deeply hurt and humiliated if she found out that her husband discussed her with casual acquaintances?

Mrs. M. Phoyston, 29 Collins St., Hamilton, Vic.

Should Jobs Be Kept from Wealthy Girls?

I AGREE with N. Wetherall (22/8/36) when she says that daughters of well-to-do parents should not be allowed to work, but that their parents should legally be obliged to provide them with a weekly allowance. It is time that superfluous women were eliminated from business. By "superfluous" I mean those women who take positions to gain extra "pin money." Under this heading come financially comfortable married women, and daughters of wealthy parents.

If employers were to take a firm stand in this matter it would ease a lot of suffering, and provide more employment for necessitous men and women.

Constance Bingham, Straithaird, McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

Why Pick on Girls?

AN excellent scheme, N. Wetherall, but why pick on girls?

Surely, if your only reason for depriving "wealthy" girls of employment is to provide for the poor, you will carry the idea to its logical conclusion, and dismiss sons of well-to-do parents from employment.

But, of course, nobody would consent to this. I can hear the gasp of surprise and the vehement disagreement from readers. For, however rich his parents, a boy's right to a career is never questioned. In fact, if he does not work, he is looked upon as a wastrel.

Why differentiate between the sexes?

Janet Richmond, Glenelg, Adelaide.

Mustn't Cramp Talents

LET us admit that daughters of wealthy parents should not take positions men could occupy when they work for money alone. But what about the girls following a calling? Must they be forced to repress their natural talents? They do a better service to their nation if allowed to develop along their own lines.

Furthermore, many a business woman needs domestic assistance, and so helps employment.

From the viewpoint of character building, a girl earning money by herself makes a far better woman than she who receives money without working for it.

So I say, give the girl the same liberty you give a boy when choosing a profession, but teach her to follow her real calling.

Mrs. Saffiyah Henser-Nayasada, Tingalpa, Qld.

Ends Justify Means

WHILE the measures advocated by N. Wetherall smack of tyranny, I suppose the ends justify the means. Families are scraping along on the dole while girls already provided for are in employment.

But in ordinary times I certainly think girls should be allowed to work for remuneration, despite well-off parents.

Does Seem Unfair!

Many a valuable woman in business, literature, medicine, the arts, would have been lost to posterity if such a law had been enforced before.

J. Mutch, Campbell Town, Tas.

Is This a Free Country?

IS this not a free country—yet here someone suggests that legal action should be taken to prevent women from taking men's jobs. Has not woman's emancipation been brought about through her ability to stand equal with man in business, etc.? Why should any girl be made to suffer unemployment because her parents' income is larger than that of others?

Mrs. C. L. Harris, c/o Avondale Industries, Cooranbong, N.S.W.

Communal Farms Suggested for Australia

I DO not think that communal farming, as suggested by Mrs. Blinston (22/8/36), would be at all successful or welcome. The suggestion was that a certain large quantity of land should be allotted to, say, twenty families, who would form a sort of village community to farm it.

From experience, I can state that no two farmers have exactly the same methods and views on farming, and, as such is the case, communal farming would lead to quarrels and bickering. If one farmer wanted to do a certain thing in one way, and one or more did not agree with him or his method, there would be arguments.

I will admit that this method of farming would take quite a lot of the loneliness out of farm life, but from the business viewpoint it is impracticable.

Mrs. J. Renard, Victor St., Holland Park, Brisbane.

Discouraging The Young!

WHY is it that the older folk among us, particularly parents, so frequently disregard the opinions, and, in fact, sometimes the very presence of, younger people?

There are few things more discouraging to a young man or woman, whose ideas are often at least logical and unbiased, than to be so overlooked.

E. D. Fuller, 49 Burroughs St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

Impossible in Australia

MRS. I. BLINSTON has evidently been reading about the communal farms of Soviet Russia. The scheme is working well in that country because the farmers themselves are bred from a race which for centuries has been dominated, and the success of the scheme lies in the obedience of each worker to the dictates of the competent manager.

On several occasions Australian farmers have banded together to sell direct to the public, but in practically every instance internal strife wrecked the venture.

In theory the idea of communal farming is an excellent one, but in practice it would only be possible by the subordination of independence of thought and action.

Miss J. McLean, No. 2 Flat, 16 Bolingbroke Pde., Manly, N.S.W.

Good Scheme

OF course the chief argument against communal farming is that it allows no man to possess his own little plot—a keen desire within most human beings.

Still, I think eking out a happy, comfortable existence cultivating communal property is far preferable to struggling along trying to make both ends meet and preserve a piece of your very own heavily-mortgaged land.

And, of course, the advantages over the usual lonely, isolated, outback existence make the scheme even more worthwhile.

P. Carter, St. Helens, Tas.

Destroys Ambition

COMMUNAL farming! It would destroy all ambition.

A man and his wife working towards a definite object do not need to have tasks "allotted" to them. They do each job as it comes, and do it willingly.

Then, when through their own efforts their aim is achieved and their home free from debt, what a splendid feeling of satisfaction they enjoy.

Mrs. H. N. Pope, Avenues, Donald, Vic.

Much Better Scheme

HAVING noted the French, Belgian, and Dutch system of village communes, and compared them with our own style of "occupying" the farming country here, I note the disadvantages of this self-contained, over-capitalised system we follow. If we are ever to increase our country population it must come about by a system of village settlements which will provide for water, sanitation, light, schooling, church, amusements, and above all the conservation of capital and labor in greater and cheaper production.

A. H. Fortescue, Tarawong, Mebul P.O., N.S.W.

Is Modern Youth Without Ideals of Love?

CYNICISM in the very young is merely a pose. For some reason it is supposed to be the hallmark of experience, which is desirable above all things. It is pitiful—or laughable, according to your temperament—when the mask slips and the real, eager, unsophisticated boy or girl peeps through, begging you to confirm his or her hope and faith in the existence of ultimate happiness.

Lynda Sellenger, 3 Arthur Ave., Brighton Beach S5, Vic.

Wise Youth!

IN my opinion the outlook of the young men and women of to-day is a logical one and is to be commended. It enables them to make wiser judgments, to "look before they leap," and prevents mistakes and unhappiness.

Mrs. Howarth is asking us to place youth once more in a position where it can be imposed upon by age and its own ignorance. But youth, being wise for its years, will not retrogress, but continue to regard love and marriage sensibly and practically, not with "fine sentiments" and "glamor." Youth is wise in doing this; it is insuring against unhappiness and disappointment.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Ave., Campsie, N.S.W.

Blame "Already-Marrieds"

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Howarth.

Youth is indeed cynical towards marriage, and the cause is more often than not due to the already-marrieds. How often do we hear the following remarks passed about young people contemplating marriage or in love: "Oh, it won't last," or "They'll soon get over that."

Why all this effort on the part of "grown-ups" to disillusion the enthusiasm of the young? Surely there is no necessity to wish on them the failures of their own marriages, and the too-glaring fact that their affection did not last.

Miss Enid Lawson, 351 Marrickville Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

DOGS IN THE HOUSE

THERE are mothers who force on visitors the talents of their precocious children. Bored to tears, politeness compels these visitors to utter words of praise.

One can tolerate children, but when it comes to dogs . . .

With some people the dog of the house is the sole topic of conversation. It walks into the lounge room and sits on the floor. Then it is made to perform tricks. When supper is brought in, it must have its share.

Dogs are all right—but not in the home, says one reader.

If they are small dogs they are picked up and fondled with words of inane endearance, and the visitor has to duly admire them.

Dogs are all right in their place, and that is outdoors.

Miss J. May, 50 Styles St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

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PUBLIC TELEPHONES

SHOULD a private telephone become defective the subscriber has only to notify the authorities to have the defect speedily rectified.

Not so with the public telephone, although it is in constant use and supposed to be for the convenience of the public.

Often it is difficult to make a connection, and the person at the other end of the line sounds as though he might be in Scotland rather than a few miles away. Sometimes, too, I have lost my pennies in an out-of-order phone.

Efficient service in this respect would be greatly appreciated.

Miss N. Sims, c/o Mrs. A. Rule, Verney Rd. East, Graceville, Brisbane.

Confidences Dangerous

MOST people make confidants of their intimate friends. Is it wise? However pleasing it may be to unburden oneself of secrets at times, does not one regret afterwards?

Do not vital confidences make both the teller and the recipient uneasy? Do they not result in the destruction of many a happy friendship?

Mrs. Judith Watson, 79 Remley St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

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Cream of Yeast gives new energy, quickly drives out such troubles as headaches, sleeplessness and rheumatism—not vaguely and indirectly, but positively, noticeably and in a manner without equal. In fact, Cream of Yeast is an all-round remedy for weak, ailing men and women; an unrivalled tonic pick-me-up, nerve-soother; skin-clearer and life-giving medicine. Chemists, Doctors and Public alike declare that Cream of Yeast is a boon to those in poor health. Good for worried Parents; for Young Men and Women and for tired Old Folk, too.

Cream of Yeast is sold by reliable Chemists and Stores everywhere—24 Tablets, 1/11d., 48 Tablets, 3/6d., or 125 Tablets, 8/9d. Be sure you get genuine Cream of Yeast if you want the best and quickest results—BETTER HEALTH, CLEARER SKIN—AND GREATER ENERGY AND PEP!

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RUSSIAN BALLET *will Soon* BE HERE!

Dancing Treat in Store for Australia

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Fresh from the triumphs of a Covent Garden season, where they have been delighting huge audiences for over three months, Colonel de Basil's entire company of 46 members of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russes has sailed for Australia by the Moldavia to give their first performance on October 13 in Adelaide.

They are bringing an enormous quantity of luggage and "props" with them.

MISS DAPHNE DEAN, who is well known in Sydney in connection with the Repertory Theatre and who has been instrumental in placing several ballets on the London stage, is returning to Australia with the company as representative of Colonel de Basil.

> ***THE hearing of an application for an injunction by Leonide Massine, dancer and choregrapher, to restrain Colonel de Basil from performing his ballets in Australia, was commenced last week and adjourned till September 16.***

Glamorous dancers of international repute have packed their trunks for this great adventure to the South.

For the first time you will have the opportunity of seeing the polished technique and sensitive interpretation of the prima ballerina, Helene Kirsova.

Other brilliant dancers included in the cast are Valentina Blinova, Mira Dimina, Nina Raiveska and Nina Golovina.

The principal male dancer is Leon Woizikowski, who is famous as an amazingly versatile exponent of the ballet, and has also composed the choregraphy for many of the dances.

Other male dancers of rare talent are Jan Hover, Birgin Bartholin, Valentin Froman, Paul Petroff and Roland Guerard, who have roused the enthusiasm of critical Covent Garden audiences.

Magic Names

MAGIC names of the ballet are associated with this company, for they were rehearsed by Massine, Fokine and Balanchine, associates of the famous Diaghileff, also by Madame Nijinski, wife of the tragic Nijinski, who was the greatest male dancer of all times.

The orchestras will be selected in Australia to perform under the batons of Jascha Horenstein, of the Vienna Opera House, and Henri Morin, of the Opera Comique de Paris.

None of the dancers has previously appeared in Australia, and their repertoire consists of about thirty ballets, most of which will be new to their audiences.

Once again you will thrill to the barbaric splendor of "Prince Igor," with its wild music and ceaseless movement, and be soothed by the gentle delicacy of "Les Sylphides," but there are other joys in store for you.

Brilliant Costumes

THE enchantment of the Arabian Nights comes back in the fantasy of "Scheherazade," set to the music of Rimsky-Korsakov.

"L'Epreuve d'Amour" is a charming ballet in a Chinese setting, to music by Mozart, which is little known as it has been only recently discovered.

"Don Juan" presents an interpretation of incidents in the life of that historic lover—an exciting duel with the stern father of his timid lady love, who watches from her barred casement and then dances her grief over the corpse of the vanquished parent.

Then the gaiety of a rich feast at which Don Juan entertains his fair ladies is broken by the appearance of a ghost who calls on Don Juan to repent his evil life. The climax is in an eerie graveyard, supervised by the ghost, where Don Juan is harassed by ghosts and devils and danced to hell.

Wonderful costumes of the period are enhanced by magnificent medieval settings.

"Port Said" is a ballet with a modern theme, danced to music by Konstantinoff, and has been accepted in London as one of the most successful of the newer productions.

"La Boutique Fantasque" was first produced by Diaghileff in 1919, to the tuneful music of Rossini, and is regarded as one of the most delightful of the Russian ballets.

THE ARRANGEMENT of this embroidered bridal veil makes a fitting frame for the wearer's face. A trail of green foliage with a blossom here and there encircles the head. —Air Mail Photo.

HER *secret will make you more beautiful, too*

Rochelle Hudson, star of Columbia's picture, "The Music Goes Round," is a *brunette*. Perhaps you are, too. Or maybe you are a blonde, a red-head, a brownette. Whatever your type, your beauty secret is hers—Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up! You, too, can accent your beauty points by using the make-up chosen by practically all the stars. Select your special Color Harmony from Max Factor's chart. You will be amazed how gloriously your natural charm is enhanced! Max Factor's is sold at all leading stores.

Be sure and see Columbia Pictures Screen SNAPSHOTS No. 6, series 15 . . . See your local Theatre Manager.

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ADDRESS	Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
CITY	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
STATE	Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS Moist ☐ Dry ☐
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"CYKING" *Is The* LATEST *Craze For* GIRLS

Gay 'Nineties Revived with "Bicycles Built for Two"

Are you "cyking"? It's not a disease, but merely the revival in a big way of cycling, both on "bicycles built for two" and solo models.

It has increased so much in popularity among women that in the last six months the number of new women's cycles sold in Australia is estimated to be about 7000, representing an increase of about 70 per cent.

TWO factors have contributed to this big increase. One is that the huge number of cycles being sold in Great Britain has lowered production costs of component parts of cycles, and local demand in Australia has enabled the manufacturing and assembling factories here to lower costs.

Bicycles packed in boxes is the latest development in cycle salesmanship

Formerly new bicycles were wrapped in yards and yards of strips of paper by women workers in bicycle factories. But the 1936 model comes in a compact carton which encases the machine entirely except for the handlebars and saddle.

It is possible now to buy a cycle formerly priced at £16 for £7/10/-.

Idea For School

SO keen is women's interest that one firm is contemplating opening a cycle riding school to teach women how not to fall off a bicycle.

The suggestion was made to the firm by a woman who admits that she is now "almost middle-aged."

She has been cycling for 25 years, and has done more than 5000 miles on the cycle she has been riding for eight years.

She suggests that many more women would become cyclists if they could overcome their lack of confidence and learn with proper teaching equipment, such as the home teacher—a bicycle run between rails with a bar at one side for the beginner to cling to in dizzy moments of unbalance.

Daisy Is Awheel

ALTHOUGH there is as yet only one registered women's cycling club in New South Wales, many are in process of formation.

A prominent manufacturer of cycles said that where one inquiry a week was made for women's cycles in the past the demand was now five daily. These were not all sales, but the girls seemed to have their minds definitely fixed on cycling.

The demand in the country towns for women's bicycles had also increased considerably.

The tandem—the bicycle built for two—is also coming back into favor. Daisy and her young man on the same cycle (the theme of a popular music hall song of the "gay 'nineties") is a reality again.

On top of this the dress shops have risen to the occasion and are meeting the cycling craze half-way. In fact, they have hailed it with delight, since it gives the designers a new slant on sports wear.

Cycling clothes are featured extensively in the big Sydney stores. They are businesslike or colorful, according to taste. The standard costume consists of shorts, a linen skirt and silk shirt. Legs are bare, and a jaunty beret is worn.

A cycling bag for running repairs to the complexion is carried on the handle bars.

1,000,000 Bicycles On Our Roads

THERE are now nearly one million bicycles on Australian roads, and since the boom which set in three years ago the number of machines has increased by almost 400 per cent., according to trade authorities.

DR. AND MRS. MALCOLM SARGENT in an informal moment at the garden party given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd-Jones at Rosemont, Woollahra. The celebrated orchestral conductor will give a series of symphony concerts for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.
—Women's Weekly photo.

At 68 She Took Up Football

(By Air Mail from Mary St. Claire, Our Special Representative in London.)

ABOUT three years ago, at the age of 65, Miss Alice Maud Mary Greet, of Turnchapel, near Plymouth, was a shy, retiring spinster.

To-day, aged 68, Miss Greet is Mrs. William Skilton, of the same address, but the shy, retiring Miss has changed into a virile, athletic Mrs., and she has crowned her process of rejuvenation by playing football for the Turnchapel ladies' team. After a recent game she was chaired round the village by members of the team.

Each night

DO THESE 3 THINGS FOR BEAUTY

Cleanliness of the skin pores is the basis of beauty. First you should entirely remove embedded impurities (old make-up, dust, etc., that has become driven into the pore depths) by applying Kathleen Court cleansing cream. This dissolves blackheads and floats out every trace of deep-seated pore wax. Each night use Kathleen Court night cream, leaving on during sleep. You will find this easy home treatment a sure means of gaining and retaining a flawless, naturally lovely skin.

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DO THESE 4 THINGS FOR CHARM...

On rising wash with Paris Facial treatment soap, then a little of the Kathleen Court Astringent Skin Tonic. When dry, apply Facial Youth Beauty Cream, Velvet Skin or Seventeen Powder; Rose Petal or Seventeen Rouge, and one of the thrilling new Kathleen Court Lipsticks. To make the Hair rich, lustrous, and wavy, use Hennafoam Shampoo. Behold! you can look your mirror in the face with calm assurance . . . you do not fear to face the world, you know your appearance is beyond criticism . . . those few minutes night and morning, and those few shillings, are well worth while!

PRICES, of any leading Chemist or Store:—

"Paris" Facial Treatment Soap, 7d.; "Facial Youth" Cleansing Cream, 2/3; Night Cream, tins 1/9, jars 2/6; Skin Tonic, bottles, 2/-; "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, handbag tubes 1/-, large tubes 1/9, jars 2/6; Velvet Skin Face Powder, 1/- and 2/-; "Seventeen" Face Powder, handsome boxes, 1/6.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES — kathleen court — AIDS TO BEAUTY

PAINLESS DEATH for Incurable Invalids

Continued from Page 2

IF the position was to be considered in numbers the mischief to be remedied was of slight dimensions, Dr. Hawthorne continued. On the other hand, the remedy proposed was an enormous change in social life. Once asserted, the principle was likely to have extensions.

It had already been hinted that pain would not be a necessary condition, but only uselessness. Further, a person suffering severe and prolonged pain was in no condition to exercise a calm judgment or to appreciate fully the issues involved in his decision, and the state of mind of his relatives was almost equally unbalanced.

Was there not something repulsive in the idea of a family council to decide whether a father or mother should be urged to or deterred from suicide?

The tribunal which would be called upon to give a conclusive verdict might make mistakes. Again this procedure was presented as a great act of benevolence. Then the right person to perform it was not the doctor, but the relative or friend. How many of those who had spoken would give the cup of poison to a dear one?

The reluctance to take part in this formidable and dramatic ritual was due to the sound human instinct that their responsibility was to preserve life, not destroy it.

Lord Moynihan then put the resolution, as follows:

That in the interests of humanity it is desirable that voluntary euthanasia subject to adequate safeguards should be legalised for persons desiring it who are suffering from incurable, fatal, and painful disease.

On a show of hands, Lord Moynihan declared it carried by about ten to one.

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PANTIES . . . SCANTIES . . . BLOOMERS

Created by LUCAS

PUT a velvet ribbon about Sal's throat—and restrain yourself, if you can, from drawing it too tight—and she could have sat for the portrait!

After the necessary politenesses were over, Reed and I faded out and walked down the road. There was moonlight over everything, and it was so still and sweet-smelling after the city that I could hardly bear it. Finally we came to the water and sat down and began talking.

Naturally I've talked with lots of boys, and about other things than football and automobiles or all like that, but this was really different. We talked about how far the stars are, and Einstein, and what happens after you die, and how all life is really a poem in a broken rhythm. And Reed recited some more poems, some of his own and some by Keats and Shelley and Byron, and I began to realise all I'd been missing in life. He was seventeen years old and a freshman at Yale, which, after all, there are some fine men at Yale in spite of my being a Bostonian and hating to admit it.

And then we talked about girls, and he said that they had lost so much through modern ways and that his ideal woman was pale and graceful and gracious, and he recited, "She walks in beauty, like the night . . . of cloudless climes and starry skies . . ." which is by Byron, and I was quite thoughtful, realising how I'd never thought about walking in beauty at all, but just about getting places when I walked.

So of course we didn't get to Pussy's, and the next day Reed and I had a picnic lunch and he showed me the different birds and told me what color their eggs were, and we found a rare specimen of something, or maybe that was a flower.

When I got home Nick was lying on the grass in his bathing-suit, and while I wouldn't know about Praxiteles, and while Nick's hair is more rumply than curly, still he was already a keen shade of brown and a sculptor could go further for a model and do worse.

"LISTEN, funny-face," he said, "are you taking that poetic young man for a ride, or can you really keep your face straight when you look at him?"

"Gosh, you're crude," I answered.

"I'm serious!" he said, sitting up and actually looking serious. "He's an awful washout, Leo!"

"You say," I commented.

"Did you ever see Sal take such a dislike to anyone?" he persisted. "Bright dog! Even your own ever-loving Rollo would have chewed him up."

"Listen, funny-face, yourself," I said firmly, sitting down on the grass. "Suppose you keep it in mind that your opinions are interesting only to Nicholas Avery and that I'm quite able to choose my own friends without them."

"You say!" he mimicked me. "Why don't you prove it, then?"

"You wouldn't be expected to understand a boy like Reed Bigelow!" I told him. "He's a poet and an artist. He cares about beauty and nature." Nick guffawed, but I never even blinked. "After all," I admitted charitably, "there have to be all kinds of people in the world, and you are a materialist. You go around dissecting poor dead animals and thinking of material things."

Nick was beginning to look interested. "Go on," he said.

"I was going on," I replied, with dignity, and went: "Doctors are necessary, of course—what you don't realise is that people like Reed are doctors to the spirit just as much as you'll be a doctor for mumps or measles."

"Marvellous!" said Nick. "Does your spirit need doctoring these days, Leo?" Suddenly he rolled over on his stomach and began biting the grass. "Can I bear it—can I bear it?" he moaned. "Leo, my love, where is your well-known sense of humor?"

And here I thought he'd been listening to me seriously! "It's where it belongs—not misplaced, like yours!" I retorted, and stalked into the house.

Right away, though, things started to go from bad to worse and to keep on going. Link came around to the house and said what about a movie, but I'd promised Reed to walk over where he'd seen an owl's nest, in case the owl would be hanging around, and then the next day Pussy was having a picnic, only Reed wanted me to help him collect some specimens of wild-flowers and I had to wear a big hat besides, because women should be pale and graceful and I have a natural tendency to tan.

SOMETIMES, when I was alone, it all seemed like so much hooey, but then the minute I saw Reed it would be okay again. Of course, my greatest difficulty was that I really don't go for nature at all naturally, and even when I'd find a specimen of something or other, in my secret soul I'd be quite unstirred. But the way Reed's face would light up was plenty reward.

Then Jean Hurlbart telephoned me. "I'm having a supper-dance Saturday, Leo," she said. "Could you tear yourself away from the birds and the flowers for one evening?"

There was something in the way she said it that certainly griped me.

"What's wrong with my bringing Reed?" I asked frigidly.

She gave the nastiest laugh. "Oh, it isn't going to be a masquerade!" she said.

I just hung up, speechless for once. Nick came into the library. "Play me some tennis?" he asked. "Or would that be too crassly vigorous for the Lady of Shalott?"

"Oh, tune-in somewhere else," I told him, crossly.

"Why don't you give the dial a twist, yourself?" he came back. "If I have to hear any more crooning about nature——"

Well, I blew up. I told Nick Avery exactly what I thought of him, making it up as I went along, and it was plenty. And he just stood there and laughed at me!

"Be reasonable, Leo," he said, when I paused for breath. "Take a good look at the lad! The very idea of your

The BIRDS *and the* FLOWERS

Continued from Page 18

falling for a sap like that nauseates me! Why, he——"

I certainly forgot all about walking in beauty or being gracious. I let out a shriek of pure rage that congealed Nick's voice in his throat. "Shut up!" I screamed. "Who do you think you are? You're just trying to get back at me because I busted up your affair with Tanya! You——"

Nick grabbed my arm. "What do you mean you busted up my affair with Tanya?" he demanded, and his voice was like ice crackling somewhere in the still far north.

I shrugged. "Maybe I was exaggerating a little," I said. "You're hurting my arm, Nick."

"Hurting your arm, am I?" he said, nearly breaking it off. "What did you have to do with Tanya and me?"

Tears of pain and indignation were streaming from my eyes. "Let me go, Nick! I knew she was in love with Peter Bragdon, and I just gave her a chance to admit it, that's all! And——"

Nick dropped my arm. "So that was it," he said, very quietly, and he stood looking down at me as if I was a particularly awful-looking insect. "See you again some day—maybe," he said, and walked off.

I DIDN'T see how I could bear anything more. I felt as if I'd lost every friend I had in the world. I went around to the garage and got Behemoth and drove down to Mrs. Bigelow's tea-room. Reed was in the little room behind the shop mounting butterflies on cards.

"Hello!" he said. "You're just in time! Will you hold that bottle of——"

I burst into tears.

"Leonora! Dear girl, what's the matter?" He jumped up and I leaned my head on his chest and sobbed. After a while I felt better. "What do you care for that Avery fellow?" he asked me. "Of all the unimaginative, insensitive clods I've ever met—vulgar, brutal—I'd like to tell him what I think of him!"

"I don't believe you'd get very far," I murmured. "I'm all right now, Reed. Want me to help with the butterflies?"

I was beginning to have a feeling of inner struggle. I mean I really was crazy about Reed; he was interesting to talk to, and so sensitive and poetic and all like that, and even if he hadn't been, he still was the best-looking creature I ever set eyes on. But when he spoke of telling Nick what he thought of him—well, I knew Nick Avery could flatten him with one hand tied!

When I got home, I discovered that Nick had really gone, bag and baggage. Tony Frick and Ham Webster had sailed up from Boston that day, in Ham's boat which I didn't know on account of not seeing anybody much any more, and they came over to the house in the evening.

They walked in without saying anything at all, and then they looked solemnly at each other and nodded.

"She looks okay," Ham said to Tony.

"Yes, she looks okay," Tony said to Ham.

"What's the idea?" I asked, knowing perfectly well that I looked okay, what with having on a quite divine plaid organdie and my new red slippers.

"We hear you've gone in for nature-lore," said Ham. "All about the birds and the flowers and how Mr Bumble-bee—"

"Oh, stop it!" I interrupted.

"We hear that you're a poet's inspiration," Tony said. "Do you work regular hours, or only when the mood is burning?"

"Have a good time," I told them coldly.

"We hear," said Ham, "that you've let the frivolous world go by well lost for love."

"Maybe it would take less time if you just recited what you haven't heard," I suggested, helpfully.

"We hear that you've passed up all your old playmates and trip through the fields with flowers in your hair like Ophelia," Tony went on, ignoring me.

I sat down and waited patiently for them to get it out of their systems, and of course it had to happen that Reed appeared just then and Sal went through her usual wolf-pack imitation—the creature had only growled a couple of soft snarls when Ham and Tony came in. I picked her up, but somehow I couldn't shake her like she deserved, because she looked so little and old and frosty about the muzzle.

Please turn to Page 24

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A worthy magician of great powers, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. In their travels they meet
SIR OSWALD: An Englishman out hunting, who invites them home, saying he has been away two months hunting. On arriving home he is greeted very casually by
JANE: His beautiful daughter, who says that he had breakfast with her that morning. Sir Oswald is amazed, and says he has not seen her for two months. They find that the star sapphire has been stolen from the safe, and a clay camel, the sign of Saki, world's cleverest thief and greatest master of disguise, left in its place. Mandrake realises that Saki has been living in the house for the past two months disguised as Sir Oswald and, believing that Saki is still in the house, he sends for Inspector Duffy to handle the case. NOW READ ON—

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Normally placid, the elephant becomes one of the most savage of jungle animals in the protection of its young.

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Black, Dark Tan Stain, Various Shades of Brown, and White

The BIRDS *and the* FLOWERS

Continued from Page 22

IT was funny, because she is the worst-tempered little beast that ever lived, but all of a sudden I had a queer feeling that she couldn't live forever, and, to my utter astonishment, I gave her a hug and she licked my chin.

Grandfather was on the verandah, so I carried her out to him, and when I came back Ham and Tony were looking at Reed like he was William Shakespeare or Edgar A. Guest.

"I've seen some of your verses in the Yale ————, haven't I?" Ham was asking, with the most fawning expression. "What was it—something about meadows—?"

I gave Reed a fierce look, but it didn't do any good. "Celestial fields are sown with stars . . . the earthly ones with flowers—is that the one?" he asked happily. "Or was it——"

What could I do? I couldn't interrupt and tell him that he was being kidded and Ham and Tony were just putting on an act! Mixed emotions were certainly what I was full of, because while I wanted to shake Reed for being so dumb, I could have murdered Tony and Ham.

They asked me to come for a sail, next day, but somehow I couldn't face the gang. I knew they'd all be cracking wise about poetry and nature, and it made me feel disloyal to Reed even though I was wild to go. It just seemed a round circle. And Reed had got to depend on me so, and I couldn't just walk out on him even if I wanted to, which by this time I wasn't sure if I did or I didn't.

It was going to be grandfather's birthday in a week, and mother asked me if I'd write Nick and ask him to come back for the week-end. "Whatever you two quarrelled about is your affair," she said, "but your grandfather will be so disappointed, Leo, if he isn't here."

"WOULDN'T anyone who can play chess do just as well?" I asked, unsympathetically, but, of course, I wrote him a gentle request from mother.

Reed was quite excited about grandfather having a birthday on account of he could write an ode to him, and Nick answered my letter, saying: "Dear Leo, —Only your grandfather's birthday could bring me to pollute the aura of truth and beauty that surrounds your gentle self. However, I will try to keep my voice lowered and my thoughts on higher things when in your presence. Love and kisses, Nick." Well!

I was in the kitchen watching Mrs. Clapp frost grandfather's cake—she always makes cake the day before because she claims her cakes get better as they get older—and I had my mouth full of left-over frosting when there was the telephone and it was Reed in a state of great excitement wanting me to come over and hear the ode. Somehow it seemed sort of early in the morning for poetry.

"Nick's arriving in a little while," I objected. "I think I ought to stick around and at least say hello to him."

"Why should you say hello to him?" Reed came back, and, after all, why should I? It wasn't me he was coming to see.

Grandfather was sitting on the lawn in a steamer chair, under the big horse-chestnut, with Sal on his knees.

"Getting to be quite a lapdog in her old age, isn't she?" I said, stopping to pat her.

"This hot weather troubles her," grandfather told me, and he sighed. "Not so young as we used to be, are we, old girl?" he asked her.

"Don't be silly!" I said, and gave him a kiss.

REED was waiting for me on his steps, like it was a fire or something. "Leonora, this is the best thing I ever wrote!" he cried, before I was even out of the car. "I worked nearly all night. Let's go inside where we won't be interrupted, and I'll read it to you."

"Is it very long?" I asked.

He nodded, as if that was a good thing. Well, I'd been hearing so much poetry that I knew one more wouldn't slay me, but there's something about a sunny morning in June that certainly makes me very unpoetical. As we went in the door, Mrs. Bigelow came out.

"Oh, there you are, darling!" she said to Reed. "Will you run down to the store and get me a dozen eggs?"

Reed looked at her like she'd asked for a dozen scorpions. "I was just going to read my ode to Leonora," he told her.

His mother gave him a funny look. "I think your ode will wait better than my cookies," she said, quietly.

"Cookies!" Reed echoed, as though he could eat a dozen or so without even knowing it.

"I'll go. I have the car right here," I offered, and rushed off before either of them could say anything.

Janet's old flivver, with Link and Pussy in front, and Ham and Tony on the running-boards, came tearing down the street, and they waved and passed on and I began to think I must have got out of the wrong side of the bed that morning, because I was feeling crosser and crosser by the minute.

I got the eggs and went back and Mrs. Bigelow thanked me and Reed said: "Now do you think I can have a moment's peace, mother?"

The ode certainly looked long, written on a piece of parchmenty paper in purple ink, and Reed stood up and began reading it.

"Old man——" he began, and then looked at me on account of I must have grunted or something.

"Do you have to call him 'Old Man'?" I asked. "I mean——"

"DO you want to hear my poem, Leonora?" he demanded, haughtily.

As a matter of fact, I didn't, but I thought it was easier to be polite.

"Old man whose eyes have seen the years . . . whose feet have trod a hundred ways . . . who has known laughter, sorrow, fears . . . whose life has held so many days . . . To you, old man——"

The telephone began to ring, and Mrs. Bigelow called, "Will you answer it, Reed? My hands are all over flour."

"Ye gods!" Reed said, and yanked the receiver off so hard that I thought he'd break it. "Hello!" he snapped. "Who? Yes, she's here, but she's busy! Can't you call later?" There was a silence, and I watched Reed's ears get very red. "As a matter of fact," he said, coldly, "she has just gone to the store for my mother." I gasped, and he gave me a withering look. "Very well: I'll tell her," he said, and hung up.

"What was it?" I asked, naturally.

"Do you want to hear the poem that I have written for your grandfather, or don't you?" he asked, in a quivering voice.

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What Women Are Doing

Variety of Vases

VIDA LAHEY, the Queenslander whose exhibition of flower paintings was opened by Mrs. T. J. Ryan at Margaret MacLean's Gallery, Melbourne, must have a large collection of vases and vessels.

In the eighteen pictures shown were vases of all shapes and colors—a blue-and-white ginger jar, a beautiful brown orange and cream striped jug, clear glass bowls, white pottery, and even a couple of plain honest jam jars.

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Producing Musical Comedy That She Wrote Herself

NOT satisfied with "merely" writing "Joanna," the musical comedy that is to raise funds for the Women's Hospital, the Mission to Seamen, St. Martin's Boys' Home, and the Theatrical Charities when it is played at the King's Theatre, Melbourne, on September 30, October 1, 2 and 3, Mrs. Harold Clapp is producing it herself and playing a small comedy role as well.

Alaric Howitt wrote the music, while Mavis Ripper is designing and Ada Colter is executing the wardrobe for the cast of seventy.

This is not Mrs. Clapp's first musical comedy. Several years ago she had a big success with "The Love Step."

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Thirty Years of Charity Work

THIRTY years of charity work, including numerous successful money-raising functions, have made Mrs. Louis Nelken a much-sought person when it comes to forming committees.

Mrs. Louis Nelken

She is president of the committee organising the annual bridge party in aid of the Animal Welfare League, to be held at 9 Darling St., South Yarra, Melbourne, on September 16.

The Animal Welfare League, of which she is one of the committee members, is only one of Mrs. Nelken's interests. She is also on the permanent committees of the Queen Victoria Hospital and the Renoun Free Kindergarten. She worked hard for the shop that recently raised a large sum for the Ministering Children's League, and now she is to be joint convenor of a stall at the big Christmas fete to be held at Melbourne University.

Receives Honor in England

AUSTRALIA'S women doctors have a way of doing well overseas. Now comes news of Dr. Joyce Wharton, who, having passed the examination, has been elected a member of the British College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, London.

Dr. Wharton, who did her medical course at Sydney University, was medical superintendent of the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, for a year before she went to England.

Uses Another Name For Stage Work

LADY CAROLINE PAGET, one of the five daughters of the Marquess of Anglesey, has been doing stage work for nearly a year under the name of "Caroline Bayly." Lady Caroline, who is 23, played the part of Phoebe in the Oxford University Dramatic Society's production of "As You Like It," and has been for three years a member of the Oxford Repertory Company, where she was known as Caroline Bayly.

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Organiser of Auxiliaries, Royal Melbourne Hospital

MRS. W. KENT HUGHES has been appointed general organiser of auxiliaries to Royal Melbourne Hospital in succession to Mrs. Isabel Green.

She should be able to develop and consolidate the work that Mrs. Green has so ably done, as she has been interested in the Hospital for 24 years.

She trained as a nurse there, and when she left the staff to marry Dr. Kent Hughes she did not lose interest. She was the first secretary of the first auxiliary, and later worked hard for the Red Cross Canteen.

More recently, she has been busy with the almonry service. She was one of the committee responsible for bringing Miss Agnes McIntyre from England to inaugurate a proper system of almonry work at the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

As other hospitals followed suit, this proved to be the first move in the direction of the recently-formed Victorian Institute of Almoners.

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Woman Prospector in Mexican Diamond Mines

A YOUNG English bride, Mrs. Arthur Hewed, is the only woman among a horde of prospectors of all races who are seeking Mexico's lost diamond mine. It is believed that the mine is somewhere in the tropical jungles of Guerrero State. The ancient Spaniards drew fabulous wealth from it. In 1811 it was captured by the Independence forces. They used its diamonds to pay the costs of their revolution.

Several Guerrero Indians have been found carrying uncut stones, but they hold them sacred, and refuse to reveal where they are to be found.

Entertaining Is Her Great Delight

MRS. BASIL BULLER MURPHY, or Dr. Deborah Buller Murphy as she prefers to be called, is recognised as one of the best-known hostesses in Australia. Lordello, her Adelaide home, was renowned for its parties when she was Lady Moulden. Now that she has married again, her Melbourne home, also Lordello, is rapidly gaining the same reputation.

Mrs. Buller Murphy

Not satisfied with giving numerous original parties herself, Mrs. Buller Murphy has already planned to lend her home for several charity affairs.

Her interest at the moment is the Highland Ball to be held in the Melbourne Town Hall on September 10. She is a highly-appreciated member of the supper committee, for she is having 750 squabs brought from Adelaide by special carrier. The squabs are to be roasted according to a special recipe, and served hot.

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History Revealed in Physical Exercises

PHYSICAL culture is not just an aid to health and beauty where Miss Olive Justin is concerned. She finds it a fascinating study giving an insight into the customs and history of various countries.

Having made herself familiar with the exercises of various nations, she trained the St. John's Mission House Girls' Club, Launceston, to perform a most interesting group of old Danish movements at their annual open night held last week.

Members of the Mission House enjoy exercising and dancing under the direction of Miss Justin one night a week through the winter, and their small weekly contributions assist charities. The proceeds from this season's open night aided the Girls' Home.

Sister Parry On Country Lecture Tour

SISTER BERTHA PARRY, the energetic organising secretary of the St. John Ambulance in N.S.W., is having "a busman's holiday" this month.

She left Sydney on September 3, driving her own little car, making for Billabong, Gundagai, where she is to stay with Mrs. Beveridge. En route she stopped at Goulburn to give lectures on combating the effects of gas raids and first aid.

Before returning to Sydney she intends to visit a number of other centres, driving as far south as Wagga Wagga, lecturing and rallying up all the St. John Ambulance adherents with whom she can get in touch, in order to interest them in the further first aid methods connected with gas attacks.

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Knits and Sews At Ninety Years of Age

NOT far from Brisbane, at Gilston, near Nerang, lives Mrs. Lentz, 90 years old, who knits and sews in a most clever manner. She has always had good eyesight, and did not wear glasses until she was 65. Mrs. Lentz is up at 7.30 every morning, does some housework, and does not retire until 9.30 p.m. She has never consulted a doctor.

Fifty-nine years ago, with her husband and five children, she arrived in Brisbane from Berlin, and has lived at Gilston ever since.

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Woman Doctor Goes Abroad to Study

DR. IRENE STAHLE, who sailed in the Strathaird for Europe, has introductions from both State and Commonwealth to Directors of Hygiene and Welfare Services in London, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw and Moscow. She speaks French, German and Italian fluently, and is studying Russian on her journey, so that she will be able to undertake her research in all these countries successfully.

Dr. Stahle has done Women's Hospital and Baby Welfare work since she graduated in medicine at Melbourne University. For the last eleven years she has been attached to the Education Department of Victoria as Medical Inspector, and in this capacity travelled the whole of Victoria.

Believing in the future of preventive medicine, Dr. Stahle is going to Germany and Russia because medical science in those countries has made great strides in that direction.

Echoes of War As She Journeyed to Australia

MRS. AGNEW has accompanied her husband, Lieut.-Commander P. Agnew, M.P., Parliamentary private secretary to the President of the British Board of Trade, on a visit to Australia.

Mrs. Agnew

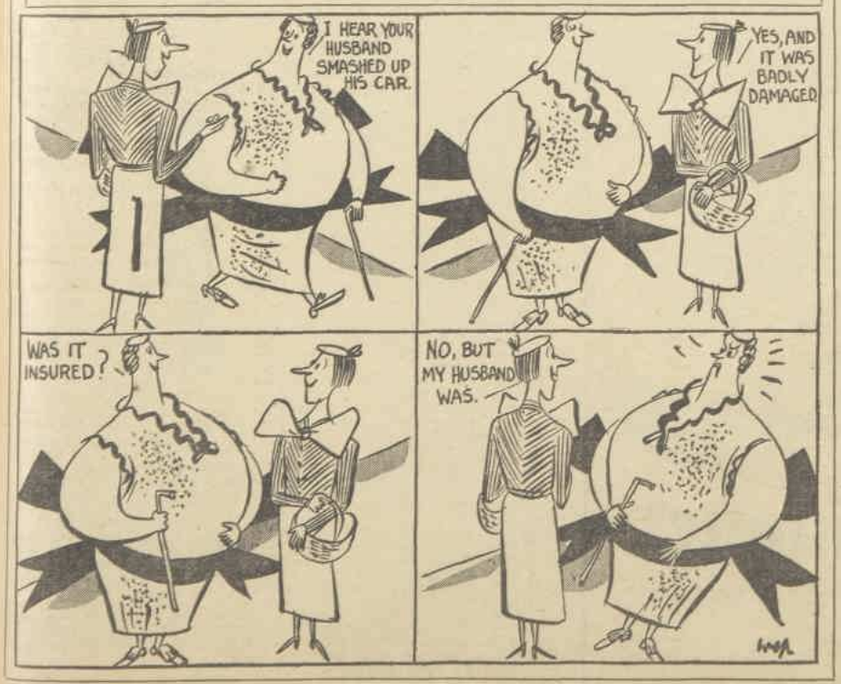
Mrs. Agnew is an Australian, being the daughter of Mr. Harry Boan, of Perth. Interviewed on her arrival in that city, Mrs. Agnew made a strong plea to women to work unceasingly for world peace.

On her journey from England she had passed through Gibraltar, where she heard the roar of bombs and guns, and saw Spanish warships on which the officers had been imprisoned while the sailors took charge. At Parma she saw hundreds of refugees of all nationalities, who were taken aboard the ship on which she was travelling and carried as far as Toulon.

"All this," said Mrs. Agnew, "brought home to me most forcibly the sadness and futility of war in these days of so-called civilisation and progress."

Mrs. Agnew is a woman of many interests, and takes an active part in the conduct of various organisations of women in England.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



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The BIRDS *and the* FLOWERS

Continued from Page 24

ASK me that just once more, and I'll tell you! I thought to myself, but I nodded, and he began again at the beginning.

"Old man——"

"Was that for me, Reed?" Mrs. Bigelow asked, coming to the door.

Reed made a sound like a wounded animal. "No!" he said, and holding the poem in one hand, he grabbed me with the other, and pushed me through the door. "Let's get out of here!" he said.

When Nick gets mad, his face gets very firm and he looks like he was made of cast-iron, but Reed went all crumpled with fury, and his mouth quivered as if he was going to burst into tears.

"Listen," I said, soothingly, as we climbed into Behemoth, "let's get all the interruptions over with first, Reed, and then I can really pay attention to your poem. Who telephoned me?"

He glared at me. "Avery," he answered, disgustedly. "That horrible Peke is sick, or something."

"What!" I cried, my foot stepping down on the accelerator like it was a tarantula and we went around the corner on two wheels.

One comfort was that Reed was too scared to speak. He just hung on with both hands while Behemoth stopped, and when we shattered the left-hand gatepost at Robin's Rest and skidded to a stop in the petunia bed, he was lying back looking like a marble statue.

I kicked him. I suppose it must have been the excitement of the moment, but I kicked quite hard. "Get out!" I said. "Maybe you can do something."

Nick and grandfather were standing together on the lawn under the horse-chestnut tree, and by the expression in Nick's eyes when he looked at Reed he could have been locked up for intended murder.

"So you finally got around to giving Leo my message, did you?" he asked, icily.

Reed was positively wobbling. "Y-yes, sir," he said.

Then Nick looked at me, and his face was gentler and tenderer than I'd ever imagined it could be. "It wouldn't have mattered, anyway, Leo darling," he said. "I wanted you to get something at the drugstore, but it would have been too late." I must have looked sort of shaky or something, because he put his arm around me. "Darling, Sal was very old, and she slipped quietly from her nap into some Pekingese heaven," he told me. I looked at him, and his eyes were wet!

Reed snorted. "Pekingese heaven!" he repeated, in the nastiest voice. "That's a good one! Of all the hateful, sour-dispositioned animals—why, Leo, you've said so yourself——"

I could feel the muscles in Nick's arm harden like iron, but I was quicker than he was. I rushed over and took hold of Reed Bigelow's shoulders and I shook him like he was a rag-doll, while he just stared at me.

"Listen, you—you poet!" I hissed. "You turn around and walk home and don't ever speak to me again as long as you live! Nick won't beat you up because we don't want our lawn mussed with anything like you!"

He stared at me, dumbly. "Why, Leo . . ."

"If I'd only had sense enough to take Sal's estimate of you in the 1-first p-place . . ." I began, and then tears were streaming down my face, and Nick took me in his arms.

"GET out!" he said to Reed, and Reed got out, faster than I'd ever seen him move. "Leo, darling, don't cry so!" he whispered against my hair.

All this time, grandfather had been standing perfectly motionless, and we went over to him and all stood there looking down at Shanghai Sal lying so still and peaceful on the grass. I looked up, and grandfather was actually smiling at me!

"She was a very happy little dog and had more than her share of years," he said in a quiet voice. "You mustn't grieve, Leonora."

I can't explain it, but he seemed so old and far away and accepting, and I clung harder than ever to Nick.

"She has such a little body to hold so great a thing as death, hasn't she?" Nick murmured, and I gulped.

"Oh . . . Nick!" And I'd called him a materialist, and said that he had no feeling or poetry!

I couldn't say anything more, then, but after Nick and grandfather and I had buried Sal, and grandfather went back to his chair, so quiet and calm and distant, I took hold of Nick's hand and dragged him down to Mudpie Rock, where we could be alone.

"Nick, I'm sorry I was ever horrid to you," I said. "I think you're the finest, kindest, most understanding . . ."

"Shut up, little ape," he said, very softly, putting his hand over my mouth.

I pulled his hand away. "Please let me say it!" I begged. "I'm so ashamed of myself and of what a fool I've been! And I'm so sorry I tried to interfere with you and Tanya. Oh, Nick, if I've ever hurt you . . ."

"Leo . . . you little idiot!" said Nick, in the strangest voice, and suddenly his arm went around me, and he kissed me right on my mouth. "I don't believe that your interfering had anything to do with it," he said, and his voice was still queer and sort of trembling. "But if it had, and you were saving me for . . . home-consumption, shall we call it? . . . I'm very glad."

I just stared at him. Nick—Nick Avery—whom I'd known all my life!

Then he gave me a pat on the shoulders, and he was grinning, mostly like his usual, teasing self, only still a little different.

"Suppose we make a definite appointment to continue this conversation—say precisely one year from to-day, Leo?" he asked.

For a minute my voice was stuck in my throat, and I could only stare at him.

"Yes," I said finally. "Oh, yes, Nick!" And we let it go at that; but he knew, just as well as I did, what it was I was really saying "yes" to.

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SILVER LAME fashions this striking evening gown worn by Elizabeth Allan, M.-G.-M. player. It revives the halter neckline, and its only touch of jewelled trimming is the clip at the waistline.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

September 12, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Paderewski for Screen

JAN PADEREWSKI confessed he was very nervous about his film debut when I saw him at Claridges, just as he was leaving for his first screen job at Denham.

"My public may not like the idea of my forsaking the concert platform," he told me, "and, furthermore, my playing and personality may not 'get across' so well from the screen."

Lothar Mendes, who is to direct the maestro, declares that this is all nonsense.

"Paderewski stands alone," he said, "and on platform or screen his personality will always be forceful, while his mastery of the piano sets him in a class apart. He will feature his Schubert and Chopin interpretations in the film in addition to his own compositions."

Only a Wife Stands Between Them

It appears that Virginia Pine, blonde beauty of the screen, is going to clap the shackles of wedlock on to Georgie Raft, after all. The only obstacle to the carrying out of the programme is the existence of the current Mrs. Raft. But love will find a way.

Back from London, Virginia made no secret of her emotions. "Of course, I want to marry Mr. Raft," she said, "but I must wait till he secures his divorce. It may be a year or more before we are married."

Well, what's a year in the course of a grand passion?

Barrymore Bust-Up

THE way John Barrymore provides copy for them, anybody'd think he owned shares in every newspaper in the country. Just now, the public is being given another full issue of the love-life of John and Elaine Barrie, although nobody seems to know what the true relationship is between the two.

Despite Barrymore's outburst to the effect that there never has been any question of an engagement, Miss Barrie continues to wear on the third finger of her left hand the huge diamond ring given her by her volatile admirer, and to reiterate that all was arranged for the wedding bells to peal merrily.

Meantime, the one fact known for certain is that John is in a sanatorium, too ill to appear in court in a suit to force a former secretary to return books and records.

Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy Get Friendly

Celebrities Meet

A VOTE has been taken by American exhibitors to find the most popular box office star of the screen. The first lady of the films is none other than Miss Shirley Temple. Now all the other studios are frantically testing little girls by the carload, hoping and praying they will find another potential Temple.

Rosa Ponselle, the famous Metropolitan Opera star, declared that undoubtedly Shirley had a great singing career ahead of her. She said that after hearing Shirley sing in "Poor Little Rich Girl" she was thrilled with the clarity and richness of her voice, and went to visit her at Twentieth Century-Fox, where the two lunched together.

On the Rock—ies

THE production unit and cast of G.B.'s special, "The Great Barrier," have just arrived in Quebec and will immediately proceed to location at Revelstoke Park, in the Canadian Rockies. George Busby and Stanley Haynes, of the studios' production staff, preceded the company some time ago, in order to establish the huge location camp necessary to accommodate the large crew and cast.

"The Great Barrier" depicts the drama of the building of the Canadian-Pacific railway in 1880, a feat in railroad building which necessitated cutting through the Canadian Rockies. Milton Rosmer is directing.

Sculptor's Choice

ANOTHER triumph for Hollywood: June Lang, 20th Century-Fox star, has been chosen by Albert Stewart, the famous sculptor, as having the ideal modern figure.

That this is no empty compliment is demonstrated by the fact that June will pose for the figure of a war bride in a projected peace memorial. This means that, if the sculptor does his stuff, June may yet be immortal—in bronze or marble, if not in celluoid.

Meantime, girls, here are her measurements: Height, 5 feet 3¼ inches; weight, 7st. 6lbs.; waist, 25 inches; bust, 31½ inches; hips, 36½ inches; neck, 13¼ inches.

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HOLLYWOOD'S Million-Dollar MISTAKES

Errors Cost Plenty In Movie Studios

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

IF you were in the employ of a hard-headed boss, and you made an error in judgment which cost him practically one million dollars—or £250,000—what do you think he'd say?

No, don't tell me . . . let me guess! But would it surprise you to know that mistakes of such magnitude have frequently occurred in Hollywood, and no doubt will continue to happen just as long as that lil' village continues to churn out mass entertainment at consistently high pressure?

IT'S not of the number of retakes that are necessary, because Sally Yifnif, that glamorous Continental importation, "blows up" in her lines that I propose to tell you about at the moment. Nor of the all-too-numerous occasions when a scenarist or director shoots a scene, or maybe an entire picture, that's a lemon and has to be done all over again. That, needless to say, costs many, many pounds! But it's about the errors in judgment that are pinned upon the majority of Hollywood's big-wigs that makes particularly interesting reading.

There's a nimble young fellow working for R.K.O. at the present time whose name is Fred Astaire—maybe you've heard of him! And if R.K.O. officials were called upon to name their most precious possession and most prized asset they would, without any exaggeration whatsoever, set down beside the name of Astaire—Credit, £250,000. The terrific success of R.K.O.'s productions co-starring this chap with Ginger Rogers, plus the expectation of a rich harvest in subsequent flickers in which he will appear, more than justifies my financial appraisal of his worth.

This being the case, the blunder made by M.-G.-M. in dispensing with his services earlier has cost them well over £250,000. I do not say, mind you, that this is the only million-dollar blunder which has been made by Hollywood, but I cite it because it is typical of what goes on behind the scenes with more frequency than producers care to remember.

When M.-G.-M. made "Dancing Lady," in which Astaire appeared with Crawford and Gable, that studio had an excellent chance to examine him carefully with a view to future assignments. But despite ace cameramen and make-up experts, it was stated that though he danced perfectly he didn't photograph too well facially . . . so what they thought was best expressed in one picture. He appeared in one scene, and his contract was not renewed. The M.-G.-M. official who failed to renew it might just as well have thrown one million dollars out of the window!

Astaire's Case

BECAUSE, now he has been built into one of the brightest stars of talking pictures! Teamed with a Warner Bros. discard, Ginger Rogers, he has proved himself one of the biggest money-makers of the present celluloid era. And there, in a nutshell, you have the Hollywood situation—Fred Astaire, turned loose by M.-G.-M., and Ginger Rogers, turned loose by Warner Bros., making unprecedented money for R.K.O. But M.-G.-M. are recompensed to some extent for their lack of foresight in the "Dancing Lady" opus, for Nelson Eddy also had a bit part in that picture—look at him to-day!

Warner Bros. made a million-dollar blunder in the case of Clark Gable. Warner talent scouts first saw Gable when he appeared in Los Angeles in the stage showing of "The Last Mile." They signed him to a contract immediately. But it was at a time when he measured up exactly against Ronald Colman, Buddy Rogers, and Ramon Novarro, and the Warner executives couldn't fit the large-eared Clark exactly into the picture. So when his contract came up for renewal Warners turned Clarke Gable loose.

Blunder List

M.-G.-M. didn't commit an Astaire error on this one, for as soon as Gable was footloose M.-G.-M. signed him. And just as soon as he punched Norma Shearer on the chin in "A Free Soul," his future career was successfully settled. What a mint of money his presence has meant to the Culver City producing unit . . . and how sore are the brothers Warner out at Burbank for having let their screen's biggest drawcard slide gracefully from their contractual clutches.

Before venturing closer into an analysis of this unfortunate—for some producers—state of affairs, perhaps I can present a clearer picture to you by listing what I choose to call Hollywood's million-dollar blunders:—

1.—Universal rejected Norma Shearer, Colleen Moore, Janet Gaynor, and Bette Davis.

2.—Paramount refused to renew the contract of Wallace Beery, rejected the screen test of Margaret Sullavan.

3.—Every Hollywood studio rejected Marie Dressler until she finally landed at M.-G.-M.

Continued on Page 32

ABOVE: First, Margaret Sullavan, rejected by Paramount and Columbia, only to be, later, a box-office draw for Universal. Below her is Grace Moore, one of M.-G.-M.'s big mistakes. She's made big money for Columbia.

☆

RIGHT: Wallace Beery, who was cast off by Paramount after his teaming with Raymond Hatton proved a failure. Signed up by M.-G.-M. Wallace has proved to be one of their surest and steadiest drawcards.

☆

EXTREME LEFT: Fred Astaire, possessor of the nimblest feet on the screen, and maker of millions of dollars for R.K.O. studios. It is estimated that M.-G.-M. lost well over £250,000 by releasing him from the contract he had with them.

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MOVIEDOM CASTS A SPELL ON STARS

All Swear Solemnly To Quit .... But They Stay

Another Slant on the Great Movie Colony

By MARY OLIVIER

"I AM going to retire after my next picture." Thus a recent announcement, purporting to have come from Greta Garbo.

Greta, now a wealthy woman, could tell Hollywood where to go at any tick of the clock. A careful saver all the years of her screen career, she probably does not know the extent of her riches. If she does, it would take her longer than five minutes to spend them—which is exactly twice as long as it would take me to dispose of mine.

DESPITE her wealth, however, and regardless of the fact that this is about the sixth time that I remember Garbo announcing her retirement, I'll wager next week's salary that, providing the public continues to want her, she'll still be going strong another six years from now. Maybe longer.

Garbo is no different from any other star. Once Hollywood gets them, once they taste that potent drug—fame—they are addicts who can no more give up their fame and the adulation that is theirs than can an opium fiend relinquish his dreams.

The Hollywood influence can be likened to a spell, from which a star seldom escapes. It isn't because they don't want to, but because they can't. They just lose the will to break the ties that bind them. The charm is cast by luxury and easily-gotten wealth.

Oaths Are Sworn

YET it is a spell from which most of them want to break loose, or they talk considerably about it. I have never known an actor or actress who has not sworn solemnly and annually that at the end of such and such an option he or she would retire. Nevertheless not one of those stars has had the will-power, the individuality, to escape from the life of ease and luxury for the sake of something they believe in, but for which they would have to suffer and struggle to do without.

They compromise. They salve their fainting consciences with the belief that their next picture will be their Magnum Opus and will justify them.

For years Mary Pickford declared that she would make a film with Douglas Fairbanks and then retire. She made it—"The Taming of the Shrew"—but it was far from the great monument to art which they anticipated, and Mary prepared to make another, alone. "Something great to be remembered by for all time," she said. She has not yet made any picture that would leave a lasting impression, and it doesn't look as though she ever will. But don't be surprised to see her make a comeback any day in the year.

ABOVE: Inez Gorman—a newcomer to Hollywood. Like all recruits, she says she is going to stay there just a little time. Well, we'll see.

LEFT: Leslie Howard and Bette Davis as they appeared in "The Petrified Forest." Howard said this would be his last picture. We wonder if it will be.

BELOW: One exception to the rule: Diana Wynyard, who refuses to return to films.

Only recently Clive Brook told me he intended quitting pictures. He planned to go around the world, travelling for a couple of years. He had it in his mind to settle down in England, living the life of English country people. Perhaps do a play now and then—but pictures—decidedly not.

That was yesterday. To-day he is still appearing on the screen. He did get as far as England, however, but not to settle down. He made a couple of pictures there and returned to Hollywood to fulfil an obligation to one of the major companies.

"The point is," Clive confessed to me apologetically on his return, "I'm still in pictures. I probably always will be. We tell ourselves that we are staying on, making money, doing the things we do for the sake of our children. That's not true. I know that I'm doing my son and daughter more harm than good by this sort of thing. I am robbing them of initiative. I am sapping their hardness and their need of independence.

"My proof of what I say and my condemnation of myself is this: that in the eleven years I have been in Hollywood I have done only one picture, played only one part, of which I am proud—that in 'Cavalcade.'"

Once I had great hopes of Leslie Howard. He would pioneer. He would break the spell, resist the charm. I believed him when he first came to Hollywood and said that he would stay for so long and no longer. That was four years ago. He is still making pictures here, and he will go on and on.

That Inertia

HE admits now to an inertia about getting away. Hollywood has got him, too, I'm afraid. And if there was ever an actor who is in a position to go forth and do what he wants to, Leslie is that man. He is enormously popular, with the finest kind of popularity it is possible to win on the American and English stage and screen. If he fails to free himself, I shall know that there is no escape for anyone.

Then there was Ronald Colman. About three years ago Colman decided to quit pictures. He booked his passage for England, never to return, so it was reported. But within two months Ronnie was right back here and all set to do a succession of pictures which have brought him right up to the present when all companies are taking their turns to get him into their studios.

"I'll give myself five years on the screen and then retire," said Clark Gable four years ago when he first became the screen's greatest he-man lover. But if you think that Clark will retire in 1937 you've got another guess coming. He's good for many years—just as long as the public wants him—and a bit longer if I'm any judge of movie stars' characters.

One Exception

THE same thing applies to Dolores Del Rio, who announced her intended retirement on her marriage to Cedric Gibbons. "One more picture, that's all," said Dolores. Oh yeah!

I was talking the other day to Inez Gorman, a new girl who was recently signed by Fox. She informed me that she plans to play in pictures for three years, and three years only, no matter whether she is a big star or not. Inez isn't even on her way yet, but I'll bet my bottom dollar Hollywood will leave her before she leaves Hollywood.

One of the few able to give up Hollywood, even when it wanted her most, was Diana Wynyard. Three or four pictures made Diana one of the most sought-after stars on the screen. Producers wanted her and she could name her own figure. But stay she did not. Diana admitted that the stage was her first love, that she has enjoyed her Hollywood experience and that it was just that, was glad of it, but she had finished with pictures.

She meant what she said, too. I know for a fact that Diana Wynyard continues to receive very tempting offers, both from Hollywood and England, at salaries which she would never hope to earn on the stage. Still she refuses, and I admire her for sticking to her guns.

Helen Hayes has done almost the same thing, but only almost. Helen found ready stardom in Hollywood, but she, too, had her fill and went back to the stage. Though she did not declare that she would make no more pictures, Helen indicated that it would have to be something quite out of the ordinary to bring her back to work before the cameras again. What is the betting that she won't return, eventually?

Some writer once said that when a man puts grease paint on his face something goes out of his soul. I don't know about the grease paint, but certainly when an actor has stayed in Hollywood for a time, he loses the courage of his convictions.

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FROM MILKMAID TO MOVIE STAR

Binnie Barnes Fought To Escape Environment

By JEAN SPAULDING

Fiction has provided us with countless do-or-die stories, in which a poor but honest heroine has risen from the ranks to enjoy fame and fortune. In fact, it is questionable whether any other theme enjoys more favor with readers than the perennial rags-to-riches story.

But however remarkable the achievements of fiction's stalwart ladies, or how seemingly unsurmountable the obstacles in their paths, these all pale into insignificance beside the life story of Binnie Barnes, whose early outlook was about as hopeless as one could imagine.

BORN Binnie Gittle Barnes, in Caledonia Market, London, on a foggy March morning some twenty-odd years ago, the daughter of a London "bobby" and an Italian-English mother, this popular actress fought hard to rise above her tenement surroundings and the sweat-shop job, early marriage and hordes of babies which she saw inevitably awaiting her in the not too distant future.

Her first break away from this deplorable environment came at the age of fifteen when Binnie thankfully exhaled the fog of London's East Side from her lungs and struck out for the open spaces to become, of all things, a milkmaid! It seems paradoxical to say that her many months of rugged farm life laid the foundation stone of the girl's auspicious career as a stage and screen star, but Binnie attributes the greater part of her success to the hours of quiet meditation in the milking-bails.

In speaking of her successful career, Binnie quite forgets to mention her own indomitable spirit and tenacity of purpose, which enabled her to set a goal, master its requirements by diligent study and then, by sheer proficiency, achieve her ideals, but that is only what one might expect from this very modest young woman.

Farewell to Cows

HAVING once decided upon the course her life should run, Miss Barnes said farewell to her patient cows, and sought to gain a foothold on the ladder of theatrical success. From this time on it will be seen that her career runs almost in a straight line, with one minor triumph succeeding another towards ultimate achievement.

After an intensive course of ballroom dancing, Binnie was launched as an entertainer with an engagement at the Cosmo Club, London. Shortly afterwards she became the stage partner of Tex McLeod, a rope spinner and monologist a la the late Will Rogers.

But Binnie had loftier ambitions and higher ideals than this, so gladly threw aside a host of vaudeville contracts to accept a small part in the stage play, "Silver Tassies," with Charles Laughton and Una O'Connor.

In the next two years Miss Barnes appeared in the British pictures, "Night in Montmartre," "Down Our Street," and in a series of comedies in which Stanley Lupino was starred. It was at this time that she came under the notice of Noel Coward, then seeking a cast for his original stage production of "Cavalcade." Coward offered her the role of Fanny, the cabaret dancer, which she succeeded in making a personal triumph. As a result of this, Alexander Korda, famous director and producer, signed the actress to play sophisticated roles under his banner, the first of which was in "Counsellor's Opinion."

Hollywood Calls

IN May, 1934, Miss Barnes went to America, following English successes, and has since been featured in many important pictures, including "Small Town Girl," "There's Always To-morrow," "Diamond Jim," and "Rendezvous."

Her latest Hollywood film, and also her most important, because in it, for the first time, her name is given star prominence, is United Artists' production of the popular James Fenimore Cooper adventure classic, "The Last of the Mohicans." In the role of Alice Munro, daughter of a British general in colonial America, she is given every opportunity to display her unusual versatility and striking beauty in thrilling and romantic surroundings.

It is, indeed, a long step from milkmaid to screen star, and perhaps an even greater achievement for a girl born and reared in London's East Side so convincingly to portray the role of English gentlewoman.

Such, however, is the greatness of Binnie Barnes. More power to her—and to her inspiration to others.

MOVIETONE NEWS

It Speaks for Itself

BRINGING to the screen within days —sometimes even within hours— items of public interest from all over the world, is indeed a man-sized job. One that requires deep thought, careful planning, sometimes hazardous journeying, and always the skilful handling, that is essential in the production of Australia's national newsreel MOVIETONE.

During the past number of years discriminating picture-goers have learned to depend on MOVIETONE Newsreels, both Australian and Overseas, to present to them in a manner different and distinct, local and world-wide happenings in all spheres. Sport, politics, fashion, and scenic beauty, are only a few of the many topics covered by MOVIETONE NEWS.

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The achievements of MOVIETONE do not, however, terminate here. The ability to depict events of current interest in a manner more startlingly realistic, more vivid and convincing, than any newspaper could ever do, has won for MOVIETONE a reputation as lasting as the events it has been their pleasure to record.

Milkmaid, Vaudeville Player, Movie Star

Binnie Barnes as she is now — starred with Henry Wilcoxon in United Artists' big production, "The Last of the Mohicans."

£25 CASH MUST BE WON £25

"SEARCH FOR FILM STARS" No. 3

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten surnames of film players, each name being jumbled, with the addition of one unnecessary letter. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 1 to 26. All you have to do is to find the hidden names and substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the letter "L" omitted, could be arranged to form the name "JOLSON," the letter values of which are 10, 15, 12, 19, 15, and 14, a total of 85.

When you have completed the ten film-players' names work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than **FRIDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER, 1936, to "FILM-STAR" COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 3rd October, 1936. Every name submitted is checked for verification individually. When no information whatever can be obtained about any name submitted, this name is not accepted as correct. In this respect the adjudicator's decision must be accepted as final and binding. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

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9. STDVEI
10. MERFULL

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 16

Four competitors submitted correct car names, totalling 698 points. This was the highest correct total received, and they share the prize-money, each receiving £6/3/-.

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L. McMANUS, 133 Curlewis Street, Bondi.
J. SHEAN, Lyons Road, Drummoyne.
D. MILLIGAN, Cook Road, Randwick.

WINNING NAMES

1. FORT
2. PAIGE
3. JOWETT
4. TERRAPLANE
5. HUDSON
6. LIBERTY
7. IRAT
8. TRIUMPH
9. EGAN
10. BUICK

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WOMAN AND THE LAW

MADELEINE CARROLL and George Brent are the principals in Paramount's "The Case Against Mrs. Ames." The cast also includes the well-known Arthur Treacher, top right, Beulah Bondi, centre, Alan Baxter and Edward Brophy. The two last-mentioned are the gentlemen (bottom left) conversing with the caged Mr. Brent.

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STAR'S LOVELY HOME

Visiting Dolores

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

ONE of the most charming and intelligent of Hollywood's screen stars is the lovely Dolores del Rio, whose gracious manner and dark beauty cause her to stand out, in striking fashion, from the numbers of bleached and slangy movie girls whose schooling finished at the eighth grade.

Born in one of Mexico's oldest families and educated in a convent, she led an almost cloistered life amid the Mexican aristocracy until discovered by a producer and brought to Hollywood for screen fame.

IN spite of all the talk to the effect that marriage and a career don't mix, Dolores manages to keep herself in the movie spotlight and to live a happy and well-ordered life with her equally talented husband, Cedric Gibbons, in their lovely Santa Monica home.

I had met Dolores before she left for England, but had not visited her. Consequently, when I called on her after her return to Hollywood for afternoon tea at the studio, I seized the opportunity to angle shamelessly for an invitation to inspect the home of which I had heard so much.

Towering Windows

MY manoeuvres were successful. I sallied forth to Santa Monica the following day. It nestles at the foot of a canyon, with a sweeping view of hills and ocean. The solid chromium front gate is worked by remote control. One pushes an electric bell on the outside, and the butler unlatches the gate by pushing a similar button inside.

Within, there are towering windows from ceiling to floor in every room, the color scheme is largely white, cream, and pale gold. The entire home is truly a work of art. Everything, from baths and divans to the last book-end, is in perfect harmony. Yet it is the most comfortable home I have ever seen.

Downstairs there are a reception-room with wide, built-in divans, a dining-room with a novel dining-table made of frosted glass about half an inch thick, spacious kitchens and a butler's pantry, and, at the opposite end of the house, Mr. Gibbons' suite, with bedroom, dressing-room, and bathroom, the latter decorated in black and silver.

Upstairs a tremendous living-room runs across two-thirds of the house. There are more built-in divans, interesting indirect lighting features, and large, comfortable armchairs designed to give the utmost ease. The bookshelves at one end are reserved for Dolores' library; at the other is her husband's collection. In contrast to the light furnishings, a few vivid pastels of Dolores grace the walls.

Dream Rooms

AT one end of the living-room is a guest suite of bedroom and bath. On the opposite end is the suite of the mistress herself, a thing of almost unbelievable beauty. The type of room that every girl dreams of, along with marrying a prince and finding herself heiress to a castle in Spain. Thick, cream carpets cover the floors. Two sides of the bedroom are entirely glass. The bed is low and covered with cream satin. Her bathroom is black and silver. The dressing-room is walled with mirrors, and specially-designed cupboards to hold the clothes of Hollywood's best-dressed woman. Little tiered mirror-tables hold literally hundreds of perfume bottles from all parts of the world.

The upstairs windows look out over the grounds—not very large, but all carefully landscaped. The blue swimming pool is surrounded by a flagged terrace and shady trees—ideal for summer luncheons. At one end is a little white building with dressing-rooms for men and girls. Beyond the dressing-rooms is the tennis court with bright lights for night play. In a corner of the garden is a small red-and-white pavilion for parties and outdoor fun. Nearby, the kennels for the three prize English bull-terriers.

How could anyone fail to be happy in such a home? Yet for all her wealth and fame Dolores remains completely unspoiled and gracious. A Hollywood miracle!

THIS PHOTOGRAPH of Dolores del Rio at home is taken from her private collection especially for publication in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Hollywood's Million Dollar Mistakes

Continued from Page 28

4.—Samuel Goldwyn bought off a personal contract with Robert Montgomery after viewing the first day's "rushes."

5.—Columbia had the first tip on Margaret Sullavan, Katharine Hepburn, and Aline MacMahon, rejected them because they wouldn't screen well.

6.—Warner Bros. released Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Ginger Rogers.

7.—M.-G.-M. released Grace Moore, Fred Astaire, Joel McCrea, Charles Boyer and Lew Ayres.

8.—R.K.O. would have turned thumbs down on Katharine Hepburn had it not been for a wise director.

Now let's just take a look-see at the record of some of these amazing rejections of people who represent millions in money at the box-office. Norma Shearer to-day is the Number One star at M.-G.-M. and the wife of Irving Thalberg. Oddly enough, it was Thalberg who tossed her out of Universal. He offered her £20 per week to do a picture with Reginald Denny, but she wanted £25. Additionally, she wanted free transportation for herself and her mother from New York to Hollywood. And Thalberg, resenting this resistance from an unknown, told her to go jump in the lake!

It was not until a few years later, and after Norma had been playing small roles at M.-G.-M., that Thalberg, who had shifted to this studio, realised her box-office appeal and elevated her to stardom.

Carl Laemmle, sen., personally rejected Colleen Moore after seeing her in a Universal picture. She reached stardom with another studio, afterwards earning many millions of dollars for her employers. Janet Gaynor was an extra at Universal until she flukeó a screen test. The test was bad, and she was told to move to another studio. Not long after, she was one of the biggest money-makers for Fox.

Bette's Case

BETTE DAVIS was a saccharine ingenue at Universal, and, additionally, she photographed badly, and Uncle Carl was quite right in ordering her dismissal. Warner directors, however, saw her possibilities as a feminine "heavy," and her performance in "Of Human Bondage" set the seal on her future success at the box-office.

Paramount believed that Wallace Beery was all washed up. The comedies he had made with Raymond Hatton were box-office flops. M.-G.-M. signed him, and "The Big House," "Min and Bill," and "The Champ" proved that Paramount had made a million-dollar blunder.

Screen tests made of Margaret Sullavan by Paramount were rejected—look at her to-day!

Warners believed Myrna Loy was through when talking pictures arrived, as she had always been cast in exotic foreign or half-caste roles. M.-G.-M. grabbed her, teamed her with Max Baer unsuccessfully, and then hit upon the William Powell combination that converted "The Thin Man" and "Evelyn Prentice" into pure gold.

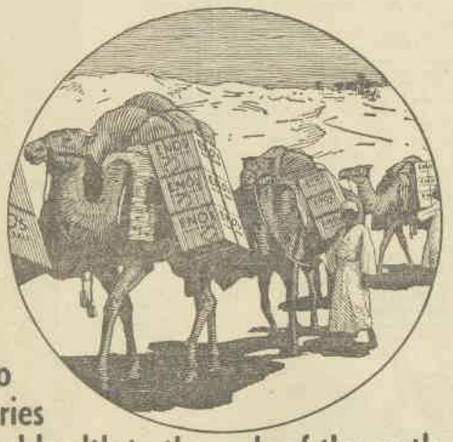
Columbia's salvaging of Grace Moore emphasised still another million-dollar blunder, this time on the part of Metro, for they had her under contract and made two pictures with her. They believed that her type of singing was not commercial. Columbia, with rare acumen, turned her over to Victor Schertzinger, musician-director, and "One Night of Love" was the result.

No One Infallible

WHAT conclusions are to be drawn from these million-dollar blunders of Hollywood? Do they prove that the high officials of the motion-picture industry are nitwits? Not at all! It only goes to show that none of us is infallible, and that errors can, and do, take place with amazing regularity.

The million-dollar blunders of Hollywood have been the branding irons of the industry, but luckily those whom the branding iron marks as failures often have courage enough to carry on and turn the shambles of defeat into a glorious triumph.

The heartaches that these million-dollar blunders create cannot be estimated in any common denominator of discouragement. Visualise the desperation that must have beset Robert Montgomery when he was released from his first contract. How his mother must have beamed with pleasure as she told the neighbors over the back fence that her youngster had been signed to a Samuel Goldwyn contract. Weary months of hoping, praying that this would lead to something big. Then the curt announcement that the option would not be renewed, and the hesitant letter back home



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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

THE most rabid and persistent autograph seekers have been balked by the elusive Garbo, but a little blue-eyed urchin in ragged overalls succeeded where strong men failed. He got the prized Greta Garbo signature in his autograph book.

Garbo was just leaving the studio after a conference on "Camille," and was ready to step into her limousine when she was confronted with a pair of wistful blue eyes and a dirty little fist holding out a book and a stub of a pencil. He said not a word, merely gazing his admiration at the white-clad dream girl.

Garbo hesitated only a moment, then flashed a smile. She took the pencil and signed in bold strokes, "Greta Garbo."

Quick as lightning, the youngster dashed away. No one knows the name of the lucky owner of the rare autograph.

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THE entire Press, local and foreign, and the stars and executives of the M.-G.-M. studios turned out en masse to view that organisation's latest effort in the motion picture art, "Romeo and Juliet." An entire local theatre was given over for the evening to the most critical audience ever gathered together, people who are constantly associated with the making of pictures, and critics who view three or four movies a week and whose express purpose in life is to tear them to pieces.

Norma Shearer is a lovely Juliet. In the opening scenes she looks not a day over sixteen, and her transition from a gay young girl in love to a woman who has tasted bitter tragedy is truly a revelation in acting. Leslie Howard is equally competent as Romeo, as are Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Reginald Denny, Ralph Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith, and so on down the line.

DOTS and DASHES

NORMA SHEARER buying sports clothes for her trip to England, where she will see the world premiere of "Romeo and Juliet" at Stratford. ● Bob Taylor hoping for a trip to Alaska before starting "Camille." ● Jackie Cooper rising earlier each morning to breakfast in the new studio commissary. ● Fred MacMurray back at work after his honeymoon. ● Lionel Barrymore doing a series of oil paintings of scenes and characters in "Gorgeous Hussy." ● Wally Beery outshining even Gable's rainbow-hued shirt by appearing in a cafe sporting a black satin creation trimmed with pearl buttons. ● Bebe Daniels, who owns a local dress shop, forecasting even shorter skirts for women.

THE reason why none of us has heard of Anna May Wong recently is that she is spending her first holiday in her native land, and she is enjoying it so much that it will be many moons before she returns to the countries of the West.

Her friends get lengthy letters from her, for she is an excellent correspondent. She is learning the Mandarin dialect and attending the Chinese theatre at least twice a week.

Anna May writes that in China it is the custom to greet friends with a trayful of gifts from which they may choose one. Foreigners who do not know the custom astonish their Chinese acquaintances by keeping the entire assortment.

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GOOGIE WITHERS, dark, dashing, and pert, has really begun her film career in the Fairbanks Junior film "Accused." She tells me that she doesn't aim at being a star, but a feature and character actress of the Kay Hammond type—always in secondary parts and always in demand.

"These are the people who make the steady income," Googie told me, "and I just want to be comfortable without amassing great wealth."

Googie, who is just nineteen, says she can't remember what her Christian name really is. She spent her early childhood in India, and her nickname is a grown-up form of "goo-goo," Hindustani for mad. This, by the way, is probably where the Americans got "ga-ga."

AN unsung hero of the movies is "Doc" Eric Hamilton, an Australian. For twenty years he has been first-aid man on film sets, and when a sudden accident strikes it is "Doc" who rushes to the rescue and administers help with expert hands.

IT was he who treated Marlene Dietrich for heat exhaustion when she collapsed beneath the rays of a scorching sun in Arizona during the filming of "The Garden of Allah," and again when the door of a coach slammed on her right hand and foot.

One of his finest pieces of work was when Ann Dvorak was bitten by a snake during the making of "Massacre." "Doc" extracted the poison.

Hamilton received his knowledge of first-aid from his father, who was a practising physician in Australia. He says he is happy in his work, and has four medals for life saving.

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MOVIE set-ups are often somewhat amusing. Bill Powell is one star who falls in for a lot of odd casting in his reel life. Having just finished a picture in which he played a romantic lead opposite Carole Lombard, his divorced wife, Willie is now cast with Jean Harlow, his off-screen playmate, in "Libelled Lady."

The catch is that in the flicker he's supposed to heartily detest Jeanie and

Contradictions

to shed all his love on Myrna Loy, while Jean, who returns the hate, is much taken with Spencer Tracy! For one scene Jean, hearing a suggestion that she marry Powell, shouts, "That big ape! I wouldn't marry him for a million dollars!" While Bill replies to the effect that he wouldn't take her if she were given away with a pound of tea. The scene over, they repair to a corner of the set to hold hands and exchange loving glances before going before the camera to hurl further insults into the mike!

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IMAGINE our little Snooping Susie's surprise while wandering about on the M.-G.-M. lot to see a car go shooting down between the stages with the glamorous Joan Crawford, in one of her many-petticoated costumes, hanging on the running-board. It seems that she is a great Eleanor Powell fan, and when Joan isn't working on "The Gorgeous Hussy" set she goes down to watch Eleanor and Buddy Ebsen, another of her favorites, do their stuff on the "Born to Dance" set. I might add that the reason Joan doesn't ride inside the car is the simple one that she can't get in one with all her dozen petticoats on.

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AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING has taken a new turn. Stars are always being asked to sign their names, but Eleanor Powell is the first to be asked to sign with her foot. On leaving the studio, a young man carrying a box approached the tap-dancer. He set it on the ground in front of her and asked her to put her foot in it.

Bewildered, Eleanor looked inside and discovered wet cement.

At the risk of ruining her shoe, she obliged. The footprint will now become a part of the sidewalk of the enterprising fan.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

NO more kissing in the movies. In the fourteen reels of "The Lost Horizon," starring Ronald Colman, there are only two kisses! "Romeo and Juliet" has only four, and the twelve reels of "Anthony Adverse" two.

Remember the good old days when they fell into a clinch every five minutes? Nowadays the censor's sharp scissors are cutting them out almost entirely. Kisses may be deleted on three counts: (1) because they are too fervent; (2) too long; and (3) too frequent.

It is up to the discriminating censor to judge of the ardor of the kisses. A comedian may kiss his way right through the picture so long as it's all in fun. Serious kissing is another matter.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHEN I went up to the canteen at the Denham Studios the other day, five hundred extras from Tauber's film, "Land Without Music," were having their lunch and making a most terrific din over it. The canteen is run on the cafeteria system, whereby everyone takes a tray and helps himself or herself.

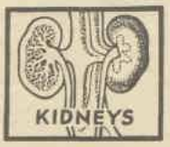
I noticed that most of the girls chose salads, fruit and coffee. Even an extra must keep her slim figure.

❖ ❖ ❖

A new epidemic is sweeping America, "Powellitis," or "Gable-itis," as it is sometimes called. Young girls from 12 to 20 are the victims. The latest case is 13-year-old Ruth Grantham, who was so severely movie-struck that she made her way clear across the continent from Washington, D.C., to Hollywood to meet William Powell in person. The Travellers' Aid Society is arranging a meeting between Bill and Ruth so she can go home happy.

The three greatest lures are William Powell, Gary Cooper, and Clark Gable.

BACKACHE drives woman to desperation . . .



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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart. (Fox.)

WITH this picture, Warner Baxter definitely graduates from the ranks of ageing matinee idols, and takes a very lengthy and convincing step along the very hard road that real actors have to travel. Doubtless, he won't, in this film, cause to palpitate so many flapper hearts, but the fact remains that, faced with a dramatic role, he has stepped into it, and carried it off very creditably.

In the offering (based on historical fact) he takes the part of Dr. Samuel Mudd, a physician falsely accused of participation in the murder of President Lincoln, who is sacrificed to appease a vengeance-crazy nation. Sentenced to life imprisonment—the other five "conspirators" are realistically hanged—he is sent to Shark Island, where the major part of the action, dealing with his attempt to escape, and final winning of freedom, takes place.

Fox have done a good job with this film. The drama is strong, the direction and photography very workmanlike, and the acting more than equal to the demands made on it.

And reverting to Baxter: I wish him luck in his new career.—Plaza; showing.

★★ PRIVATE NUMBER

Robert Taylor, Loretta Young, Basil Rathbone. (Fox.)

THE two stars on this picture represent the valuation I think most women will put on it—not my personal one. Here's the story, without any trimmings:

Loretta Young is a nice young girl, down on her luck, who is forced to enter into service as a housemaid in the home of a very rich family. Here, she is unfortunate enough to attract the attentions of a cold, grafting butler, played by Rathbone, and fortunate enough to arouse the more acceptable love of the young master—Robert Taylor. Follows a clandestine courtship and an equally clandestine marriage, the latter only being disclosed when Loretta, shortly to become a mother, is betrayed by Rathbone while Robert is absent, completing his last year at college. Comes the inevitable flight of the eighteen-year-old bride into the cold, cold world, the hoodwinking of Robert by his parents—who dislike this mesalliance—the taking of proceedings for an annulment of the marriage, and a final triumphant court-room reconciliation.

Well, there you are. Very probably it will bring tears to the eyes of thousands; there may even be readers who will claim that it should carry three, not two, stars. But to me it is just a penny novelette in pictures; Cinderella in celluloid.—Regent; showing.

★★ FANG AND CLAW

Frank Buck Animal Feature. (R.K.O.)

STRANGELY enough, I did not see the two predecessors to this Frank Buck production. After watching this offering I regret the fact. While not in the manner of the usual screen entertainment, Mr. Buck's cinematic record of animal trapping in the Malay jungle is intensely interesting, covering as it does the whole gamut of the business from the elaborate preparations to snare an outsize in tigers or a colony of monkeys to the simple method demonstrated of catching a bird of paradise.

An armor-plated rhino., leopards, tigers, birds, pythons, monkeys, a most clown-like honey-bear—these are only some of the fauna with which this picture deals. And the ingenuity which the hunter has to exercise not only to catch these specimens, but to transport them back to camp, is something to wonder at.

If your tastes run to this kind of thing, I heartily recommend this picture. Personally, I could have sat through more of it.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

★ CRASH DONAVAN

Jack Holt. (Universal.)

ONE of these days Jack Holt will win the girl he loves instead of handing her over, in large-hearted fashion, to some other male. When that happens three ambulances will be necessary to carry off swooning film reviewers.

True to the Holt tradition, in this picture he is once more the strong, silent man who loves and loses. A trick motor-cyclist by profession, Jack allows love to lure him into becoming a State cycle patrol-man, a career he follows until the moment comes when he can no longer put up with watching the billing and cooing of his patrol mate and the girl both of them love. Then it's back to the circus for Jack.

Of its own type, this picture is fair enough. There's plenty of action and a lot of fine publicity for the motor-cycle corps of the U.S.A. police. We're given an inside look at a recruits' training school, and even hear the "copper's" theme song, sung by a tenor cyclist, supported by the battalion chorus. This is hot stuff.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE LAST OUTLAW

Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson. (R.K.O.)

WELL, I imagined that every variation on the Western theme had been played. I was wrong. R.K.O. have, in this film, produced a Western which has a definitely different slant, and which, only for an occasional crudity, would win two stars with ease.

The theme is the return to the world of the last of the old-time bank bandits after twenty-five years spent in gaol. Back in his old stamping ground, the ex-outlaw finds everything changed: automobiles have ousted horses; slick, cocky young sheriffs have replaced the former tough variety. The only thing that is unchanged is human nature and the old practice of bank hold-ups. It is one of these latter which gives the old-timer and his friend, the sheriff who captured him, the chance to prove that the technique of former days can still triumph over mere smartness.

Told baldly like this, no idea can be given of the quiet humor with which this picture is put over. There is excellent comedy in it; and Harry Carey, as the last outlaw, gives a splendid performance. The good qualities of the picture, in fact, so far outweigh the hackneyed sections that even those who dislike Westerns will get enjoyment out of it.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

★ NOBODY'S FOOL

Edward Everett Horton, Glenda Farrell. (Universal.)

THIS picture is a safe bet as a support to any feature. Unassuming, not packed particularly full of delirious fun, it nevertheless moves along to the accompaniment of a series of chuckles, all elicited by E. E. Horton's simple nit-wittedness and Miss Farrell's hard-boiled wise-cracks.

A brief resume of the story will give an idea of its potentialities. A small-town idealist, Mr. Horton, to wit, comes to New York, where he falls in with gangsters whose particular racket is real estate. Through a feminine member of the gang, Edward, quite unsuspectingly, becomes one of them. The comedy then develops into one of cross-purposes, in which two rival racketeering groups, unable to figure out just what Horton's real purpose is, finally find themselves made honest men of.

The whole thing is quite entertaining. Most people will enjoy it, while Edward Everett Horton fans will like it a lot.—Regent; showing.

★ THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR

Richard Arlen, Cecilia Parker. (Columbia.)

THE things the pictures can do are varied and astonishing. They can even bring the dead to life. This is not a joke; this particular film can prove it. Henry B. Walthall, that excellent old trouper, has been in his grave for some little time now, but this offering presents him to you as David Burton, walking, talking, and going mad as if Death had no existence. It is rather uncanny.

Harold Bell Wright's novel of the same name provides the story for this picture which comes out of the Hollywood factory as a cut-to-pattern romance seasoned with a lost treasure, a jealous madman, and a comic (?) detective whose feet seem the only joke the scenarist has been able to provide him with.

Richard Arlen and Cecilia Parker are good enough for a story which makes no great demands on them. The late Henry B. is the madman.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ HIGH TENSION

Glenda Farrell, Brian Donlevy. (Fox.)

FAIR enough as a support. With Mr. Donlevy as a dashing, deep-sea diver and Glenda Farrell supplying her usual issue of hard-boiled wise-cracks, at least the film can be guaranteed to keep yawns at bay.

The main weakness is the ending. Here we have Norman Foster, cast as the young protege of the he-man Brian, rashly descending into the bowels of the ocean and being trapped. Donlevy drags on a diving-suit and sinks to the rescue. Here is a chance for thrills, but the scenarist and the director have passed it by. The rescue is made to look ridiculously easy.

Still and all, not so bad.—Plaza; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . . no good.

★★ THE SCHMELING-LOUIS FIGHT

Special Feature. (R.K.O.)

THOSE of you who have husbands or boy friends of a sporting turn of mind should give them a night out by taking them along to see this picture of the late bout of fisticuffs between Herr Schmeling and Jim Crow Louis (the Brown Bomber), two hard-hitting heavyweight "pugs."

It is the first film of its kind I have seen which gives a full record of the whole course of a fight, and, in addition to being well-photographed and interesting, will be full of excitement even for those who have never attended a boxing match.

Note for male readers: I'm going to see it again.—Cameo; showing.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That the floral leis, so reminiscent of Honolulu, which both Peter and Ray Griffen were wearing when they departed for their honeymoon, were parting souvenirs placed round their necks by Mrs. Griffen? Made of forget-me-nots, the message they conveyed was quite obvious.

Popular Club Man

IT would not be surprising if Mr Harry Owen cherished a perfect loathing for motor cars and all their works! Luckily he is rapidly recovering from the nasty accident which befel him and his daughter, Mrs. Gordon Brady, at Tamworth recently, but only a few years ago he was laid low for months with a broken leg—the result of an encounter with a car at Bellevue Hill.

Mr. Owen is one of the most popular members of the Australian Club, and their long-distance telephone account will be swelled considerably by the number of anxious inquiries put through to Tamworth last week.

✣ ✣ ✣

After a nine months' sojourn in South Africa with her daughter, Mrs. Phillip Yates, Mrs. Frank Bennett returned to Sydney on the Triton on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Yates hope to bring their tiny son with them and pay Sydney a visit next March.

✣ ✣ ✣

Race Week Revelry

THE invitations which Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Watt have issued will gather a number of their friends to a late afternoon party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on October 10.

It's bound to be in the nature of a "victory party," as both host and hostess are the proud owners of ultra-good thoroughbreds, and most generous about letting their friends know when they expect "a win."

Another race party at the R.S.G.C. will be the members' own dinner dance on October 3.

✣ ✣ ✣

A great admirer of our native flora, Wilga Bevan (now Mrs. Max Ryrie) showed her appreciation of its beauty by carrying a lovely sheaf of rock-lilies at her wedding last Friday. They lent a perfect finish to the magnolia-toned satin of her bridal gown.

✣ ✣ ✣

Unspoilt Harbor Views

THE many would-be tenants of that quaintly delightful little stone house in Beach Road, who've been waiting to snatch it up when the Gilbert Phillips' move into the house they are building in Sutherland Crescent, are going to be disappointed.

It is already arranged that Mrs. Phillips' brother, Alwyn Bloomfield, and his pretty young wife are to have it. Not yet awhile though, as the foundation stones of the new home (which has been cleverly designed not to block out any of the harbor view from the parental home next door) are barely laid.

"Fashion Fantasia"

WHAT a bevy of lovely and graceful amateurs were enrolled as mannequins for the Fashion Tea at the Pickwick Club in aid of the funds of St. Margaret's Hospital!

The organisers realised the value of contrast, and ran the gamut of charm from the tall, fair slenderness of Enid Hull and Betty Buchanan to the vivid brunette types of which June Munro is an outstanding example.

The presence of Victor Jory and delightful musical items by Nellie Barnes and other leading artists were the synonym of success with a big S.

Social Amenities in Egypt

LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER RAND, of H.M.A.S. Australia, and Mrs. Rand are staying at Cheverells, Elizabeth Bay.

Mrs. Rand spent some time at Alexandria while the Australia was in the Mediterranean, and thoroughly enjoyed the life there. Cocktail parties were a perennial form of entertainment. Starting at a somewhat later hour than in Sydney, they invariably included a buffet dinner at 10 p.m., followed by dancing. The most informal garb was worn for these functions, and full evening dress was never donned except for balls and official entertainments.

Likes Life on the Land

PEG CARRUTHERS is taking all her furs and woollies with her for a six weeks' visit to Tasmania.

She goes with her sister Eve (Mrs. Paul Hearst), who has been staying with Lady Carruthers for the last month or so.

The Hearsts' property, Ashburn, is near Launceston, and Eve does appreciate having her "man on the land"—rather than in the Navy, as he was for so many years.

Life's Like That

IT was rough luck for Philip Haley that a couple of injured knees prevented him joining his mates in The King's School football team expedition overseas. As some slight compensation he and his mother, Mrs. Barclay Haley, of Double Bay, have gone for a trip to Melbourne.

A visit to the Venour Nathans and a spot of polo playing may also be included in this holiday jaunt.

✣ ✣ ✣

Armed with a long list of last-minute shopping, Betty Shannon, whose wedding with Al Gordon eventuates this month, arrived in Sydney from Lismore on Wednesday of last week.

Hilarity at Heath

ON Saturday Betty Watt and about thirty of her friends will be disguising themselves in fancy dress and, with dancing and other divertissements, making carnival in honor of her sister Mrs. Peter Scrivener's birthday. It is Clarence Murphy's birthday, too, and he'll be there to share the fun.

The big lounge at Heath, Double Bay, has a parquet floor, and it takes no time to roll up the rugs and turn it into an ideal ballroom.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Campbell sisters (including the married one—Mrs. Tom Fogarty), who hail from Melbourne, are at present a highly-decorative addition to the number of guests staying at 52 Macleay St., Ltd.

✣ ✣ ✣

In Order of Seniority

"PETER," who, with her newly-acquired husband, Ray Griffen, is now on her way to China on the Kitano Maru for her wedding tour, is the third of the Stewart sisters (all of them Frensham girls) to marry. Her eldest sister, Betty (Mrs. Wilhelm Donk), lives in Singapore. Sylvia is Mrs. Malcolm Campbell.

Still unmarried (and barely grown up) are Jane and Diana. Diana is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Sydney Jamieson, till Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, who are expected home this week, return from a trip to the East to their diminished family circle.

PHYLLIS, DAUGHTER OF Mr. and Mrs. Richard Reunie, of Edgecliff, whose marriage with Dr. Bernard Bloomfield is to take place early in the new year —Dacos.

A Job For Santa Claus

NOWADAYS Christmas celebrations fall rather flat in a completely adult household, but this Christmastide there will be a small stocking to fill in the Richard Stanton family circle.

Little Patricia Jowett is accompanying her parents (her mother was Audrey Stanton) to Sydney, arriving some time in November and spending the whole of the summer in Australia.

According to Taste

TAKING their small daughter Jill with them, the Graham Prattens motored to their station property, Glen Moan, in the Quirindi district, this week.

Graham has just returned very bronzed (not to say blistered) from an expedition to the Barrier Reef, where fishing in the blazing sun was his idea of complete enjoyment for a whole fortnight.

✣ ✣ ✣

While Mrs. Nell Gunning and Mrs. Paul Cohen are staying at Haddon Rigg as the guests of Mr. George Falkiner (they motored up this week), Paul Cohen is trying to play the heavy father to the twins—not so easy with that volatile pair!

✣ ✣ ✣

Frequent Visitor to Sydney

MRS. GEORGE NATHAN has been long recognised as one of the most perfectly turned-out of Melbourne's well-knowns. With Mrs. Wally Moore, she is staying at the Hotel Australia, a maternal interest in the hockey contests being the urge that brought Mrs. Moore to Sydney.

Mrs. Nathan's daughter Myra, whose second husband is Rumanian Minister to Japan, has spent some years in the East. She is due to visit Australia early next year, and has a very large circle of friends in this city to welcome her.

Married in London

WHEN Mr. R. L. Swan left his home in Bellevue Gardens, Potts Point, early this year, it was with the avowed intention of giving a would-be son-in-law the "once-over."

The inspection evidently proved satisfactory, as last week he gave away the bride (his daughter Maisie) when she married George Churchill at Chelsea Old Church, London.

Evading the Crush

THE James Murrays, who have been wintering in Sydney, return to their Tasmanian home early in October. They intend to take a trip to England next year, but refuse to join the crowds congregating there for the Coronation.

They'll dodge that by taking a ship due in London about a fortnight too late for all that ceremonial squash and probable discomfort.

Have You Noticed—

That Sir Alexander Gordon has forgone his conventional "topper" in favor of a large black "wideawake"? He sported it at the delightful garden party given by the Charles Lloyd Jones' at their home, Rosemont, in honor of Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

Peggy Spell

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RADIO ACTOR *Does Stunts for* THE FILMS

Making "The Flying Doctor" was Great Fun, Says Raglan

"It's great fun making a film," says James Raglan, popular actor from Station 2GB, who had an important part in "The Flying Doctor," the Australian film recently completed.

"I DON'T know whether I was selected for the film because I am used to the microphone or because I am used to flying. In any case it was a thrilling experience.

"For one 'shot,' I had to chase a plane that was already taking off, and catch it. It was a great chase with the camera getting some good action stuff. I managed to jump on the plane, but lost my balance and nearly fell off before getting a good foothold.

JAMES RAGLAN, 2GB player, as Lord Suffolk in the English film, "Jew Suss."

"It was a most convincing piece of realism, but unfortunately the camera jammed in the middle of all this excitement and a retake was necessary.

"Of course I couldn't do it all over again, and the final shot was not so thrilling, for you can't fall off an aeroplane to order.

"I like making films because of the wonderful spirit found among the players. Although I have played in English films—I was Lord Suffolk in 'Jew Suss'—I enjoyed my work among the Australians even better. Margaret Vyner and Mary Maguire are as clever as they are beautiful, and my radio colleague, Eric Colman, is a real trouper."

Asked what he thought of Charles Farrell, Mr. Raglan said: "He's really a splendid fellow and sure to be very popular with Australian audiences."

Mr. Raglan will discuss the making of Australian films, and his part in them in a talk from 2GB next Monday night at 9 o'clock.

Helpful Science

EVERYBODY these days is interested in psychology, but few people bother to apply their psychology to right thinking.

Dr. A. H. Martin, who has done so much in applying psychology to the practical needs of the community in connection with the Australian Institute of Industrial Psychology, will discuss the matter from 2GB on Sunday next, and the following Sunday at 7.5 p.m.

There are many thousands of young people to-day who have found their true vocation in life as the result of the psychological guidance which Dr. Martin has given.

"Birds in the Trees"

THINGS always go round in circles, says Keith Collins, the novelty pianist who will be featured from 2GB on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

When in 1920 he first played with an American jazz orchestra, he was told by the conductor to cut out "the birds in the trees," an American expression for musical frills. Yet to-day all the most up-to-date American bands feature a novelty pianist as a soloist, and he is no longer expected to provide a mere background for the orchestra.

Incidentally, the expression "birds in the trees" gave Keith Collins the idea for a musical composition. He was asked by an American conductor to play a solo, and announcing the piece as "The Birds in the Trees," he sat down and played it extempore. It was highly praised, which goes to show that musical tastes go round and round.

Crazy Car

JACK DAVEY, of 2GB, is not known as "Crazy Davey" for nothing; he sees to that himself. His latest exploit is to buy probably the smallest car on the roads in Sydney. It is a Pigmy Special, manufactured by an enthusiastic amateur car builder.

Some idea of the size can be gained by the fact that it utilises Moth aeroplane wheels. But its greatest mystery is undoubtedly how Jack manages to fit into it without getting mixed up with the works. Otherwise the car is a model, perfect in every detail, and it is capable of doing anything up to 65 miles an hour.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, September 9: 11.45 a.m.: "London Calling." 3.30 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."
THURSDAY, September 10: 11.45 a.m.: "People in the Limelight." 3.30 p.m.: Featuring John Tilley, humorist.
FRIDAY, September 11: 11.45 a.m.: "So They Say." 3.30 p.m.: "Musical Moods."
SATURDAY, September 12: 6.15 p.m.: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.: "Herman Finck and His Orchestra."
SUNDAY, September 13: 6.10 p.m.: Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the forthcoming Australian Women's Weekly novel.
MONDAY, September 14: 11.45 a.m.: "In the News." 3.30 p.m.: "Highlights of the Week."
TUESDAY, September 15: 11.45 a.m.: "News and Reviews." 3.30 p.m.: "Australians Abroad."—No. 1, Anona Winn.

DON'T FORGET . . .

A ball in aid of St. Luke's Hospital Building Fund will be held at the Paddington Town Hall on September 30, under the patronage of the Governor-General and Lady Gowrie. Mrs. Hubert Fairfax is president of the committee, and Mrs. J. L. Ruthven the hon. secretary. A full pipe band, lent by the Highland Society, will skirl a welcome to Lady Gowrie, and play at intervals during the evening. Reservations from FL4145 or B3170.

☆ ☆ ☆

On Wednesday, September 16, "The Premier's Wife," a comedy by Mrs. Ada Holman, will be produced in David Jones' Auditorium, in aid of the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.

☆ ☆ ☆

The grand parade of decorated floats, which has always been a feature of Grace Bros.' Hospital Ball, will be replaced this year by a display of national dances in costume. The ball will be held at the Palais Royal on September 15.

☆ ☆ ☆

No one will grudge a shilling to purchase a ticket for the afternoon tea and inspection on the new Union Steam Ship Co.'s liner, T.S.S. Awatea, on September 24. Proceeds will assist the T.B. Sailors and Soldiers' Relief Funds. Tickets and all information may be obtained from Miss D. Lascelles, Room 11, 4th Floor, Colonial Mutual Building, Martin Place. Phone BW5208.

☆ ☆ ☆

Marcus Clark and Co.'s employees are holding their fifteenth annual ball on September 26, in aid of the Far West Health Scheme.

☆ ☆ ☆

Lady Murray Anderson, patron of the Church of England Homes, has consented to open the annual fete to be held in the Sydney Town Hall on September 25, at 2.30 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mr. Claud Fleming will produce the play, "The Love Story of Anne," written by Mr. Frank Harvey, that is to be presented on September 30 in aid of the United Charities' Rose Day Campaign. The Theatre Royal has been engaged for the occasion.

☆ ☆ ☆

Twelve debutantes, most of them daughters of ex-service men, are eagerly looking forward to their presentation at the A.I.F. Ball at the Trocadero on September 15. Reservations: B4879.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS!

INCREDIBLE, AMAZING—BUT TRUE
Stories of the Odd and Curious in Nature and Humankind.
Dramatic Tales of Travel, Adventures, History, Everyday Life.
EACH WEEK-NIGHT, AT 8.45 P.M.
(Commencing Monday, September 14)

FUNNY STORY CONTEST

£50 was awarded for the funniest story submitted last week. Why not send your funny story to Big Money, c/o 2GB, accompanied by an entry fee of 6d. You may be the winner of a big prize.
Thursday Next, at 8.45 p.m.

DAILY AIDS TO BEAUTY

Beauty is not beyond the reach of any woman. Hear these helpful talks each Friday Morning, at 10.50. They have something of interest for every woman listener.

GIFTS OF GRACE

A session of bright, happy music, into which Mrs. Stelzer incorporates a personal shopping service for the busy woman—and who is not busy these days? Each Monday to Friday, at 2.30 p.m.

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Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President of the Astrological Research Society

Philip Hargrave... Doctor or Musician—or Both?

The stars were kind to Philip Hargrave on the day of his birth—September 11, 1921. They produced Australia's most brilliant person born under the sign Virgo (August 24 to September 23).

Philip's stars endowed him with the precious quality of genius, and, even more desirably, with the ability to express his brilliance in some spectacular form.

WHEN young Hargrave recently decided to study medicine instead of continuing his amazing career as a musician, the world knew dismay.

Astrologically, however, the reason for this surprising choice can readily be seen in Philip's individual horoscope. It can be seen, too, that the choice is wise.

This clever lad's personal star-map is of the kind that promises him such opportunities and achievements as come into the lives of but few.

Not only were the planets holding positions of terrific strength in the heavens on the day he was born, but Aquarius—the sign of the genius—was rising over the eastern horizon at the moment of birth.

Thus was Philip Hargrave marked out for a destiny which is to be unusual, brilliant, and scientific.

Although only 15 years of age this week, Philip has already packed more excitement, interest, and success into life than most people ever enjoy.

He is strongly endowed with most of the typical Virgo characteristics. His intelligence, capability, and thoroughness cannot be questioned. Nor can his faculties of method and system—the sifting of the wheat from the chaff.

Builder and Thinker

HE is constructive—a builder, a user, and a thinker. He is critical, analytical, and serious; capable of arriving at great decisions by applying reason and logic. He knows what he wants, and will go after it steadily and wisely. He will favor intellectual pursuits, and be happy when absorbing knowledge.

Like most Virgo people, Philip will be strongly attracted to all forms of healing, for this sign produces some of the world's best doctors, nurses, and dietitians.

There is an innate ability to understand the symptoms of ill-health and the best way to cure each type of ailment. He should excel in chemistry and hygiene, and in diagnosis. All these inborn faculties will aid him immensely in his chosen career as a doctor.

Moreover, at the time of his birth the planets Jupiter and Saturn were in Philip's birth-sign, Virgo. Jupiter governs medical science and produces the perfect doctor . . . and Saturn so placed endows depth of mind and character, much interest in health matters, and a life of usefulness and achievement. Mercury in close proximity to Saturn and Jupiter will turn the mind into channels for improving humane conditions.

And the Moon, not to be outdone, harmonised with several of the more important planets, thus helping Philip to express his abilities along original and worth-while lines and promising him popularity and public honors.

Destined For Medicine

FINALLY, Aquarius on the Eastern horizon at Philip's birth denotes the scientist, the humanitarian, and the genius; and Uranus (ruler of Aquarius) close by, in the sign Pisces, shows that he can best express his brilliance through work connected with hospitals or other institutions.

Is it any wonder Philip Hargrave has decided to be a doctor?

The stars were just as prophetic—but not as strong—in regard to Philip's fame as a musician.

Venus (ruling over art), Neptune (showing extreme musical faculties and inspiration), and Mars (endowing practical application) were all in Leo, the sign of art, entertainment, and amusement, on the day of his birth. He simply could not fail to play the piano and other musical instruments with brilliance.

Yet it is those same influences which are responsible for Philip's preference for medicine, since Aquarius and Uranus conflict with Venus, Neptune, Mars, and Leo in his star-map, thus bringing a separative condition and a distaste for the very things that have brought him fame.

In all probability he will often vacillate between these two extremely different careers but, astrologically speaking, he is strongly advised not to drop his musical career entirely. He should let it take second place to medicine, for it is in this sphere of activity that he will find the fullest and noblest opportunities for expressing his remarkably brilliant faculties.

He must specialise in scientific research and advanced modes of treatment. He must invent, originate, and follow his inspirational "hunches."

If he will do these things, destiny is likely to bring Philip Hargrave a life of unparalleled happiness, prosperity, and achievement.

The next six to eight months will bring certain benefits and opportunities into Philip's life. It will be an excellent time for him to start new studies or enterprises, and to seek favors of superiors, elders, and educationists.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Be careful on the 9th, 10th and 11th, but the 12th and 13th should be fair.

PHILIP HARGRAVE

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Make the most of your chances on the 14th, 15th and 16th. Be aggressive, confident, optimistic. Seek advancement.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep to routine tasks. Try to avoid delays, setbacks and worries this week, especially on the 14th, 15th and 16th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Quite fair for you all this week, but especially on September 9, 10 and 11.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Nothing spectacular. 12th and 13th fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Seek opportunities, and make them. Be venturesome, instigate changes, ask favors. Best days, 14th, 15th and 16th.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Fair on the 8th and to dusk on the 9th.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Opportunities are possible. Speed up your affairs. 9th, 10th, 11th should be good; 14th, 15th and 16th fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Slow up all important matters, for annoyances, delays and difficulties will abound, especially on September 8, 9, 14, 15, and 16.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Excellent for new ventures, changes, asking favors, signing important papers, etc., on the 14th, 15th and 16th. Be cautious on the 9th, 10th and 11th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Routine tasks. 8th and 9th fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Live quietly. Protect your possessions against loss. Partings and disappointments are likely, especially on September 8, 9, 14, 15 and 16.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

GRACE BROS

51ST BIRTHDAY GIFT.

For SPOT CASH 2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL UNTIL DEC. 31ST

This is our 51st Anniversary Gift to the public for fifty-one years of continuous support, and it means that all CASH buyers at Grace Bros. will have 2/- in the £ deducted from their bills until the end of 1936.

Please note that this discount is for SPOT CASH PURCHASERS ONLY. Excepted from the 2/- in the £ discount on account of our extra low "mark-up" on cost prices are our CASH AND CARRY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENTS, "QUICK SALES" SECTION, and "SERVICE" DEPARTMENT. A few Proprietary articles are also excepted.

DQ11.—Inexpensive and smartly cut Frock in GUARANTEED CASTLE CLOTH. Bodice has back and front yoke finished with square neck and buttons to contrast. Shades: Lemon, Almond, and White. Lengths: 42, 44, and 46in.
BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 5/6
(Less 2/- in the £)

DQ12.—DAINTY FROCK IN FLORAL GEORGETTE. Designed for the younger set, showing the new dolman bodice, full puff sleeves. Well Cut Skirt. Lengths: 44, 46in. S.S.W. fitting. In shades of Dusty Pink, Powder Blue, Almond and Lemon.
BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 15/11
(Less 2/- in the £)

DQ14.—DAINTY AND COOL IS THIS FROCK OF SUEDE SPUN SILK. Bodice smartly trimmed with pockets and buttons; Skirt finished with slat pleats. In assorted floral designs. Lengths: 44 and 46in., S.S.W. fitting.
BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 9/11
(Less 2/- in the £)

DQ13.—TAILORED SPORTS FROCK in STRIPED SPUN SILK. Bodice nicely treated with back and front yoke and buttons. Skirt finished with double side Pleats and patch pockets. In shades of Green, Brown, and Saxe. Length: 42in., 44in., 46in.
BIRTHDAY SPECIAL .. 10/6
(Less 2/- in the £)

DQ9.—SOMETHING SMART FOR THE SPORTS GIRL. A TAILORED SHIRTMAKER STYLE, MADE IN HEAVY-WEIGHT SPUN SILK. Bodice nicely pintucked and buttons to waist. Double pleat in Skirt and patch pockets. White only. Sizes: 42, 44 and 46in.
BIRTHDAY SPECIAL 9/6
(Less 2/- in the £)

DQ18.—SMART ENSEMBLE in SILK SLUB LINEN. Frock has short sleeves pleated from shoulder, square neck finished with large white buttons. Coat in full saunter back and showing large stand up collar. Shades: Almond Green, Powder Blue, and Dusty-Pink. Lengths: 44, 46in. S.S.W. fitting.
BIRTHDAY SPECIAL .. 29/11
(Less 2/- in the £)

ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO 2/- IN THE £ FOR SPOT CASH

Pay a Visit to our LADIES' HAIRDRESSING DEPT. Top Floor 7 Storey Bldg.

GRACE BROS., Ltd. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M6506

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THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE

REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent to-day and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

It Works in a More Effective Way

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles. This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance.

In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: it is the softest . . . and therefore the *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent to-day. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

MORE PEPSODENT — Same Price

New processes have cut costs, and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

IN NEW LARGER TUBES

MULTI-SITE LENSES

DISTANCE
INTERMEDIATE
READING

MULTI-SITE LENSES fill a need that no other lenses have done. Three sights in one: DISTANCE, INTERMEDIATE, and READING. The intermediate range gives clear, accurate vision from 24 inches to 48 inches, in addition to distance and reading. Multi-site lenses are being used with great success in Great Britain and America. We now have the necessary machines for making multi-site lenses. Call and we shall be happy to demonstrate the many qualities that Multi-site lenses have.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 23 Martin Place, (5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank) SYDNEY

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET (Opp. Anthony Hordern's)

And at 109 Hunter Street, NEWCASTLE

YELLOW LIGHTS

Continued from Page 7

MR. MARTIN walked to the spacious window of his own room and stood looking down upon the traffic which swirled along Piccadilly and the jam that gathered in the side street behind the red lights.

"My book!" he muttered bitterly. "My book! . . . 'Without form and void' . . . 'Pompous into the bargain' . . . The puppy! The imperceptive, opinionated ass!"

He had sent his manuscript novel anonymously for Bellamy to read and had been waiting with growing impatience for the verdict of that brilliant young critic. The blow was the more crushing because it had been so carelessly and confidently delivered. Mr. Martin was near to weeping with chagrin as he looked down upon the familiar street corner.

On the near pavement beneath his window young Jack Bellamy chose that fatal moment when the lights were yellow to dart across the side street. The lights changed almost as he left the kerb. He sped forward like a deer, but foremost in the unleashed jam of traffic was a racing car of mighty power and fierce clutch. It shot past a hard-braked taxi like a tank. It hit Bellamy in the small of the back, tossed him into the air as a bull might toss an unwary matador, and instantly put an end to a very notable talent.

"Great Scott!" gasped the publisher from the upper window. "There goes Bellamy, and I shall never get so much as a reading for my twenty-five pounds!"

That night, after he had dined alone in his bachelor flat, Jack Martin, the publisher, settled down in an armchair to read Bellamy's "masterpiece." And when the first grey dawn was breaking upon another day, he closed the second of his friend's penny notebooks with a groan.

As Bellamy had predicted, he was "shaken to the soul," though less, perhaps, with admiration than with choking envy.

"Clever devil!" said Jack Martin to himself. "He was right, it's got it all. He may have had his tongue in his cheek, but how well he understood the public! How marvellously he knew women! And what a grand story teller!"

Those were his first thoughts, a spontaneous tribute to brilliant work. They were immediately followed by the recollection of Bellamy's verdict upon his—Mr. Martin's—own novel, and the sad, relentless certainty that it was not far from the truth. "I'd give five years of my life to have written Bellamy's book," he groaned. "Just one novel like that, and I'd be satisfied. My reputation would be made."

In that moment there flashed into his mind the terrifying, fascinating possibility of publishing his friend's manuscript as his own work. He got up from his armchair and mixed a very stiff whisky and soda. His fingers shook as he raised the glass.

"You fool!" he said aloud. "You'd be certain to be found out!"

AT that time, indeed, the danger signals were clear and ominous. It was impossible to foretell what might come out at the inquest and Jack Martin had no stomach for the greater villainies. He knew that once under oath he would become a new George Washington, incapable of telling a lie.

It happened, however, that he was not called upon even to give evidence. There were many eye-witnesses to Bellamy's fatal dash across the road, and the driver of the racing car, who had not seen him leave the pavement, was held blameless.

The coroner, deploring the demise of youthful genius, nevertheless saw fit to improve the occasion with heavy comment upon the careless impetuosity of all classes of road users which renders vain the most costly devices of the Minister of Transport. And Bellamy, who had no relatives, was decently interred beneath a granite cross and a dozen less enduring obituary notices.

Mr. Martin allowed a couple of weeks to pass while he toyed with temptation and, alone in his own study, made a clean typescript of poor Bellamy's manuscript. He considered, with growing excitement, the amazing pattern of circumstance now woven into unique opportunity. Bellamy had told nobody that he was writing a book. He had adopted an entirely new style. He made no will—characteristically—and nobody, not even his adored Betty, had come forward to make a claim upon his worthless estate. Moreover, he had been paid twenty-five pounds against a general receipt, and he had condemned Mr. Martin's own novel with contemptuous brevity.

IS it, any wonder, then, that the disconsolate publisher, indifferent to money but eager for esteem, yielded at last to the tremendous temptation of publishing "Love's Anarchy" as his own work? Astonishing or not, that, is what Mr. Jack Martin did when the danger lights were yellow and the prizes glittered on the far side of the literary thoroughfare.

He burned to fine ash Bellamy's original notebooks and, submitting his new typescript to a new reader, received an enthusiastic report, and put the book into the hands of his own printers.

It was published and caused an immediate sensation. The book was "tremendous." It "had it all," and the reviewers would, doubtless, have been equally enthusiastic, even if they had not known that the author was the head of a leading publishing house.

Differing in detail, the leading scribes were all agreed that Jack Martin had revealed himself not only as an outstanding writer, but also as a supreme analyst of feminine psychology. The publisher, who had been mortally afraid of every woman he had ever met almost since he was weaned, swelled with pride.

He went to and from his office with head erect, and a fatuous, triumphant smile upon his lips. The grey-eyed typist's eyes grew big with admiration every time he passed. He could scarcely keep level with his own firm's tedious business routine. He read and re-read the growing, glowing, pile of press cuttings. And he was rapidly nearing the moment when he would have believed in his own authorship.

It was then that Fate's traffic lights changed to red and a flood of danger swept down upon Mr. Martin. A junior clerk knocked at his door and asked whether he would see a lady anxious to consult him on literary business.

Please turn to Page 39

What Would Grandma Say?

If all that they tell me is true,
Whatever's the world coming to?
Short dresses, shorn tresses,
Not even a stocking,
Oh, isn't it shocking?
Whatever would Grandma do?
So bold and so daring,
That even they're wearing
Trousers like men, is it true?
Although she looks charming,
It's really alarming,
Grandma is wearing them, too.
—Cynthia Devon.

How easy it would have been for malicious tongues to wreck her happiness. Yet there are hundreds of wives like you — just fagged out. As the Doctor explained, we use up energy even while we sleep. Then, unless this energy is restored as it is used, little wonder that we wake tired — we are suffering from "Night-Starvation".

Horlick's taken regularly at bed-time prevents "Night-Starvation" — replaces energy as it is used. The flavour is fascinating. And Horlick's is economical — you need no milk — only water. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

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YELLOW LIGHTS

Continued from Page 38

"WHAT is she like?" said Mr. Martin, bolder than of yore.

"She's a stunner!" said the clerk eagerly. "I mean to say, sir, a very good-looking young lady and she says she must see you personally."

Mr. Martin tugged his waistcoat into better shape and coughed. "You may show her in," he consented.

His visitor came lightly into his office upon a wave of delicate perfume. She sank into the chair he indicated and crossed slim ankles. Lips, redder than nature had intended, parted upon a row of pearls. The lady waited until the door had closed upon the dazzled clerk and then began in the simplest and sweetest way to explain her business.

"It's about your book, Mr. Martin," said she. "I think it's perfectly wonderful!"

The publisher smiled tolerantly and cleared his throat, but his visitor went on before he had time to make any other rejoinder.

"Wonderful, I mean, the way you've got away with it! You see, I know who wrote it. I'm Betty."

The smile froze on Mr. Martin's lips. He leant far back in his chair, his fingers clutching the arms. The moment before he had been swelling with complacency; now he was visibly deflating like a punctured tyre.

"Wha—wa—what do you mean?" he stammered.

"Just what I say," she retorted. "I know you didn't write 'Love's Anarchy' and, what's more, I know Jack Bellamy did. Don't let's argue about it. I have proof."

MR. MARTIN waved feeble hands as though to ward off the onrush of horrid possibilities.

"You—you—you—have proof?" he gasped.

"Certainly. Look at the book itself—there's a copy on your desk. Turn to the table of contents. The first chapter is called 'Jealousy,' isn't it? And the next 'Assignation.' And the third 'Challenge.' And the fourth 'Kaleidoscope.' You see, J-A-C-K? But why go on. Take a postcard and cover all the chapter headings except the initials. Now, what do you read down the page? Only this: 'Jack adores his Betty.' I tell you, Mr. Martin, the book is signed."

It was true. Mr. Martin's fingers shook so violently that he could scarcely hold the card steadily in its place, but the fatal initials were there, and their message was plain and beyond the farthest stretch of coincidence.

"It's true," he groaned, abandoning his defences. "It is poor Bellamy's book. But listen to me just a moment, Miss—Miss——?"

"Miss Dainton, but 'Betty' will do very well."

"Thank you, Miss Dainton. I didn't realise I was doing anybody any harm. Bellamy seemed to have no relatives and I wasn't out to make money. Besides, I had paid him twenty-five pounds——"

"What! For his book?"

"N-no; not exactly, but as a general advance, though. And—he left no will."

Miss Dainton smiled and held up a small gloved hand.

"I quite understand," said she, "and it must have been fearfully tempting. What's more, I'm not greedy. It was exactly like him not to leave a will, but, if he had done, he would have left everything to me. I gave up my career for him, you know, and we were to have been married. So really I think all this could be settled if you would simply give me the proceeds of the book itself."

MR. MARTIN gulped noisily in his relief.

"Miss Dainton," he said emphatically, "you shall have every penny the book brings in. You shall see the account for yourself; in fact, I'll give you a cheque for all royalties earned up to date if that will satisfy you."

"Thank you so much. What more could I ask?"

Mr. Martin beamed at Miss Dainton. He realised that he had never met a more reasonable young woman or one less likely to make trouble of any sort.

"Then I suppose," said he, expressing his relief almost playfully, "that we can regard this business as settled? It will remain a little secret between you and me—er—Betty?"

"It would be nice," she said gently, "if it did."

Her smile was enigmatic and fear clutched once more at the publisher's heart.

"But—but—but," he stammered, "nobody else knows?"

"I shouldn't think so, but, then, I only found out by the merest chance. Jack didn't tell me about it, you know. I merely happened to notice the initials of the chapter headings—that was all."

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Martin. "Then anybody might spot the same thing! The risk is simply appalling. I'm ruined."

"It is very awkward," Miss Dainton agreed demurely. "The secret is there for all the world to read. 'Jack adores his Betty.' Quaint of him, wasn't it, and really rather charming."

"But what am I to do?" cried Mr. Martin desperately. "What am I to do?"

FOR the first time during that interview his pretty visitor had the grace to blush, nor would she look directly at him when she made her answer.

"There might be one way out," said she. "After all, your name is 'Jack,' too, isn't it? Now, if you were engaged to a girl called 'Betty,' it wouldn't matter if other people did read the cryptogram. They would only think it was very romantic and I should think it would be bound to help the sales."

Mr. Martin stared at Miss Dainton and in his eyes there was a dawning terror of comprehension.

"You mean?" he whispered.

"I mean," she said more resolutely, "that I was fed up with Jack Bellamy when he lost his job on 'The Comet.' No, I didn't break off the engagement exactly, but I didn't see him or write to him again. And so it might easily have happened that—that a young publisher who also happens to have written a best seller—had got very fond of a girl called 'Betty' at least six weeks before the book was published. Then, if the engagement were announced—you see what I mean?"

"But—but, I never met you until today. I couldn't have met you. I've been in London all the time, and Jack himself told me that he'd sent you to stay with some impossible aunt down at Stow-on-the-Wold."

Miss Betty Dainton leant forward and laid a hand lightly on the publisher's shoulder.

"I shouldn't worry too much about that," she said soothingly. "I've never been out of London all the time. But you seem to be rather like the other Jack, my dear. He thought I should 'stay put' at Stow-on-the-Wold. It amused me a good deal. But, of course, he knew nothing whatever about women."

(Copyright.)

GIVES WELCOME RELIEF

Danger lurks in every hour a cough is neglected. You will be wise if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy immediately you have a cough. The first dose will relieve. Good for young and old.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

BURNS

Don't lose a minute! Ease that burning pain at once with Rexona Ointment. It eases the inflamed skin and prevents painful blistering. Where there is a break in the skin, the Ointment forms a cool, protective film, guarding against germ infection. Within a few days, a new healthy skin is formed. Remember! Early treatment is half the battle. No matter how small the burn, it can cause endless irritation if neglected. Keep Rexona ready for immediate application.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the burn. Smear Rexona Ointment well over the injured part, or spread it on a piece of lint or clean, old linen and apply gently. Tie above and below the injury to exclude the air. Replace the dressing every few hours.

BURNT ARM COMPLETELY HEALED

says Miss Elsie Holford of McMahon's Point. She writes:

"About a week ago, I severely burnt my arm with boiling fat. I applied Rexona Ointment and it gave instant relief. My arm has now completely healed. Rexona is indeed a marvellous healer."

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per table (City and Suburbs)

NERVY WOMEN

GET WELL AGAIN QUICK!

Why go about feeling nervy and out of sorts? You can get well so easily if you will only take Bidomak. Bidomak contains the vital food minerals which doctors say are absolutely necessary for the proper functioning of the human body. If the supply of these minerals were entirely cut off the human race would perish from the earth, because these are the substances which make good rich blood, buoyant muscles, steady nerves, a clear sharp brain, and strong bones and teeth. Is it any wonder that we say that these minerals are more precious than silver and gold?

COULDN'T SLEEP—NOW FEELS WELL AGAIN—THANKS TO BIDOMAK

L'Estrange St., Kooralla.

I could not sleep at nights. I would toss and turn all night long and the least noise would terrify me. After I had taken the bottle, I began to feel more at ease. I have now taken three bottles, and sleep comes to me as soon as I retire at night, and I wake up in the morning feeling fresh and ready to do the day's work.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) M. M.

PERMANENT BENEFIT FROM BIDOMAK

Ryde, Sydney.

"We had previously taken other tonics and found them to be effective only whilst they were being taken. Whatever good they did vanished when the tonics were discontinued.

"With 'Bidomak,' however, we found that the beneficial effects were permanent, and also found that it is not necessary to continue taking 'Bidomak' to ensure feeling well and fit."

(Sgd.) E. B.

BIDOMAK

WILL MAKE YOU WELL OR COST YOU NOTHING!

THE AMAZING TRUTH

A Terrible Tragedy

A terrible tragedy lies in the fact that modern foods are often deficient in these minerals, or our methods of cooking our dishes destroy their food value.

Nerves, Brain and Blood are Starved

The result is that our nerves, blood, and brain are starved for food, and we feel "off colour," we tire easily, our appetite fails or our sleep becomes restless and unsatisfying. Work becomes a burden—play becomes work, and we feel so irritable and generally fed up that we "snap the heads off" even dear friends and members of our own family circles.

It's Not Our Fault

All this is not our fault. It is just that we are so much in need of the uplifting, vigor-bringing power which Bidomak possesses in the vital mineral foods of which it is composed.

Bidomak Restores Health, Builds Up Blood

Bidomak provides iron to build good rich blood and increase the supply of oxygen in the blood-stream. This oxygen is used to burn up waste in the tissues and give the other ingredients in Bidomak a chance to do you good.

Bidomak Builds Nerves

Bidomak contains assimilable phosphorus, which helps to keep the brain and nerves alert and vigorous. Phosphorus is absolutely necessary for well-being in this respect.

Bidomak Helps Digestion

Bidomak provides sodium in the form of phosphates and glycerophosphates. These tone up the gastric nerves and increase digestive powers. Even small children or convalescing invalids may take Bidomak without reaction or harmful effects.

Bidomak Builds Strong Bones and Teeth

More than 47 per cent. of the solid weight of the body is calcium. A deficiency of this important mineral causes tooth decay—rickets in children, and may be the cause of rheumatism, gout, and similar crippling disorders. Bidomak therefore contains calcium to build up strong bones and teeth and complete the work of the other vital foods.

Why Bidomak Does Good So Quickly

Bidomak does good as quickly because all the minerals are provided in a pre-dissolved liquid form. They are then absorbed at once, and can begin their healing action from the very first moment they are taken into the stomach.

Why Bidomak is Safe

There is not one single substance contained in Bidomak which is not present in a perfectly healthy human body. Unfortunately modern life, with its worries, destroys some of these substances in the system. Bidomak restores them, and thus restores the human body to a normal healthy status. Bidomak feeds—does not drug—and builds up permanently starved nerves, blood, muscles and brain.

EVERY DOSE A BLESSING

Ashfield, N.S.W.

"I have spent pounds on supposedly excellent tonics, to no avail; 'Bidomak' has solved my problem. It is the only tonic out of the many that I know that I would advocate to my friends. Economical and effectious, with lasting good results, 'Every dose seems a blessing' is how I would adequately describe it."

(Sgd.) Mrs. B. T.

COMPELLED TO GIVE UP WORK—FIT AGAIN NOW

St. Leonards.

The Douglas Drug Co.

Dear Sirs,—

My nervous state compelled me to give up my work. I am an agent for one of the big companies in this State and my work takes me from one end of South Australia to the other.

Towards the finish my nerves were in such a bad state that I could not drive my car.

The company granted me a fortnight's leave. I took this opportunity, and spent the whole fortnight in a quiet country town. I also took with me three (3) bottles of "Bidomak."

Now I am back at work again, feeling as fit as a fiddle, and I am sure this is due to "Bidomak," for from the very first dose I could feel an improvement in my health.

"Bidomak" has my strongest recommendation. It is the best tonic I have tried.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) A. C. McC.

SUFFERED 12 YEARS, NOW WELL

Kingsborn, Ursula.

11th January, 1936.

The Manager,
Douglas Drug Co.

Dear Sir,—

I do not believe there is a better Nerve Tonic on the market. I have, or had (until taking a course of Bidomak), suffered from Nerve Trouble for at least 12 years. I had taken "Dops" of all makes, all supposed to be wonderful for nerve troubles, and spent pounds trying to rid myself of the trouble, but still the same old tired. I can honestly assure you after taking just the small quantity of Bidomak I felt O.K. Of course, I don't say I'm cured, but well on the mend, and I fully intend to keep Bidomak handy and I do honestly believe that it's going to tone me up. (Sgd.) LAY DIMAN.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking it we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty BIDOMAK bottle to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

BIDOMAK IS A PRODUCT OF THE DOUGLAS DRUG CO.
ADELAIDE, SYDNEY,
MELBOURNE AND BRISBANE

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613845

LUNG TROUBLE

or any

CHEST and CATARRHAL CONDITION

NO matter how serious your case, or how long standing it is, or how many treatments and other methods have failed, there is still good hope for you by using Membrosus, a different dry inhalation treatment which, in addition to coming into direct contact with the affected part, dislodging congested germ-laden mucus, does its healing through the blood stream.

The following extracts from patients' letters tells what Membrosus can do.

"I am pleased to be able to tell you I am still feeling better, although we are experiencing some very cold rough weather at present. I am living in hopes of dancing around as I used to. At present I have hard work making myself take it easy. I feel I want to do things, and only hope I can continue feeling that way. Oh, it's great to even feel a little bit better, thanks to Membrosus."

ASTHMA

Membrosus is not used merely to relieve attacks. Chronic cases of Asthma and Bronchitis even up to sixty years' duration have reported "complete recovery without recurrence, after using Membrosus dry inhalation.

"Since starting your treatment I have not had an attack of Asthma or lost any sleep and can walk a mile into town without feeling breathless" . . . reports a previous sufferer.

BRONCHITIS

"I am now in the tenth week of treatment and there is a wonderful improvement. Apart from the fact of knowing I had a lung condition, the Bronchitis made me very miserable. The least deep breath would seem to cause a catching in my throat, and I used to cough at times till I vomited, and since the treatment I can take a deep breath any time, and hold it as long as an average person. I have one regret, and that is that I did not know about Membrosus sooner, for I have been troubled with Bronchitis for nearly seven years."

CATARRH
ANTRUM TROUBLE

Without operation

Not merely clearing the nostrils with Menthol, in the treatment of Catarrh, Hay Fever and Antrum Trouble cases, Membrosus goes further.

"I visited my doctor a week ago, and he said that one Antrum is practically cleared, and the other one is clearing up rapidly. This is great news, as six months ago an X-ray showed both Antrums "Grossly affected." I hope to be completely cured within a few weeks."

HAY FEVER

WITH CATARRH AND ASTHMA

"For four years I have suffered with Hay Fever, Catarrh and Asthma. I tried Membrosus and have found great relief. I am now practically free of any signs of Catarrh and Hay Fever, and am quite cured of the Asthma."

Give **MEMBROSUS** (Regd.) **a fair trial and receive the relief you so anxiously desire.**

Sole distributors for Australia and N.Z., Irvine's Pharmacy, Drummoyne. For particulars call, or send a stamped, addressed envelope to MEMBROSUS, C/- City Office, Irvine's Pharmacy, No. 1 Assembly Hall, 5 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone B3308.

PUTTING A "QUIN" *To Bed* 71 *Times a* NIGHT

Dionne Babies Can "Buy" Privacy When They Grow Up, Says Dr. Dafoe

How would you like to put your child to bed 71 times in one evening?

It happened one night in the Quintuplets' nursery, as Dr. Dafoe reveals in this, the fourth and last of his series of articles about the Dionne babies.

By ALLAN R. DAFOE, O.B.E., M.D.
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

THIS IS "Quin" Emilie, who crawled out of bed 71 times one night, 65 times the next night, and 50 times the night after that—and nurse Leroux, shown here, put her back each time, with not a spank. Fortunately, the others didn't start the same trick. (Copyright)

MAYBE this story will be no less of a revelation to you than to me.

For you must understand that to an old-fashioned man like myself, reared in the old-fashioned way, some of these modern methods are a revelation.

One night the "Quins" were being put to bed as usual, at the proper hour, now about 7 o'clock.

No effort is made to get them to go to sleep, but once in bed, with the understanding that they are to stay there, they usually drop off to sleep without any more trouble.

On this particular night Emilie had an idea. She wasn't going to sleep. She wasn't even going to stay in bed.

So the nurse had scarcely left the room after tucking away all the "Quins" when Emilie was squirming. Ten little pink toes came a-wriggling over the edge of the bed, and soon all the rest of Emilie came following after. She let herself down to the floor.

Now the nurse on duty was watching through the glass door, as the nurses always do when they are out of the room, and it wasn't a minute before she noticed Emilie crawling about gleefully among the beds.

So the nurse stepped quietly into the nursery, picked up Emilie without reproach or reproof, and tucked her back into bed.

But Emilie was out to show that she was boss this time, and bright eyes looking on with interest from the other beds undoubtedly spurred her on.

So in no time at all she was out of bed again and crawling on the floor. And in no time at all the nurse was back. Without saying a word, quietly but firmly, she had tucked Emilie back where she belonged.

Now if Emilie had been I, and the nurse had been my father, and the time had been about 50 years ago, the next scene in this little drama would have been different.

It would have consisted of a flow of very firm and emphatic language from my father, accompanied by perhaps a few gestures with the back of a hairbrush.

Tucked 71 Times

BUT in this case, the next scene was just like the ones before, and the next one was just like that, too, until the nurse had tucked Emilie into her bed just 71 times.

All this without raising her voice or hinting at punishment or even annoyance. Emilie went to sleep then.

The next night Emilie wasn't quite convinced. She started getting up again. Sixty-five times the nurse put her back that night. And 50 times the night after that.

Emilie got the idea. Within a few nights she knew it wasn't of any use. And now when she is put to bed she stays there, just like the others.

The nurses' plan, though it took the patience of a Job, seems to me to be right.

Emilie learned all that was necessary to teach her—that when you are put to bed you might as well stay there.

The even temper of our nurses often amazes me. And that is highly important.

It is bad for children, especially very young children, to be excessively affectionate to them one minute and then turn and spank them suddenly in some flash of anger. They are mystified, baffled, hurt.

Such things, quickly forgotten by the grown-up, may leave permanent traces on the character of very young children.

It is surprising to see how careless even intelligent parents are about choosing someone to look after their children in their absence. It is not uncommon for children to be reared almost entirely by maids completely untrained in child care.

You have often heard parents say, "I don't know why my child uses such bad grammar!" or "Where could Charlie have picked up those horrible words?"

The answer is usually very simple. Children of two years are very imitative. The quintuplets are getting surprisingly clever at trying to do anything they see the nurses or one another doing.

All children are like that. So what is to be expected when they are left much of the time with persons totally unequipped to furnish the example they are so anxious to follow?

Habits of speech and manner learned in this way often are fixed for life. And often parents themselves are not as careful as they ought to be in setting an example for their children to imitate in speech and manner.

In this respect the quintuplets are especially fortunate. Both Miss Yvonne Leroux and Miss Jacqueline Noel, the present nurses, are able to keep before them the best examples of speech and manner, and both have shown a fund of patience and untiring devotion that I am afraid I myself could not duplicate at times.

"The Royal babies of Canada," as I like to call the quintuplets, are fortunate in many ways.

Their health is good. With luck, they should be financially independent soon, and in a position to "buy" privacy if they wish it in later life. Everything humanly possible is being done for their welfare.

And sometimes I am forcibly reminded of the letters which came to us in the early days, telling how individuals and congregations of many denominations were praying for their welfare.

No one is more keenly aware than I that sometimes the best human precautions are not enough.

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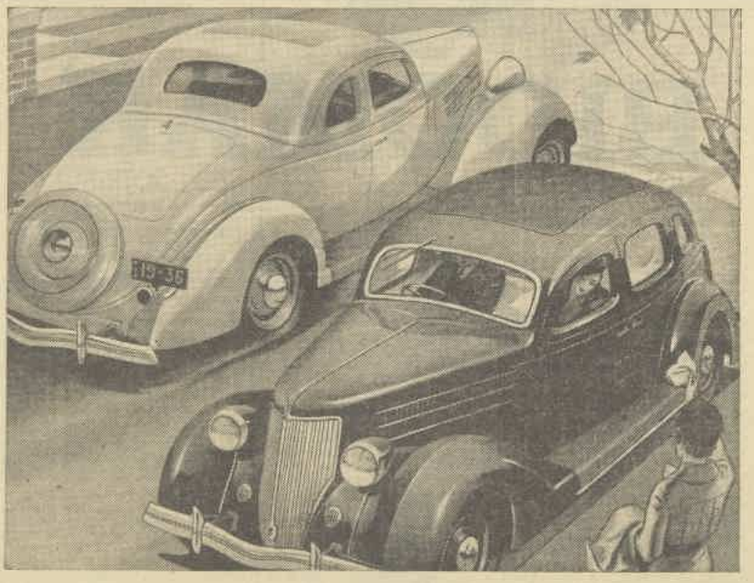
Now It's the "Quads'" Turn Again

DR. DAFOE'S four fascinating stories about the "Quins" conclude in this issue.

In the next two issues we'll tell you the latest news about the two world-famous families of "Quads"—the four Johnson babies of New Zealand, and the Miles "Quads" of England.

The mothers of the babies, in exclusive articles, reveal all the problems of rearing "Quads."



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Magic Years Ahead for Women

Continued from Page 3

THE plight of young people between 16 and 24 is pitiful. We should raise the school leaving age and provide more facilities for technical education for both boys and girls.

The apprenticeship system needs drastic revision to give young people something to strive for, and opportunities that will appeal to their initiative and imagination.

The problem of household employment must be faced early in carrying out this hundred years' plan.

The genius and personality of one woman — Florence Nightingale — raised nursing from a despised, unskilled occupation to a highly-qualified and respected profession.

It should be possible for organised women to make the same change in the status of domestic work.

The extent to which we can carry out this plan will depend on the spirit of women in all parts of the world.

Critics of women do not realise the marvellous change that has taken place in women. Less than fifty years ago a woman's life and outlook were bound by her home, and we cannot expect her to attain the breadth of view of men in a few short years.

But the advance of women's thought, action, and work in the past few years has been on a scale unknown since the matriarchal days of antiquity.

Women sharing in the government of the country, beginning with municipal government, and sharing in international affairs, in professions and industry, on an equal and friendly footing with men, will be the main factor in carrying out the hundred years' plan of living.

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● "LE CHARME" creams work gently, but surely, delving deep into the pores of the skin, cleansing it of impurities. Begin a "LE CHARME" course to-night, and see how quickly it restores your skin to clear, smooth beauty. The first application proves its worth.

● Blackhead cream, Pimple Cream and Freckle Cream, each costing 2/6, are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and Beauty Salons. If you reside in the country, send 2/6 for preparation, and add 6d. for postage to

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Continuing

RISING STAR

from Page 5

GLORIA'S budget was to tell him, at the end of the month, that she had spent about twice what, at the beginning of the month, she had said would be necessary. "My dear Mr. Beach," Felicia's note said—and he noticed that her handwriting had, like her personality, a faint suggestion of childishness—"I thought you might like to see a budget of what I think your monthly expenses in the new flat ought to be."

They came to so small a sum that he couldn't believe his eyes. He read it in detail—rent, wages, food, telephone. What a girl! What a world, that envied a man the possession of a wife like Gloria, and yet let a girl like this, who deserved to be snapped up at once—How did he know that she wasn't—she might be engaged? She might be married, for all that he knew, and trying out her own household budget on him.

He said to Sims, who came in with a cocktail: "When Miss Alderby comes in, I want to speak to her."

"I don't know that I shall hear Miss Alderby, sir. She has her key."

Beach nodded. He made up his mind that he would hear her, whether she had a key or not.

BEFORE she came he had plenty of time to study her handiwork. He saw that she had brought certain small knick-knacks from the apartment—the very ones he liked—ash trays put where he needed them, a small clock, a photograph of Gloria. He smiled grimly as he looked at this, noting that what had once been a photograph had now become a still.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he heard that penetrating click, the sound of a latchkey turning a modern lock; then her quick, light steps in the little hallway. He called her name, and she appeared at the door. She looked, not at him but quickly about the room, to see that everything was well—an artist surveying her work.

"You're late," he said.

She looked at him sharply. She was in a mood to resent criticism, for she had just been hearing a good deal from her friend, Doctor Morley, who had taken her out for an evening of relaxation and had spent most of the time scolding her. They had parted—as they so often did part—on bad terms. She said proudly: "Have you any objection to my being late?"

"Yes, indeed. I have. I have been suffering from an acute attack of suppressed gratitude during your absence." He smiled, and so did she. "I can't tell you how much I like this place and the way you have arranged it. I've lived in a lot of beautiful homes in my time, and yet I've never had anything that seemed, in a queer way, as much my own as this does—which is strange, considering I have it on a few months' lease. I think it must be something that you have done to it."

Delighted at his praise, and a little embarrassed, she looked away and saw the sheets of her budget.

She gave an exclamation. "Oh, I see Sims gave you my budget. I told him not to until to-morrow. I hope you didn't think it an impertinence, Mr. Beach, but I thought——"

"An impertinence. I thought it was the kindest thing I ever knew. But can people really live on as little as that?"

She looked rather wistful. "I thought it was high," she said.

"I'd like to go over it with you, if you don't mind." They sat down side by side on a little sofa, holding the paper between them. He had nothing to say about her budget; he knew nothing and cared not much, but it amused him to hear her discuss each item with passionate seriousness; he liked to watch her put her head on one side and say: "I may have underestimated the telephone." Or, "Of course, you understand this doesn't include wine and cigars."

He felt a strong impulse to put his arm about her and give her a good hug, as he would have hugged Betsy when she was playing house.

With her head bent over the paper, she had no idea of danger. "You haven't commented," she said, "on the fact that I put Sims and Jeanne down for a rise in wages. I hope you'll agree to that. They have been so wonderful about moving, and then I'd like them to know I recommended it. I want them to like me."

"I shouldn't think there would be any trouble about that."

She caught a faint hint of emotion in his deepened voice, and rose at once. As she did so, he caught her hand.

"NO," he said, "don't pull it away. My sentiment is gratitude, and I must be allowed to express it. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Gratitude is an emotion which a man may feel and a woman receive without—without——" He stopped short and released her hand. It had suddenly occurred to him that gratitude was not an emotion that caused a man's heart to pound as his was pounding then.

Domesticity is a peculiar relation. While those who have committed themselves to it permanently rarely have a good word to say for it, these very people seem to enjoy it intensely in all its irregular and temporary aspects. The real thing is condemned, the imitations are prized.

Please turn to Page 42

GIRLIGAGS

"THERE ARE two kinds of wives in this world—one aims to please, the other shoots to kill."

ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unlucky?
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What is my Lottery luck?
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What are my future prospects?
All questions answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3417M, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Every day—to-day, tomorrow or the next day, is *someone's* birthday—perhaps your best friend's! Or perhaps, it's an anniversary, a leave-taking, or some other celebration connected with someone you love. A personal gift marks the date as one to be specially remembered. Choose Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender Water. This delicate perfume has a lasting fragrance which will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Mitcham Lavender toilet accessories, together with Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, a refreshing toilet water that men like too—they use it after shaving, are sold by all stores and chemists at reasonable prices.

At left: Beautiful bottle of Mitcham Lavender Water, 12/6. Others 1/3 to 50/-.

At right: Refreshing Lavender liquid Bath Salts, 1/6. Others 2/6, 5/-, 9/6 and 17/6 each.

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RISING STAR

Continued from Page 41

FOR the next few weeks Felicia and Leonard were happy because — though they did not know that this was the reason—their life was domestic. All the details of a somewhat limited housekeeping, which would have crushed their spirits if they had been married, were sources of delight. Felicia, who, at the nurses' hotel where she usually lived, would eat anything set before her, rather than trouble to order her meals ahead; now marketed every morning, after long consultations with Jeanne. Leonard, who had always breakfasted in the strictest seclusion, declaring that a family breakfast was as barbarous an institution as an Indian war dance, was now at the table on the stroke of 8.15, bright-eyed and full of the liveliest conversation.

Even Betsy noticed the change. Walking to school with Miss Alderby one morning—it was on her way home that Felicia did the marketing—the child asked her suddenly: "When you were a little girl, did you love one of your parents more than the other?"

Felicia answered, with the cowardice so often shown to inquiring youth: "I think I sometimes loved one and sometimes the other better."

Betsy cut through such nonsense: "Well, I love my father much the best all the time. Of course, mother is beautiful, and I love her to come to school and to have all the children say: 'Oh-h, is that your mother? Why, she's as beautiful as a princess.' But I don't have much fun with mother. I have lots of fun with father, all the time—especially lately, since he's been able to get home early from the bank every afternoon. He never used to come home before I was in bed. Why is that, Miss Alderby?"

"Well," said Felicia firmly, but with a heightened color, "I suppose it's because, now that your mother is away, he doesn't want you to be lonely." She saw, with alarm, that Betsy was shaking her head.

"I don't think that's the reason at all," she said. "I think it's because, all of a sudden, he loves me better. Don't you think you can tell when a person begins to love you better?"

Miss Alderby did not answer, and Betsy, glancing up at her, saw that she wasn't going to answer; she seemed to have fallen into an absorbing train of thought of her own.

Betsy sighed and gave up the whole thing. Conversation with grown-ups was sometimes more trouble than it was worth.

There was one limitation that Leonard and Miss Alderby put upon themselves—without, of course, ever discussing it — they never dined together. In fact, Leonard seldom dined at home. Felicia did not know that he had suggested to Sims that he would be graciously willing to eat his evening meal earlier than his habit had been; would, in fact, have his supper at the same time as Betsy and Miss Alderby, if that would make the household work easier. But Sims had been quite horrified at such a suggestion, and Leonard had hastily dropped his benevolent idea. It gave him a great sense of virtue, when some friend at the club remarked that he seemed to dine there every night, to answer: "Oh, yes, my wife is in Hollywood, you know, and there's no one at home to dine with, except my little girl and her—her nurse." Then the conversation at once turned to Gloria and her tremendous adventure on the screen, and took no account of Leonard and his tremendous adventure in the home.

And if that friend had come home with Leonard, he would have seen nothing to criticise, nothing to raise suspicions. Even Sims and Jeanne, sophisticated and world-worn from seeing the underpinnings of many households, saw nothing to rouse their suspicions. All they knew was that the house was full of joy and peace and friendliness, making it a pleasant place in which to work. This they attributed to the absence of their mistress, whom they cordially disliked. We have seen to what Betsy attributed it, and Felicia and Leonard offered themselves no explanation.

OF A SMALL DAUGHTER WALKING OUTDOORS

Easy, wind!
Go softly here!
She is small
And very dear.

She is young
And cannot say
Words to chase
The wind away

She is new
To walking, so,
Wind, be kind,
And gently blow.

On her ruffled head,
On grass and clover.
Easy, wind . . .
She'll tumble over!

—*Frances M. Frost.*

ONLY once did they go out together, and that was entirely Betsy's fault. It was on Felicia's birthday. Betsy, to whom birthdays were the most important events in the year except, of course, Christmas, had, early in their acquaintance, inquired when Miss Alderby's birthday fell, but she might have forgotten the date—she did forget it—until, on the auspicious morning, there came postal cards from nurses who had graduated with Felicia and two parcels by mail—handkerchiefs from her mother and a pair of silk stockings from an aunt who lived in Michigan. These reminded Betsy, who got down from her chair, ran to her father, wrapped a stubby arm tight about his neck, and whispered, with a breath redolent of hot milk and cereal, that this was Miss Alderby's birthday.

"Not really," said Leonard, his heart wrung by the sight of the six handkerchiefs and the one pair of not very fine stockings. "Well, I'm afraid it's too late to give her a real party, but perhaps she would come out and dine with me, and go to the theatre, or dance, if she likes to dance."

He looked at her, but it was Betsy who answered: "She just loves to dance; she says the only thing she minds about taking care of me is that she never has a chance to dance any more."

"Well, then, that's settled," said Leonard.

The presence of Betsy made it difficult to refuse. In fact, Felicia, thinking not very hard, was unable to discover any reason for refusing.

Please turn to Page 43

SHE LET STOCKING LADDERS EAT UP HER POCKET MONEY!

—until her friend's accident gave her a "stocking-care" secret.

MABEL has just had a nasty fall, and Ida is very concerned. "Oh, I'm all right now, thanks," says Mabel. "But your stockings?" queries Ida, "Surely they've laddered?" Mabel looks. "No they're all right," she says.

IDA IS VERY SURPRISED at Mabel's "luck." "It isn't luck, says Mabel, "It's just that I always give my stockings Lux care," Lux preserves stocking *elasticity* because Lux contains *no soda* to harm delicate threads. "You see," continues Mabel, "elasticity allows each thread to stretch and then spring back into place again."

MABEL is quite excited over Ida's new hat. "I can afford hats like this now," says Ida, "Your Lux tip has saved me *ever* so much money."

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RISING STAR

Continued from Page 42

THE evening was completely without adventure. They did not meet the only person Felicia dreaded meeting—namely, Dr. Stephen Morley, who might have misunderstood. Chance did not bring him either to the restaurant where they ate, well and slowly, nor to the night club where they danced. They did not sentimentalise, they did not talk about themselves; Betsy might have heard every word they exchanged. No, they did the other thing that incipient lovers do—they laughed; everything that happened appeared to them to be amusing—to furnish them with poignant and unusual entertainment. Nothing could have been more banal than their parting on the stairs.

"Good night, Mr. Beach. I do thank you so much. I have enjoyed the evening so much."

"So have I, I assure you."

The next morning at breakfast they told Betsy all about it, even to the menu, and she was a little disgusted with them for not having had ice cream. Crepes Suzette, indeed! Didn't they know that ice cream was what made a thing a party?

Two days later the sword of Damocles fell. Coming home a little earlier in the afternoon than usual, Felicia saw an envelope lying on the table—a telegram for Leonard. She waited more than an hour—of course, he was late that afternoon. She and Betsy were at supper when he came in with the telegram open in his hand and his face absolutely blank of all expression.

"Well," he said, "my wife has her wish; she's signed a contract with Five Star."

"She's got a part?"

"Yes." He glanced at the message. "A small part in a film called 'Society Racket'." He added: "She is ready for Betsy to come out to her now."

"When do we start?"

"She says the sooner the better."

"There is nothing in my packing that need detain us," said Felicia, with an unnecessarily bright, gay manner.

"OH, goody!" said Betsy, jumping up and down. "We'll be three days in a train! What fun!"

"Nobody seems much depressed at the idea of leaving me," said Leonard.

Betsy, the only person present to whom this reproach could with any justice be addressed, ran to clasp his knees, and answered: "Yes, I do, father, but then I'm going to see mummy and sleep in a train."

"I'll get your reservations," Beach said, and left the room. They did not see him again that evening.

His manner continued to be grave. Felicia said to herself that if she were leaving by her own volition she would say that he was angry with her. There were no last words, no opportunity to be alone; he made no effort to arrange it. Once in the car on their way to the station, Felicia knew that Betsy would now be with them every moment. The child was delighted with the drawing-room and all its sleeping arrangements. Felicia and Leonard sat answering her in a sort of trance: "Yes, that lets down." . . . "No, this pulls out." Then, jumping in and out of the door into the corridor, Betsy saw another little girl doing the same thing; they met in the corridor. For a few minutes Felicia and Leonard were alone—alone in the greatest privacy that exists—a Pullman compartment.

Leonard began to speak at once. He had been leaning back in his corner, his soft hat slightly tilted, his gloved hands folded on his stick, dignified, remote. Now he said: "I can't let you go without telling you how much I have appreciated all you've done for me. People would say I'd been spoilt, I'd had all the best of life, but, as a matter of fact, I never had the sort of imaginative kindness that you've given me. If I never see you again——"

"Oh, Mr. Beach," said Felicia, "I think I love you." And she began to cry.

THEN, while he was staring, somebody cried, "All aboard!" Betsy came rushing in, dragging her little friend with her, and shouting, "Oh, father, this is Mary, and she's going as far as Chicago, and you'll be carried away if you don't get off at once!"

"I nearly was carried away," said Leonard grimly. He shook hands with Felicia, kissed Betsy and got off as the train began to slide along its platform.

All that afternoon and evening, Mary, of Chicago, was a great comfort; she distracted Betsy's mind, so that she never noticed that Felicia had been crying and only asked once whether she had a cold.

After Betsy was asleep, Felicia lay awake thinking what a fool she had been to speak. Why had she spoken? How had those words passed her lips? Why? Again and again she tried to interpret that look he had given her. But what matter? Obviously he did not love her, or he wouldn't have gone. He would have let himself be carried on. At least he would have telegraphed her. She could think of some wonderful telegrams a man could send. But no messages came as the train wound westward.

They reached Los Angeles in the afternoon and were met at the station by Ellen; they were too innocent to know that really important travellers are met at Pasadena. Mrs. Beach, she explained, was at the studio, but would try to get home to welcome them. A beautiful foreign car was waiting, and all the way to the house Ellen was describing the glories of Hollywood, of Gloria's new clothes and the celebrities who came to the house, and, most of all, of the house itself. She described it with an enthusiasm that should have spoiled it, but couldn't.

It was a long white palace, hung with heavy red and purple vines, surrounded by gardens and pergolas and orange trees, with a tennis court and a bathing pool, and, Ellen said, a gymnasium in the basement.

Please turn to Page 44

TREE BARK CREPE

. . . is used to fashion this attractive gown worn by Ginger Rogers. It is thrived at the waistline and sleeve tops. Tiny white flowers run round the neck and down the front of the bodice.

"Out of sorts?—Liverish?—me?

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Loses 29 lbs. of FAT in 6 weeks

Reduces Hips 9 inches

New Safe, Pleasant Reducing Treatment

"My Doctor Was Amazed at Results"

"I had been under a doctor's care for bad heart and liver. He advised me to reduce. I tried all sorts of remedies without results. Then a friend said she had taken BonKora and lost 20 pounds in 5 weeks. I decided to try it.

"I lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. Reduced bust 6 inches; waist 7 inches; hips 9 inches. Now wear 4 dress 3 sizes smaller.

"My doctor was amazed. I don't go to him any more since I lost the fat that was crowding my heart. My liver troubles, headaches, and tired feeling have gone too. I feel full of pep."—Mrs. M. A. Proteus (full address on request).

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BonKora takes off fat new "3-stage" way. Triple action: triple speed. No starving. Just take BonKora and EAT BIG MEALS of foods you like as explained in BonKora package.

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Mrs. M. A. Proteus

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Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.
NAME .....
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IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

RISING STAR

Continued from Page 43

As they drove up Gloria was standing at the front door, framed by a great flowering white vine, as saints are framed in Italian seventeenth-century pictures. But it was evident that it was not for them that she had come out, although she smiled cordially at the car. She was saying good-bye to a departing guest, a handsome man of about forty, dark-eyed, dark-skinned, dark-haired, except where, in front of his ears, the hair was grizzled. He shook hands with Felicia, and she noted at once that he had the manner of a man who has always been successful with women—the manner that says: "Could she please me?" never "Could I please her." It is a manner that sets up a response in the mind of every woman worth her salt: "Certainly, I could please you, if I wanted to." Felicia, desperately in love with a man three thousand miles away, nevertheless found herself thinking: "Oh, yes, my fine fellow, if I wanted to." He looked at her, hard, real, handsome and slightly menacing. Then he turned to Betsy, and his whole personality changed.

"Is this the little daughter?" he asked, in a tone as false as dicers' oaths.

Betsy gave him that peculiarly idiotic look which children reserve for those who treat them as idiots, and went on into the house with Ellen.

Gloria waved her hand as he drove away, and turning to Felicia, said: "Do you know who that is? Marcantony McRea, who made 'Alexander the Great'. Perhaps you were too young to have seen it—one of the great pictures of the silent days."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Felicia. The picture had furnished her youth with her one and only idea of an orgy; she could still recall slave girls in wreaths of roses and nothing much else. "It was wonderful, but he hasn't done anything lately, has he?"

"He can't find the right thing to do," answered Gloria. "He isn't like most of these men, who will go ahead at anything. I wish he were working for Five Star. I'm sorry I couldn't meet you," she went on, as they moved into the cool dark hall, "but I'm only just back from the studio. It's so discouraging. You can hardly imagine how stupid these people are, cutting my part down to almost nothing. Mr McRea says I ought to break my contract. I may have to. But let me show you your room; it's lovely; almost the best in the house." The tone suggested that it was, perhaps, a little better than Felicia had any right to expect.

It was sunny and spacious and full of flowers.

"It's charming," said Felicia. "I'm sorry I shall occupy it only a day or so. I must start back at once."

"Oh, now, don't say that!" cried Gloria. "Please don't be tiresome about going away. I have so much on my mind as it is. I really have no time to go and hunt up a nurse or a governess for Betsy. Give me time to send home and ask my friends. I had counted on your staying until I have a free moment. How can I work if I'm worried about the child? And I should worry. That swimming pool—I thought it was such an asset when I took the house, but I don't swim myself, and if Betsy fell in—it's eight feet deep. I shouldn't have an easy moment. Really, you must stay, Miss Alderby."

"Really, I can't, Mrs. Beach," Felicia replied with dignity, but even as she spoke she had a sickening sense that she was going to be worsted in the contest, owing to the fact that she cared so much more for Betsy's welfare than Gloria did.

"Well," answered Gloria, with a sort of bright, sweet obstinacy, "we'll talk it all over to-morrow morning."

But they didn't talk it over in the morning, owing to the fact that the whole household seethed with the effort of getting Gloria off to the studio at the incredible hour of 8.30. Even the chauffeur, a proud young man in whipcord, was to be seen running up and down stairs, first carrying a bag down to the car, and then back again because Ellen had forgotten some essential.

Betsy pleaded to be allowed to go, too. "I do want to see you being made a star, mummy."

Gloria laughed rather bitterly: "I'm anything but a star, my dear. If they cut my part much more, I shall be hardly more than an extra." Still she agreed to send the car back for Felicia and the child later in the morning. "You must be very careful, Miss Alderby, and watch that she doesn't make a noise or get in anybody's way."

It was about eleven when the car came back, and Felicia and Betsy were driven through the lovely countryside, so reminiscent of all pictures they had ever seen, and presently arrived at the gates of the Five Star lot—gates guarded like a fortress. However, Gloria's car and the young gentleman in whipcord who condescended to drive it were known to the grim figure who, with a pistol on his hip, halted all would-be visitors, and they were allowed to pass. The first sight of that great enclosure was to Betsy as if all her dreams of make-believe had come true—the medieval castle, the pirate ship, the tropical lagoon, the rose-covered cottage, the fairy grotto. She wanted to stop and begin a game in each one, but the car swept on and stopped before a high pale stucco building. "Stage 5," said the chauffeur.

They were passed along by various guardians until they reached Stage 5. As they entered, Felicia could feel Betsy shrink against her. The lights were terrific—as if the headlights of a thousand engines were sliding down upon them to destroy them.

(To be Continued.)

The Australian Women's Weekly

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO:

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.

SYDNEY: Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, or 321 Pitt St., Sydney

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

September 12, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One

Glimpses of a New Home in an Old Setting

Cleverly-planned additions turn an inconspicuous bungalow into a spacious, attractive home!

By Our Home Decorator

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote of to-day's architecture. Here and there, of course, we come across the speculator's execrable "row" going up in a hurry (as of yore), but, generally speaking, there is a definite breakaway from stereotyped patterns in home-planning. This is good to see.

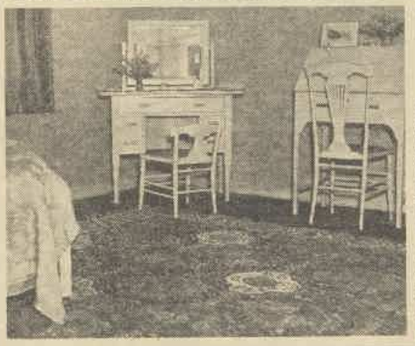
VERY interesting, too, to come across old homes taking on modern contours under skilful hands. The home I am about to describe to you has just been remodelled along attractively modern lines.

Only the beautiful old turpentines, matured shrubs, and the adjacent orchard are visible reminders of the past. For Coruni, the attractive name given by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Minnett to their newly-remodelled home, has swallowed the old in its spacious contours. Situated at the end of what will shortly be a picturesque drive, just off Rosedale Rd., St. Ives (N.S.W.), it commands unrivalled views.

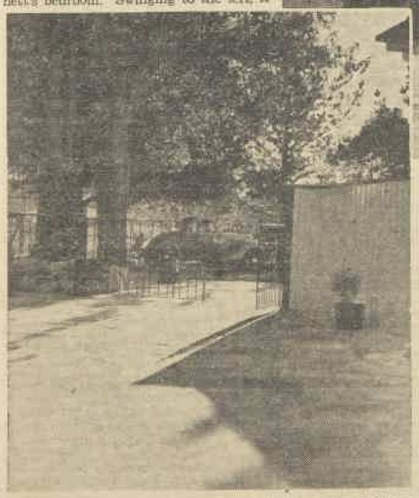
Stepping from the car at the wrought-iron gates, shaded by two or three lovely old turpentines, you enter the house by way of a spacious flagged courtyard around which are placed tubbed junipers and other potted greens.

The entrance-hall opens directly into the large lounge. A wide hall from here also runs to the southern wing, which houses the huge and magnificently-appointed billiard-room. To the left, as you enter, a hall leads to Mr. and Mrs. Minnett's dressing-rooms, to the bathroom, sleep-out, and also to Miss Minnett's bedroom. Swinging to the left, it takes you to the western wing and domestic quarters—dining-room, up-to-date kitchen, and maids' quarters.

GLIMPSE of Mrs. Rupert Minnett's strikingly lovely bedroom, which features jade floor coverings, eau-de-nil painted furniture, off-white and fuchsia-toned Persian rugs.



SECTION of Miss Mimi Minnett's bedroom, furnished in cream and rose.



"WELCOME TO CORUNI"—Miss Mimi Minnett and her pets on the porch make an attractive picture.

THE courtyard and entrance gates to Coruni, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert V. Minnett, St. Ives, N.S.W.

THE HALL leading to the north-eastern and western wings of this attractively-planned home.

In my opinion the most delightful room in Coruni is Mrs. Minnett's spacious bedroom, or, rather, dressing-room. Papered walls in soft off-white with the most delicate pastel traceries make a harmonious background for soft eau-de-nil painted furniture, jade-green floor coverings, and upholstery. A striking individuality is given this room with luxurious Eastern rugs in off-white and fuchsia, and the cushions in fuchsia placed on the cottage-weave-covered divan you glimpse in the picture, top right.

Finest of hail-spot off-white net curtains at the windows give a soft, feminine touch to this delightful room. The window drapes are carried out in the same material as that used for the divan. Built-in cupboards abound.

Mr. Minnett's dressing-room, carrying the same cool color scheme, leads off this room, and opens onto the "sleep-out" which catches the early morning sun and is cleverly sheltered from probing westerlies.

Miss Mimi Minnett's room is simply but appropriately furnished. Here you see pastel-toned papered walls, creamy-painted furniture, cream curtains with rose-tinted Eastern rugs—a perfect background for her soft, brunette coloring.

The bathroom and kitchen are the last word in modern planning. The tiled bathroom is green and honey-colored, the honey deepening to a beige bathtub, and washbasins match exactly the green note in the tiled walls. The separate shower-room features frosted glass door and houses chromium fittings.

Cream and green are the color notes chosen for the modernly-appointed sunny kitchen, which also contains a breakfast alcove and overlooks a most delightful green-flagged courtyard resplendent with Christmas trees and flowering shrubs. No one could be anything but cheery in this kitchen. No wonder Mr. Minnett is so proud of his handiwork—it is a tribute to his architectural planning.

The dining-room features brown and blue, the walls repeating the same color note of the gold and off-white modernistic paper which covers the spacious hallway walls. Persian rugs, by the way, are thrown here and there over the dull rose-covered floors—luxurious to the eye and soft to the tread.—E.E.G.

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MODERN SUCCESSOR TO OLD-FASHIONED COUGH SYRUPS

More convenient, less expensive, lingers longer in the throat.

Medicated with Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

Readers Send Clever Recipes . . . THEY'RE PRIZEWINNERS!

TURN YOUR CULINARY talents to good account, and make your best recipe earn a little pocket money for you! Not only do you profit, but other housewives reap the benefit of your knowledge and experience.

Send us your recipe. It may win for you a handsome cash prize . . . .

Preparing for a party? Here are some attractive dishes which are sure to make a hit.

Send us your most tempting dainty, and you may be one of the lucky prizewinners in the near future.

PRIZES each week include £1 first prize, 10/- second prize, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Here are the recipes published in full, together with names and addresses of winners:

CHOCOLATE MERINGUES

Pastry:

Three-quarters cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup butter, 2 tablespoons water.

Sift flour, add salt, and cut in butter until pieces are about size of pea. Add water to make dough hold together. Roll out to 1-8 inch thickness, cut out in rounds with cutter, 3 inches across, cut out centres of half the rounds with a smaller cutter so that they will be in rings. Prick with a fork and bake in hot oven until puffy.

Chocolate Filling:

Two tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon dark cocoa, 1 cup milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 egg-yolks (well beaten), ½ teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt.

Melt butter and cocoa in top of double boiler, add three-quarters of milk and the sugar, heat until milk is scalded. Make a smooth paste with cornflour, flour, salt, and remaining milk, stir into cocoa mixture, cook until thick and glossy, stirring constantly. Cook ten minutes, remove from fire, and add egg-yolks. Cook one minute longer. Add vanilla and cool thoroughly.

Meringue:

Two egg-whites, pinch of salt, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Add salt to egg-whites and beat until stiff, but not dry. Beat in sugar gradually. With a small knife pile meringue lightly on the pastry rings and bake in slow oven 15 minutes. On the bottom crust spread chocolate filling (which should be cold). Top with meringue pastry rings and place a generous spoonful of filling in cavity.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Howard, Stockport, S.A.

HAWAIIAN ROLL

Beat to a cream ¾ cup butter and 1 cup sugar, beat in separately three eggs, then stir in 2 cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Divide the mixture into three parts, color one with chocolate, one with cochineal, and leave one plain. Grease a roll tin well. Drop teaspoons of the mixture, each color in turn, into the tin until it is a little over half full. Bake with lid on in a slow oven for about an hour. When quite cold, cover with Hawaiian icing made by boiling 1 cup sugar, 1-3 cup water, until a small amount forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour syrup slowly over a stiffly-beaten egg-white, beating constantly. Add half a cup chopped raisins, half a cup coconut, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Continue beating until thick enough to spread.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss E. May, 45 Wilfred St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE WAFERS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. castor sugar, 5oz. flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ½ beaten egg.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and beat well. Sift flour and baking powder and mix with butter into a firm dough, roll out very thin, cut into fingers, and bake in moderate oven until a golden brown. Put together in threes with chocolate icing, and decorate with a blanched almond.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Alice Adela, 42 Ocean St., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

CRAB COCKTAILS

One and a half cups flaked crab, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon minced onion, ½ cup tomato ketchup, ½ teaspoon celery salt, 3 teaspoons olive oil, 1 tablespoon chopped olives (if liked), a few drops tobasco.

Mix lemon juice, ketchup, tobasco, onion, celery salt, and olive (if used) and leave in a cold place to chill. Stir in olive oil and crab. Serve cold in cocktail glasses. Enough for six persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Berechree, Flowerdale, Tas.

CREAM PYRAMIDS

Short sweet pastry, 6 sponge fingers, ½ gill of cream, white of egg, 4oz. icing sugar, 12 drops almond essence and a few glace cherries, cream for decoration.

TO MAKE PASTRY: 4oz. flour, pinch of salt, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 3oz. butter, ½ yolk of egg, water to mix.

Mix flour, salt, and sugar together, rub in butter lightly; add beaten yolk and enough water to form a firm paste. Roll pastry out thinly, cut into rounds with pastry cutter about the size of a wine-glass. Bake in moderate oven. Leave till cold. Rub icing sugar through a sieve, add to it the cream lightly whipped, the essence, and enough white of egg to form a stiff paste. Place a little mound of cream on each pastry foundation and put three strips of the sponge fingers round; pipe on a rosette of cream where they join the top, and decorate with glace cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Hilton, 66 Dean St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

BOOMERANG BITS

Grate about a cupful of rather dry and very flavorsome cheese. Whisk up a gill of cream, or use mayonnaise if you have some to spare, a little chutney, some mustard pickles, stuffed olives, little knobs of cucumber, scraps of cold, cooked fish, some chopped-up, hard-boiled eggs or sausage, or tomato—almost anything savory, in fact! You also want lots of little pastry biscuits (just paste rolled out wafer thin, stamped the size of a penny, and baked till crisp and lightly brown). On each of these put a scrap of one or other of the tit-bits mentioned—the size of a hazel nut—then mask it with whipped cream or mayonnaise. Sprinkle thickly with the grated cheese, and give a dust of Nepaul pepper. Dish in neat rows on lace papers. They are so good, and quite exciting because one has no clue to the flavor of the next mouthful.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Morrison, Channon St., Gympie, Qld.

Economy With Crusts

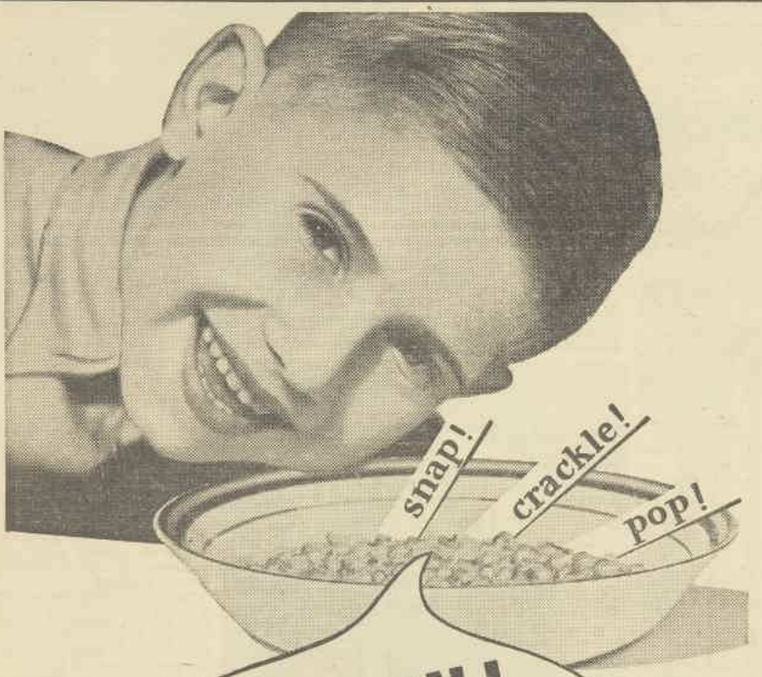
DO not throw away the crusts trimmed from sandwiches. Sprinkle a little salt over them and toast in a quick oven. These make a delicious substitute for crackers, which can be served with soups or salads.

Suggested menu for any week day!

BREAKFAST
Cereal with Stewed Prunes, Ham Omelette, Toast, Coffee, Marmalade.

LUNCH
Shepherd's Pie, Fresh Fruit, Bread, Jam, Cheese, Tea.

DINNER
Tapioca Cream Soup, Casserole of Chicken, Potatoes, Mashed Parsnips, Fruit Fritters, with Lemon and Sugar, Coffee.



"LISTEN! I'm bursting with fun and health"

THAT'S what Rice Bubbles seem to say when cold milk is poured over them—they snap, crackle and pop with joy and goodness! Kiddies love that message — there's no need to coax or scold them into eating! The crisp, crackling sound stimulates the appetite, and the delightful flavour of the toasted rice is wonderfully appealing.

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment and energy and are easily digested. Children may have as many servings as they like. Good with plain milk or cream, or combined with fruits, and they're suitable for luncheon or tea as well as breakfast. Healthful, economical. Grown-ups like them, too — they're satisfying! Order some Rice Bubbles to-day from your grocer and begin serving them every day. They make breakfast more enjoyable!

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

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THIS *Tropical Delicacy Called* PINEAPPLE

All these Recipes have been Tested in our own Kitchens

Its ability to give sparkle and variety to the menu makes us realise what a dull world it would be without this luscious fruit . . .

By
RUTH FURST
Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE valuable dietetic properties of the pineapple—it is rich in life-giving minerals and acids —are becoming more widely recognised. Hence the reason for its extensive cultivation in the tropical and sub-tropical north. Let us hope that the industry will grow greater year by year.

CASES and cases are now coming into the markets, and then, by rail and truck, are being borne to practically every nook and cranny of our vast continent. Fresh pineapple juice (not the preserved or the synthetic products) is obtainable in most of the big restaurants. And as a health drink it stands almost unrivalled.

It is a pity that this luscious fruit could not be cheaper and as plentiful as it now is in many places the whole year round. It is a healthful adjunct to the diet for both children and adults.

Eaten fresh, it is delightful, and, used in the ways as suggested hereunder, it gives zest and sparkle to the menu.

PINEAPPLE sliced across the top, scooped out, and the fruit mixed with sugar, allowed to stand, and then returned and topped with whipped cream, makes a luscious sweet.

SERVED in individual dishes, pineapple cream makes an attractive as well as delicious sweet. Pineapple is crushed, and cooked with various ingredients, and served completely covered with whipped cream and nuts.

PINEAPPLES are delicious in any form. All sorts of fillings can be served attractively as an accompaniment to the fresh fruit.

PINEAPPLE SALAD

Half pineapple, lemon juice, sugar, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, chopped nuts.

Cut pineapple into cubes. Sprinkle with lemon and sugar. Allow to stand ½ hour. Pour off any juice. Stir in mayonnaise, arrange a good spoonful of mixture in each lettuce leaf. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Chill. Serve very cold.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE

One cup shredded cooked pineapple and juice, juice 1 lemon, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, ½ cup boiling water, whites of 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, cream.

Soak gelatine in boiling water, add sugar to fruit with lemon juice, then mix in gelatine and stir occasionally till it begins to thicken. Add gradually the whisked whites and beat with an egg-beater till all is light and stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile in a glass serving dish. Serve with cream

PINEAPPLE AND RAISIN TART

Cup grated pineapple, ½ cup raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 egg, rind and juice of lemon, pastry.

Put pineapple, raisins, and sugar into a saucepan; boil for 5 minutes. Add the blended cornflour. Cook for 1 minute longer. Add beaten egg. Cook a little longer without boiling. Allow to cool. Make the pastry. Cut one-third off. Line deep plate with larger piece. Fill with pineapple mixture. Roll out smaller piece, and cover. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

PINEAPPLE TART

Short crust, slices of pineapple, red currant jelly, whipped cream.

Make pastry. Roll into round and line deep sandwich tin. Lay in slices of pineapple—one slice overlapping the other all round. Fill centre of each slice with red currant jelly. Bake for ½ hour in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

FROSTED PINEAPPLE

Slices of pineapple, whites 3 eggs, red currant jelly, custard, 6oz. sugar.

Allow a slice of pineapple for each person. Beat whites of eggs stiff; add sugar. Heap some meringue on each slice of pineapple. Bake in a moderate oven till set and a pale straw color. Place a dot of red currant jelly in centre of each. Serve with boiled custard or whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE CREAM No. 1.

One pineapple (or tin of crushed pineapple), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water (if fresh pineapple), 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, whipped cream, chopped nuts, lemon juice.

Break up pineapple, put into a saucepan with sugar, water and butter. Cook till soft. Add blended cornflour, yolks, and lemon juice. Cook for 2 minutes. Allow to become quite cold; then add stiffly-beaten whites. Pour into a glass dish. Cover top with whipped cream and sprinkle thickly with nuts.

PINEAPPLE CREAM No. 2.

One large tin pineapple, whites 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon cornflour, yolks 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, cherries or nuts.

Drain juice from pineapple. To the juice add beaten yolks, blended cornflour and butter then cook in double saucepan as for a custard. Pour this while hot over pineapple which has been cut into small dice. When cold, decorate with beaten white of eggs and chopped nuts.

PINEAPPLE SUPREME.

Remove stalk from the pineapple; then cut off a slice. Scoop out centre and chop it finely. Add sugar to taste, and allow to stand ½ hour. Return to pineapple shell and garnish top with whipped cream. Or the pineapple shell can be filled with fruit salad (mixture of oranges, bananas, passionfruit and pineapple), and top decorated with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE TART.

Short crust pastry as previous, 1 pineapple, 2 egg yolks, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, essence, 2 egg-whites, and 1 tablespoon sugar for the meringue.

Pineapple is cut into dice and stewed with sugar and a little water. When cold put it in the tart and cover with a custard made with 2 egg-yolks and 1 cup milk, sugar, and essence. Then cover with a meringue made with well-beaten egg-whites, and sugar, beaten together until stiff. Pile on the tart and dry in a slow oven for one hour.

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

One pineapple, 1 cup water, sugar to taste, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 2 whites of eggs, cream, or custard.

Grate the pineapple into saucepan, add the water, simmer till soft. Add sugar, then blended arrowroot. Cook over low flame till thick and clear. Allow to cool. Add well-beaten egg-whites, beating in well. Pour into wetted mould. Allow to set. Turn out and serve with custard made from the yolks of eggs.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

One cup grated pineapple, 1½ cups pineapple juice, 1½ tablespoons powdered gelatine, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups milk, lemon juice.

Soak gelatine in two tablespoons cold water. Boil pineapple juice, lemon juice, and sugar, pour on to gelatine, stir well. Cool. When beginning to set, fold in pineapple and milk. Pour into wetted mould, leave to set. Unmould. Fill centre with whipped cream. Sprinkle with finely-grated chocolate.

PINEAPPLE CHUTNEY

One tin crushed pineapple, 2lb. apples, 2oz. garlic, 1lb. raisins, 1oz. curry powder, 2lb. brown sugar, ground ginger, salt, 2 pints vinegar.

Peel apples and put them through a mincing-machine with garlic and raisins. Put all ingredients into preserving pan. Cook slowly 2½ to 3 hours. Stir well. Bottle and seal.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE

Choose a firm, ripe pineapple, pare it, and with a sharp knife carefully cut out the hard centre stem. Fill this hollow with a mixture of preserved cherries and nuts. Fresh cherries will be equally as good, or better, when in season. Now place pineapple on its side in a pie-dish and cover it with a meringue made of whipped whites of two eggs and three tablespoons of sugar. Put in the oven and bake until meringue is hard and pale brown. A few nuts in the meringue are an improvement. A very large pineapple will require more meringue.

CRYSTALLISED PINEAPPLE.

One pound loaf sugar, ½ pint water, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, pineapple.

Boil sugar and water for 10 minutes without stirring. Remove from heat and add lemon juice. Peel pineapple, remove any black specks, cut into cubes. Take a cube on the end of skewer and dip in the syrup. Place on wire tray and turn every day for four days, keeping in a warm place. Roll in coarse sugar. Store in air-tight tin.

Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

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RUDBECKIA in a *New* and *Very Lovely* GUISE

Monplaisir is the name of this new and superior variety . . . don't miss sowing now for a magnificent display at Eastertide . . .

Says The Old Gardener

ABOVE: Tall and stately, the vivid blooms of the rudbeckia monplaisir will be warmly welcomed to bring a blaze of color to both garden and home.

• • •

LEFT: Kelvedon Star—another attractive species of the rudbeckia! The golden-yellow flowers have a dark brown centre, surrounded by a ring of deep mahogany.

Those of you who know and cultivate rudbeckia in its several attractive, sturdy-growing varieties will be pleased to learn of a new variety—Monplaisir—just as hardy, prolific, adaptable, but even more beautiful. And if you do not know and have never grown rudbeckia, you should try your hand at growing this improved species.

Seeds, which are now obtainable from our seed department, should be sown now for flowers to bloom at Eastertide.

Read what the Old Gardener has to say on their cultivation:

MANY of you know rudbeckia, that beautiful tall, yellow perennial which gives a profusion of flowers about Easter time. They bloom just at a time when our gardens are beginning to fade; when phlox, petunias, zinnias, and other sturdy summer flowers have gone, and we are preparing for our autumn planting, rudbeckia keeps our garden gay and our homes decorative.

Dahlias and chrysanthemums are plentiful at Easter, of course, but these do not last so long nor have so long a period of blooming as rudbeckia.

The variety I am going to tell you about to-day is Monplaisir, which is far superior to the other older varieties. The flowers are large, single, and the petals are beautifully curved. The plants grow three feet or more high and are covered with a mass of yellow blooms and are very hardy. Any type of soil, from sandy along the coast, to heavy soil inland or on the mountains, suits them.

So Easily Raised

THEY are very easily raised from seed. Prepare seed boxes or a sheltered corner of the garden for preference with good, fine, loamy soil. Make the surface level, firm the soil with a piece of flat board, sprinkle the seed over this surface, then cover with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve. Water well, and in a few days the young plants will be through.

Keep watered. On no account allow to become dry. Keep the plants on the move, then, when large enough to handle, prick them out into boxes, spacing them an inch apart each way. You will then be able easily to transplant them to their permanent home.

Before transplanting, you must see that the permanent bed is carefully prepared. Dig the soil deep, add as much material as possible, which will be suitable as humus, such as well-decayed manure, bush scrapings, old grass, straw, waste material from the garden, and kitchen refuse. All this material helps to build the soil and gives to it a greater water-holding capacity.

Rudbeckia is a surface feeder—the roots spread near the surface—so a little blood and bone scattered over the surface and forked in lightly will be of considerable benefit.

The flowers grow tall and are very large, so that while growing they will have to be staked up, otherwise they would become too heavy and only a very little wind would be needed to blow them down.

When they have finished flowering, allow the old stems to ripen, then cut them off level with the ground. Allow them to rest during the winter months. Should the bed be required for other purposes, lift the plants and store them in a rest-bed in some other portion of the garden, then, when spring arrives, they can be dug up and hundreds of small plants taken from the parent root, and so the propagation and multiplication of plants each year becomes simple. Seeds can also be saved from the flowers each season, and these sown the following spring.

Other Varieties

THOSE who would like to grow the other type of rudbeckia will find Bicolor Superba a very fine grower. These flowers are large, yellow, with dark spots, and grow to about two feet.

Kelvedon Star is another excellent variety, having both double and single flowers. I would advise you strongly to try this variety. Neumanni, the dwarf kind, is a vivid yellow and a prolific bloomer.

All these varieties, including Monplaisir, are obtainable from the seed department, The Australian Women's Weekly, for 1/- per packet, plus 2d postage.

Cheap Garden Labels

DON'T discard starched cuffs and collars which have long since seen their best days. Have you ever thought of making serviceable garden labels from them? They will not tear or get ragged, and can withstand even the most tempestuous weather. And the modern housewife would welcome these ingenious new labels for her jams and preserves.

Hardy Perennial To Grow

PHYSOSTEGIA, known as "Mock Erica," is an attractive flower which may be sown from seed now. It is a hardy perennial. Flowers are splendid for cutting, and last a long time in water. Colors are white and rosy-lilac. Seeds obtainable from our seed department.

BETTER PETUNIAS

With Petunias the size—color—quality—quantity—and flowering period, all depend on the strain. Anderson's Petunias are the WORLD'S BEST!! Sow these NOW for six months of color and brightness! BALCONY PETUNIAS—for every purpose—Cornflower blue, Fiery Rose, Steel blue and violet, Maiva Pink, and Velvety Violet. 1/- pkt.; 3 pkts. 4/-. BEDDING PETUNIAS—Rose of Heaven, rich deep pink; Rosy Morn, pink and white; Violacea, deep violet; Silver Blue (lovely shade); Purple Prince, rich purple; Norma, blue and white. 6d. pkt.; 6 pkts. 2/6; Mixed, 6d. and 1/- pkt. NANA COMPACTA PETUNIAS—Compact plants, literally covered with large blooms. Pink Gem, deep pink, 1/6 pkt.; Mixed, 1/6; Martha Washington (ruffled), rich pink, 2/6 pkt. "Gardening Simplified," 150 pages of practical gardening. Easy to read—easy to apply. Success assured. 2/-. Post Free.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

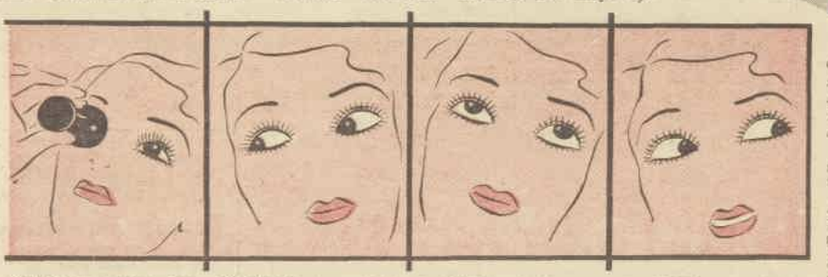
EYES BRIGHT!

Not Dull, Lustreless, or marred by Fatigue, Crow's-Feet, or Tell-Tale Lines

By EVELYN

TO-NIGHT or, better still, to-morrow morning (daylight isn't so flattering as artificial light), sit down in front of your mirror and examine your eyes—look at them closely. Could they be improved? Do you detect puckery little wrinkles forming below, tiny crow's feet at the corners? Do they look as clear as they should? Are your lashes thick or scanty, eyebrows groomed or scraggy?

You can't expect your eyes to do their utmost for your good looks unless you give them some help. You might, of course, have been born under a lucky star in so far as lovely eyes are concerned. If so, this article will have no great interest for you. But it should—and will—interest the majority.



BATHE your eyes to keep them clear and shining. *EXERCISE them daily! 1. Turn them to the left as far as you can.* *2. OPEN and shut eyes slowly and then raise them upwards.* *3. NOW open and close eyes and turn them to the right. So good for them!*

CLEAR, shining eyes make all the difference in the world to your appearance. So care for them!

PADS soaked in witch-hazel and milk and laid on the eyes for half an hour daily will help to relieve puffiness under the eyes.

Tick off your good points and concentrate upon the weaker ones. But, whatever you do for their good, remember that fatigue, worry, strain, discontent, ill-temper, ill-health, will detract from your efforts. Mental and physical strain are fatal enemies of eye beauty. Don't forget this, so lift up the corners of your mouth, and smile, and very soon your eyes will lose that dull, pained look . . . then the world will smile with you!

As you and I have found, bright, vivacious eyes can put it over dull, discontented and worried eyes every time. Their owners have a much brighter time of it—are more sought after.

Of course, I understand that your cause for worry may come from conditions over which you have no control, but you can learn to control those little muscles of your face that give you a harried look. With the characteristic worried or harried look, there is, you will notice, a distortion of the eyebrow line and a drawing up of the eyelids that make the eyes look smaller. And the little creases and wrinkles that form are among the most difficult to erase.

Another thing to remember is this. Keep mentally alert in the cause of eye beauty. Intelligent eyes are interesting. They will hold your audience—be it only one.

Care For Them

EVERY night and every morning you should bathe your eyes. They need as much bathing as the body, face and hands.

An antiseptic lotion will do wonders to cleanse and rest the eyes. Cold water dashed again and again into them of a morning is a tremendous help to the attainment and keeping of bright eyes.

As I have told you before epsom salts is another eye help. Half a teaspoonful to a cup of water is the generally accepted proportion for each eye-bath. When dissolved, an eye-cup should be half-filled and each eye bathed with the solution. Empty the eye-cup and replenish with fresh lotion after every application.

Cold salt water has its advantages for eye-strengthening purposes. This should be applied via the eye-cup, using one teaspoonful of salt to one pint of boiled water.

An eye-cup, or eye-bath as some call it, costs only a few pence, so it is no hardship to invest in one. It should be kept scrupulously clean, of course, and not left exposed to dust and grime.

Business women, shut between the four walls of office or shop, would do well to heed these eye-bathing hints, for their eyes need especial care. Their outdoor sisters (or those who can look up from their work onto a vista of green) are not so badly off. Of course, the outdoor enthusiast has strong sunlight to contend with, but some protection obviates possible eye-strain.

I know of business women who use green blotting pads on their desks, others who have, when and where possible, the walls (and even desks) of their offices painted green; still others who place a huge bowl of greenery where the eyes can rest upon it. Green is nature's most soothing and restful color.

Simple Exercises

EXERCISE is also good for the eyes. Three simple ones are illustrated on this page, which should be repeated a dozen times, twice a day:

Open and shut the eyes slowly and then turn them to the left; open and shut, and then raise them upwards; open and shut and then turn them to the right.

Another simple and effective exercise: Hold your first finger out at arm's length and, keeping your eyes focused upon it, slowly draw it in until it touches the nose. This should, too, be repeated a dozen times.

I would advise you not to hesitate to visit an eye specialist if you suspect the slightest need for glasses. It is dangerous to overstrain the eyes for any length of time.

Nowadays, glasses can be had in such a charming variety, and sometimes they improve the appearance rather than detract from it. In any case, it is much better to wear glasses and enjoy perfect vision than to go about uncomfortably squinting and blinking and running the risk of irrevocably impairing the precious gift of sight.

"Bags" under the eyes may be removed or mitigated by this simple treatment: Dip pads of cotton wool in an astringent made up of equal parts of witch-hazel and rosewater. Leave on your closed eyes for twenty minutes at least once a day—on retiring to bed is the most convenient time.

Another recipe: Pads soaked in witch-hazel and milk and laid on the eyes for half an hour daily will help to relieve puffiness under the eyes.

And here's a final word: Drink plenty of water between meals—eight glasses a day, if you can possibly manage it—eat lots of fresh fruit and vegetables, go sparing with rich, creamy foods and sweets, and you'll find that your eyes have all the sparkle that good health can give them.

KEPT FROM WORK BY BACKACHE

Suffered for Three Years

Says He Owes Joy and Health to Kruschen

Backache may be just bothersome; on the other hand, it may creep on and become *chronic*, and render you incapable of earning your living. Such was the unhappy state of the man who wrote the letter below. He experimented in vain with various remedies until at length he was induced to try Kruschen. To-day he has a different tale to tell. He is healthy and happy. Here is his story:—

"For three years I was badly troubled with my kidneys. They caused me such severe pain in the back that I had to quit working. I tried many prescriptions, but they wouldn't do me any good. One day I saw a Kruschen Salts advertisement in a newspaper. After using three bottles, my backache was entirely gone, and I can now work as never before. I shall never be without Kruschen Salts again. I owe all my joy and health to these Salts."—J.E.

Pains in the back mean poisons in the blood—poisonous waste products which tired kidneys are failing to filter from the system. When these poisons settle in the regions around the kidneys they inflame the tissues and cause those excruciating pains.

The six salts in Kruschen will coax your kidneys back to healthy, normal action so that they will rid your blood-stream of every particle of poisonous waste matter. As an immediate result you will experience joyous relief from those old, dragging pains. And as you persevere with the "little daily dose" of Kruschen the twinges will become less and less frequent until finally your backache will be no more than the memory of a bad dream.

Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

Warning to women who value the Beauty of their Hair...

THE name Eugène has earned a justly famous reputation the world over for more lasting and softly natural permanent waves. Some short-sighted hairdressers attempt to injure that name for the sake of a small, extra profit, by substituting cheap sachets that usually ruin the hair and result in bitter disappointment. Do not be misled by hairdressers who offer a wave "by the Eugène system or machine." Insist on seeing the Eugène emblem on every sachet used on your head, for the Eugène sachet is the heart of the system, and possesses exclusive features that are fully patented. In this way you protect your pocket and your hair.

insist on seeing the eugène emblem on every sachet used on your head!

EUGENE (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED, 341 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.
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Twenty uses for A.M.P. Policies

"MY A.M.P. policies have an extraordinary range of usefulness," said a doctor recently. "They keep me from worrying, and they'll pay off my mortgages when I'm gone"—and then, with a twinkle in his eye—"maybe they'll make it unnecessary for my widow to marry again."

The Society would like as many citizens as possible to benefit by the service it renders the community, and so it prints this list of uses for its policies. Maybe members, out of their experience, will be able to add other uses to these:—

They end worry.
They prolong life.
They ease the sick.
They comfort widows.
They feed children.
They preserve homes.
They build up assets.
They keep families together.
They provide schooling.
They increase self-respect.
They pay off mortgages.
They provide dowries.
They pay out partners.
They pay death duties.
They encourage marriage.
They perpetuate incomes.
They give peace of mind.
They provide cash in emergencies.
They make provision for employees.
They are badges of good citizenship.

If you, who read this, see in this list some benefit that you would like to enjoy—or would like your family to enjoy—'phone, write, or visit the nearest A.M.P. office. The Society offers the service—it is for you to seize upon it!

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Avoid Mental Trouble by Early Treatment!

PATIENT: How does psychology benefit mankind? Being a naturally introspective type and subject to long periods of depression, I would like to know if the study of psychology would help me.

IF there is something wrong with your body, it is easy, relatively speaking, to ask your mind to watch over the affected part and take care of it. But when there is something wrong with your thought processes it requires a little practice and patience to be able to get outside of yourself and observe yourself in perspective.

Perhaps this explains why psychology was rather slow in developing, the really big strides having been made in this subject only within the last ten or twenty years.

And what did the big advance encompass? The big advance in psychology has been the interest centred upon the causes of our thoughts—in contrast to the older studies, which concerned themselves primarily with the results of mental processes.

Learn and Benefit

NOWADAYS the mental specialist is always asking why and how. He wants to know why an individual thinks and behaves in one way rather than another, and how it happens that he developed in one way rather than another.

Although it takes expertness and training to analyse a man thoroughly, one can, with practice, learn to observe one's own reactions, thereby learning how to correct one's faulty thought mechanisms.

For instance, it often takes a long time—years, in fact—before some people realise that they are losing their grip. Months may pass before people discover that their thoughts and actions are in any way unusual.

People go on day in and day out without the knowledge that they are not maintaining their former standards of efficiency.

Confusion, Then Fear

TO be sure, there are also persons who watch themselves continually and are ever on the alert for abnormalities of thinking and behaviour. Being excessively introspective is just as bad as not being introspective enough.

Over-watchfulness would not be so likely to produce evil results were it scientific and based upon psychological premises. The difficulty is that the more laymen think about themselves the more bewildered, as a rule, they become. In the wake of confusion come fear and mental distress!

People are apt to wait altogether too long before they seek advice and help. **Were early manifestations of mental disharmony only treated in time, more actual cures could be effected. Hopeless cases would soon become a rarity.**

The very earliest suggestive signs should receive attention, even when they are noticeable in childhood. It is never too early to practise the right kind of self-analysis. It is never too early to begin a study of the inner self.

Nature's Warnings

ALTHOUGH nature's workings are not always perfect, they nevertheless have a marvellous self-protective quality. For nature tries to heal itself.

If an infection enters the body, the blood immediately tries to fight the disease, and the whole organism combats it with every means available.

The brain and nervous system are very tough—perhaps the toughest kind of living tissue. What the human mind can stand in the way of worry, despair and thwarted desires is almost incredible.

Nevertheless, there is a breaking point. And when that breaking point is reached, the toughest organ in the body is also the most difficult to cure.

The recovery from nervous and mental disease takes longer than the recovery from other organic maladies.

Therefore, be on the alert. Watch yourself and your reactions. Catch mind trouble in time!

WE'VE BEATEN RHEUMATISM

Going right to the root of the trouble. Warner's Safe Cure attacks rheumatism at its source . . . in kidneys and liver. Disorder in these important organs creates harmful body poisons which give rise to rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, backache, biliousness, etc. Warner's Safe Cure has definitely proven itself in the treatment of all such complaints.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form, at 2/9.

BILIOUSNESS
Severe Headaches
A Woman's own Story

A Lady from Carlton, Victoria, writes as follows:

"For many years my health was anything but satisfactory and I endured much pain and discomfort owing to derangements of the kidneys and liver. These were productive of severe headaches and distressing bilious attacks. At various times I took many pills, physics, etc., but they only afforded temporary relief . . . this went on until I was induced to make a trial of Mother Seigel's Syrup. I soon found it to be the best medicine I had ever used and in a short time it effected a wonderful improvement in my health and the benefit I derived proved permanent."

Mother Seigel's Syrup banishes biliousness, pains after eating, flatulence, headaches and dizziness. There is no better tonic for young or old. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/9. Large size 3/- (contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Clues Across

1. The home of Krupps
6. Juice used as medicine
11. River in Yorkshire
12. Frozen
14. Part of King's signature
16. Beginning to exist
17. Not you
18. Unit of French square measure
20. Thoroughfare
21. Compass point
22. O.
23. Japanese town
25. Fish
26. Sufficient (old English)
27. Very large shrub
28. Pluck
31. Point in the orbit of a planet
34. Girl's name
35. One of a pair
36. Goddess of evil
37. She's a dear!
39. Per. pro. (abb.)
41. A series
42. Compass point
43. Many
45. Compass point
46. Merchandise
47. Mimicked
49. Used for washing
50. Parent (Lat.)

Clues Down

2. An Australian State (abb.)
3. Wickedness
4. Generations
5. Bird's bed
6. Manner or bearing
7. A pimple
8. Butterfly catcher
9. North Devon (abb.)
10. Web-footed bird (alt. clue)
13. Disorderly conflict
15. Mineral
17. Rodents
19. Made of hard, dark wood
22. Lessens in width
24. East - West (abb.)
25. Doctor of Theology (abb.)
28. Herbage
29. Ceremonial observances
30. Thank you
31. Northern Territory (abb.)
32. Expires
33. Come in!
37. Alone; unmixed
38. Declare positively
39. Vehicle
40. Always gets nagged at!
42. Rested
44. Leased
46. An Australian State
48. D.E. (actual)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Cobra, cur, our caravaner, A.U., am, D.T., ed., Bella, sythe, sterm, Dante, S.A., I.U., up, is, Sadducees, K.E.I., arc, reels.

DOWN: Coral, Orama, roads, aunty, C.A., Re, cue, R.E.H., abyss, denes, Leo, tin, Tas., rider, Madie, dural, apers, t'is, A.K., E.C.

FOR ANSWERS TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE SEE PAGE 18.

How to Make Your Lips Look Younger

There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. The new Cutex Lipstick contains a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking.

Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth yet never greasy. No streaking, no ugly colour rim.

Cutex makes Lipsticks to harmonize with all its famous Liquid nail polishes.

Use Cutex Lipstick with your favourite shade of Cutex Liquid Polish.

CUTEX

Lipstick and Nail Polish

BACKACHE LUMBAGO

Relieve Backache and Lumbago's excruciating pain! For 16 years Genuine Vincent's A.P.C., prepared on the scientific, hospital formula, has given quick, safe relief from pain. Be sure to get *Genuine* Vincent's A.P.C., recommended by the Medical Profession. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 76-78 Liverpool St., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

DALZO STICKING PLASTER

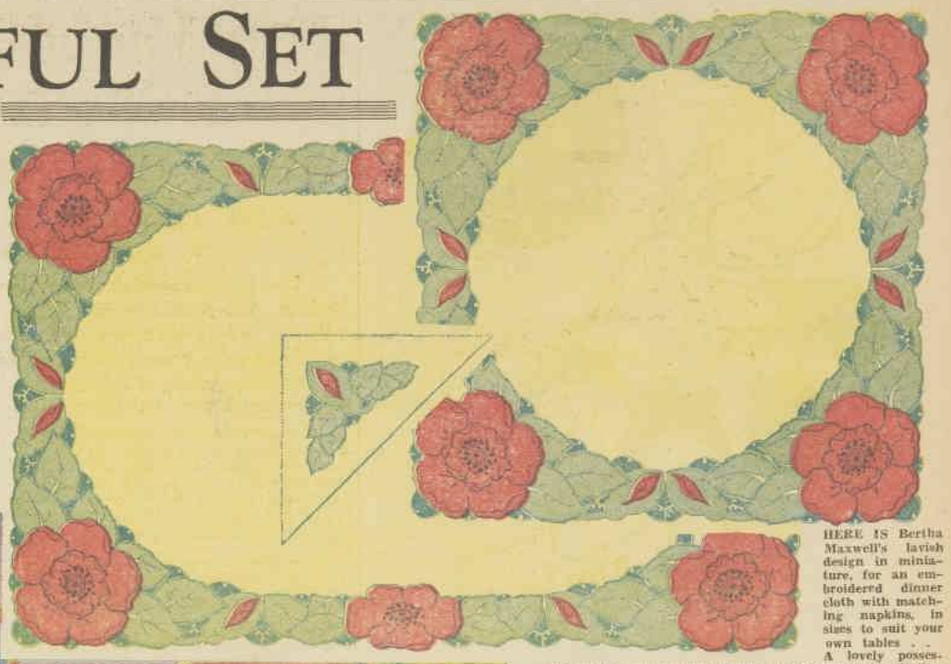
FOR FIRST AID ... ALL CHEMISTS

DELIGHTFUL SET *In Linen!*

Designed by
BERTHA MAXWELL

Australia's outstanding needlecraft expert offers you a superb linen dinner cloth and matching napkins featuring the exquisite design pictured here.

You may also send for an afternoon-tea or supper set—See list for sizes.

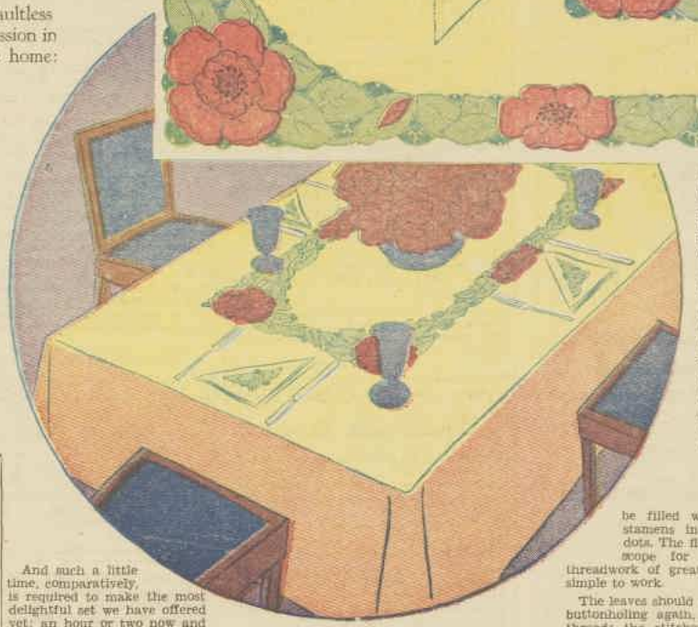


HERE IS Bertha Maxwell's lavish design in miniature, for an embroidered dinner cloth with matching napkins, in sizes to suit your own tables . . . A lovely possession for the woman who delights in dispensing hospitality, for the bride-to-be, for the girl with a twenty-first birthday party to consider.

The square design shown above is designed for centres of 36 x 36, 45 x 45, 54 x 54 inches linen cloths; oblong design 17 x 26½ inches for centres of large oblong cloths. Serviettes measure 17 x 17, or 23 x 23 inches. See list for full details.

GLEAMING table linen of faultless flax is our proudest possession in the appointments of the home: when it is hand-embroidered it becomes an heirloom to cherish and pass on to others by and by. Every time it appears in use, for those special occasions when everything must be perfect, it gives the keenest delight to eye and hand, and retains its beauty for many years.

LACE and linen are two lovely words: worked together by skilled fingers, they become works of art, examples of homecraft of the very best kind. It is scarcely possible to buy really magnificent table linens—even those which cost the most seem to have some small fault which irritates the eye. Our own work is true and trustworthy, and here is a set of designs which will repay the time spent on them and result in a glorious possession.



LEFT: Nothing adds so much to the beauty of your table than exquisite hand-worked linen. It is the perfect setting for gleaming silver, scintillating glass and lovely flowers.

And such a little time, comparatively, is required to make the most delightful set we have offered yet; an hour or two now and again, working in rather course cotton which covers the ground quickly, and then something to keep and enjoy for all time.

Cream linen has been chosen as the medium of expression for these lovely patterns for large cloths, and these are their prices:—

63 x 63 inches	22/6
72 x 72 inches	25/-
72 x 90 inches	27/6
72 x 106 inches	30/-
Napkins, 17 x 17 inches	1/9
Napkins, 24 x 24 inches	2/-

All prices include hemstitched hems or spoke-stitched edges for lace. State clearly which you require. Hems reduce the sizes by four inches at least.

As you may care to make a supper cloth to match, or as an extra piece for your box, we can send you, in either white or cream linen, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6; 45 x 45 inches, 12/6; and 54 x 54 inches, 17/6.

Napkin prices in white are the same as the cream, above. These prices also are for hemstitched hem or spoke-stitching.

IN COLORS: Sweet shades of blue, yellow, green, or pink, we can send you the 36 x 36 inches only for 6/-, hemstitched or spoked. Napkins, in colors, 17 x 17 inches, 1/6; 22 x 23 inches, 1/9.

Other Sizes: If you have a table which requires a size not in the above list, write and obtain a quotation for it.

Suggested Threads

CREAM linen will be your principal choice for these designs, and you will find that an ecru thread gives a truly lovely effect on the cream background. Use F.609 or F.610, in rather a course number, 18 or 20.

For white embroidery use the usual white threads in the same size; on colored linen, working in a slightly deeper shade of the same color as the linen is always very handsome.

An exactly-matching thread is also excellent, and realistic colors of red, pinks, or yellows, and green leaves, will work up very happily.

The design is drawn for cut embroidery, which is everyone's favorite: it is so easy to do, so strong, and so suggestive of rich lace over the dark wood of a dining-table, that its effect is enchanting.

A bowl of roses or fruit in the centre, a pair of tall candlesticks on the table or a bright electric globe high above, all are perfect dinner arrangements, suitable alike for a banquet-like repast or a delicious little meal you have cooked yourself for your friends.

Hems or Lace

THERE are hemstitched hems if you wish, and these are in very good taste with the advantage of saving time in the making of the cloths. If you have a beautiful piece of crochet lace which would look well on the edge, choose the spoked edge so that you may whip on the lace with a professional finish.

If your lace is one of those treasured pieces put away for something specially good, now is the time to use it; probably it is white if it has been made for some time, and it can easily be tinted to match your new cream linen or ecru thread by dipping it in a solution of tea-leaves or strained coffee, both very simple and harmless dyes.

If you decide to buy lace for your cloth, you will find some really lovely laces available in widths to suit every taste; choose lace of the torchon type, or heavy Cluny, as these are the accepted styles for table wear. A heavy point lace or a honiton would be magnificent, but these are rare possessions, for we do not now make them for pastime.

Lovely Stitchery

THE flowers are large, semi-single roses, ideal for rich, soft stitching round their petals. Where the double lines occur, run in a few rows of padding-stitches, and then buttonhole the outer petals and satin-stitch the inner ones.

This allows the cutwork to appear in small pieces outside the flower, but the inner petals are not required to support cutting, so can be satined. Then the richly-packed centres of the flowers can be filled with satin-stitched stamens in odd shapes and dots. The flowers thus provide scope for smooth, lustrous threadwork of great beauty, but very simple to work.

The leaves should next be stitched by buttonholing again, over one running thread; the stitches need not be so deeply taken as on the flowers, as the leaves do not require the emphasis of the blossoms and are better in effect when they are more flatly treated by very even stitching all round. Buds are worked like leaves all round, and like the petals where the petal is showing through the opening.

Veins are satin-stitched in the main line, and outlined in the branches. Very few bars appear in the design, but a few have been inserted for strength and variety. Work them over three foundation threads, and add picots if possible.

Tiny, curved pieces of cut embroidery occur at intervals round the pattern; they are easily and quickly buttonholed over one thread, with the knotted edge of the stitching kept inwards to protect the cut space from fraying. Place a picot on each curve. These little picots do not appear in the stamped linen; they are left for your own choice. If you decide to add them, take a pencil before you start sewing and make a dot in the right spots for them.

NEW NEEDLEWORKERS: Novices need not be afraid to attempt this design; it is so easy and so simple that one cannot make a serious mistake.

Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.

Daggett & Ramsdell

"I know, Mrs. Wills. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later.

I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'—'*Califig*.' There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit.

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Wills.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613858

IT'S EASY..

Everything is EASY, after a spoonful of SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT. It supplies in abundant measure, the vitamins and minerals essential to complete bodily nourishment. Taken regularly, after meals, it aids the assimilation of other foods, thus preventing INDIGESTION, the chief cause of so many childish ills.

after SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

AIDS DIGESTION—BUILDS THE BODY

SELCHEIM

LAUGHTER Instead of Tears

THE "magic" of making a really "weepy" mood disappear with Laxettes—seems like magic, but is extremely scientific. Laxettes go direct to the cause, which in nine cases out of ten is nothing more or less than constipation. Laxettes swiftly, gently eliminate constipation without the slightest strain or upset. Kiddies love Laxettes because they taste of nothing but the finest chocolate. Try a large tin 1/6, or a sample tin 6d., but make absolutely certain you get the genuine Laxettes by asking for "a tin — a TIN of Laxettes."

LAXETTES

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

Making the Summer Safer and Happier for Baby!

By MARY TRUBY KING

The best preventive of summer diarrhoea is breast-feeding. The death-rate is infinitely lower among naturally-fed babies than among artificially-fed ones, and they have a far greater resistance to disease.

Added to which, if a naturally-fed baby becomes ill he recovers much more quickly than his artificially-fed cousin.

A BABY may contract summer diarrhoea if the mother is not very careful to wash her hands thoroughly before preparing the milk-mixture; or if she neglects to protect the milk from flies, or allows flies to walk over baby's bottle; or fails to keep the milk-mixture cool between feeds.

She should pay scrupulous attention to the sterilisation of feeding utensils.

Remember that babies who suffer from constipation very readily get diarrhoea, so keep baby's bowels normal.

There is great danger in over-feeding. It is the commonest cause of digestive and nutritional disturbances in early infancy, so do not treat your baby as if it were a lamb which had to be fattened for the market.

Test-Weigh Every Feed

SHOULD a breast-fed baby have any looseness of the bowels, the mother should test-weigh at every feed for 24 hours, to ascertain if he is receiving too much food. It is a simple matter then to cut down the time at the breast, and give baby a little boiled water from a bottle before each feed.

It is necessary to test-weigh, because frequent motions are sometimes caused through under-feeding, though in this case the motions are small, not large as in the case of over-feeding.

Should baby pass a green motion, watch the next motion carefully. If the second motion is likewise, especially if it is loose and passed quite soon after the first, a dose of castor oil should be given, **and a doctor consulted immediately.**

The average dose of castor oil for a baby is one ordinary teaspoonful, but a weak baby may do with less.

Boiled Water Only

WHILE waiting for the doctor's orders, give nothing but warm, BOILED water.

Do not think baby will starve. He has a lot of reserve to carry him over till the sickness is passed. Giving baby milk at such a time will only prolong his illness and make it graver. Let him go at least 12 hours without food, but see that his fluid is kept up with boiled water, given quite frequently.

If the mother has been careful to give the dose of oil before baby becomes really ill, in all probability the motions will clear up in the 12 hours and baby will appear his normal self again.

Do not rush him with food, however. Give him a few ounces of boiled water at the next feed, followed by only a few minutes at the breast.

At the following feeding-time, give a little less water and a little longer at the breast, and very gradually work baby back on to full feedings. In some cases it might take a week to get back with safety.

Fruit juices should not be given during an attack of diarrhoea; but they can be begun again when the motions have been quite normal for three days.

Discontinue Fats

FAT is not well tolerated in cases of diarrhoea.

If baby is being artificially fed, discontinue the fat, whether it is in the form of emulsion, "top milk," or plain cod-liver oil.

When baby has recovered, re-introduce the fat element VERY GRADUALLY—say, one level teaspoon of emulsion in the 24 hours, increasing by about half a teaspoon a day till the total amount in baby's normal recipe is reached.

Go even more slowly than this if you find it necessary. Use your common sense, being guided by baby's motions and general condition and appearance. It is better to err on the side of giving slightly too little than slightly too much.

After the period on boiled water only, if baby is artificially fed, give one feed of 1 part of boiled **humanised** milk to 4 parts of boiled water. For the next two feeds, give 2 parts of boiled **humanised** milk to 2 parts of boiled water. For the next feed, if all goes well, give full strength **humanised** milk.

Remember that all humanised milk-mixtures have a low caloric (fuel) value when no emulsion is given. On this account it is unwise to continue diluting the already humanised milk any longer than is absolutely necessary.

Safety First

WHEN baby has diarrhoea, BOIL the milk-mixture for at least 10 minutes the first day. Gradually reduce the time of boiling as the motions improve till you are boiling for only the requisite three minutes.

Older children threatened with diarrhoea should be treated in much the same way. Give the initial dose of castor oil, and follow it by nothing but boiled water for at least half a day. Then give boiled milk, diluted with rice water for two or three meals.

To make rice water, soak 4 level teaspoons of rice in 6 quarts of warm water for an hour. Boil, and keep just about the boil for three hours. While hot, strain through boiled muslin into a scalded jug.

After this, work gradually back onto a normal diet, using easily digested foods.

In all cases of diarrhoea, refer to your nearest Mothercraft Nurse.

CLEVER IDEAS

A COOL PANTRY: If your pantry window faces the sun, try keeping it cool by rubbing your blue-bag over the pane. It will keep it fresh and cool, and so keep your stores in good condition.

MARKING LINEN: When marking linen and other goods, first moisten the article with cold water starch, so that you have a good, smooth surface. And see that the nib you use isn't scratchy.

CRACKED EGGS: Cracked eggs can be boiled quite easily by wrapping them in greaseproof paper—twisting it firmly at both ends. Boil for an extra five seconds to allow for the paper.

WASHING DISHCLOTHS: Dishcloths should be washed after use. Spread them out flat to dry and sprinkle a few drops of vinegar over them. This destroys any unpleasant smell.

FRESH FLOWERS: You will find your flowers will keep fresh so much longer if, instead of putting them into cold water, you let them stand in lukewarm water to which a pinch of salt has been added.

INK STAINS ON FINGERS: When you get ink stains down your nails, stick your fingers into the cut half of a tomato, work them round in the juice, and the stains will come out easily. Wash well afterwards with soap and water.

SPONGE REJUVENATION: If your sponge has gone slimy you will find that an overnight soaking in a bowl of undiluted vinegar will work wonders for it.

PRESERVE YOUR ORANGES: Oranges are delicious just now, but soon we will be paying high prices for them, so why not try your hand at preserving them? All you need is a wooden box and some dry sand, then place the oranges well apart in layers, separating each orange and each layer with plenty of clean, dry sand. By this method the fruit will be preserved from air and moisture, and will retain its true flavor almost indefinitely.

DAMP SHOES: When you get your shoes wet, don't put them near the fire to dry, as that will ruin the shape, but try filling them with warm bran, which will absorb all the moisture.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with the pulse-stirring reds so effectively used by the South Seas enchantress

10/6

During, coaxing South Sea colour for lips ...entirely without pastiness. That is TATTOO! Apply it...let it set...wipe it off...only the COLOUR remains...smooth ...even...lasting...and the lips, instead of becoming disappointingly dry and harsh, are made desirably soft. Tattooed lips *can't* chap! Actually try all five TATTOO shades ...at the Tattoo Colour Selector in your favorite store. You are sure to find an exciting new shade, more flattering than the one you are now using. Yes, chances are, you will!

CORAL...EROTIC...NATURAL...RASTEE...HAWAIIAN

Send 1/6 for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Doward & Co., Pty. Ltd., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. 1.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

Regular Habits mean easier teething

It is vitally important to avoid even slight constipation during teething. For over 100 years mothers have found that nothing equals Steedmans, the safe gentle aperient for keeping the blood cool. Invaluable up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman and Co., Walworth Road, London, England.

Combat the menace of 'flu

Fortify the tired and devitalised body, give the blood and tissues the nourishment they must have, and your chances of getting 'Flu (or other serious illness) will be greatly lessened. Wincarnis, the fine old tonic wine, enriches the blood . . . tones up the tissues . . . and therein constitutes an effective defence against dread 'Flu. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle *to-day*. Quarts 7/3. Pints 4/3.

WINCARNIS

Puts *Young Blood* in your veins

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE OVE

Smart Accessories You Can Make at Little Cost

SKILFULLY - CHOSEN accessories can give a smartness and chic to the plainest frock, while ill-chosen, ill-matching accessories can ruin the effect of the most expensive outfit.

IF you are looking for something extra smart to wear with a plain tailored frock or lightweight spring suit, consider the smart trio suggested here—bag, shoes and belt fashioned of duck, a strong serviceable and very attractive material.

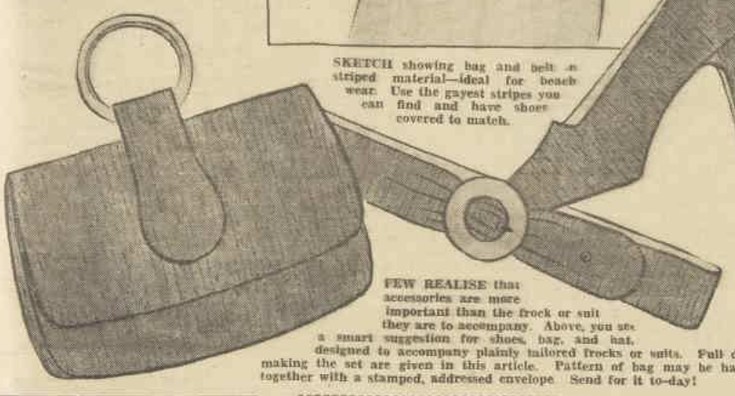
This is obtainable in green, brown and natural and any number of striped patterns, at a moderate cost.

The materials you will need for the set are as follows: A piece of duck measuring 36 x 36 inches; ½ yard of rather stiff tailor's canvas; ½ yard lining (a plaid gingham in green, white and yellow was used for the original); a plain white bangle and a round white buckle for the belt; and the bag pattern which costs 4d., plus a stamped addressed envelope.

Nearly everyone has a pair of evening court shoes, discarded because of the shabby uppers. well, trot them out they are about to start on a new lease of life!

From the duck material cut a ½ yard and take this along with your shoes to a shoe shop where they will be re-covered for about 6/6.

SKETCH showing bag and belt in striped material—ideal for beach wear. Use the gayest stripes you can find and have shoes covered to match.



FEW REALISE that accessories are more important than the frock or suit they are to accompany. Above, you see a smart suggestion for shoes, bag, and hat, designed to accompany plainly tailored frocks or suits. Full details for making the set are given in this article. Pattern of bag may be had for 4d., together with a stamped, addressed envelope. Send for it to-day!

Making the Bag

CUT the bag pattern from the duck, lining and canvas, omitting the strip that joins front and back of bag and the handle piece in canvas.

Remember to allow for turnings when cutting and match all notches.

Line the handle-strap with duck and machine to the centre of largest bag piece, threading the bangle through and allowing the strap to be slack enough in the centre for the bangle to move easily.

Lay this piece wrong-side down on the table, put lining on top with right-side facing, then canvas on top of all. Tack all three together, then machine all round, leaving flap end open. Press, turn inside out; turn in the flap-end neatly, and tack. Make up the front of bag in the same way, line remaining strip of duck, then, very neatly, tack between back and front of bag. Machine all round bag close to the edge, going over all the tacked parts. Remove tackings, and press bag.

Cut a piece each of duck and lining measuring 9 x 4 inches and make into a little purse, fasten with a press stud.

From the remaining duck cut a strip measuring 34 x 6 inches, and from the canvas, a strip 34 x 2½ inches. Fold duck over, place canvas between, turn in raw edges of duck. Shape oval at one end of belt, turn in edges and machine all round ¼ inch in from edge. Press, sew the buckle to straight end of belt, and make three eyelet holes at opposite end, 1½ inches apart.

When finished, take your bag to a bag store and have a plain fastener put on. This will cost about 2/-.

Color Suggestions

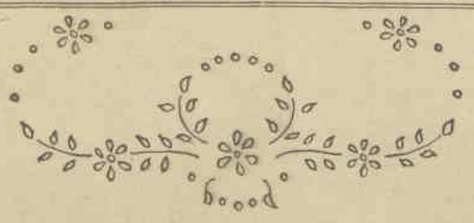
THIS set in dull green duck worn with a natural color plain tailored frock will, believe me, look stunning. Choose a hat to match exactly the color of frock.

For those who can't wear natural shades for their frocks, choose a tan or pastel-green.

A brown set would look simply chic with dusty-pink, turquoise-blue or corn-yellow.

Striped duck is most suitable for seaside wear, as it is so very gay. And if you are planning an early summer holiday to your favorite beach, then take a white linen frock, make your three-piece set in the gayest stripes you can find and you will be the most dashing thing in sight.

The original set cost just under 15/-. Very reasonable for shoes, bag and belt, don't you think? And it could cost you less if you already happened to possess a suitable buckle or piece of lining.



FOR DAINTY EYELET embroidery, this design on a 15 x 15 transfer-sheet is very sweet. Use it on baby garments, lingerie, etc. Picture shows one of the three 9 x 4 sprays included on each sheet. Transfer costs 1/-.

The Secret of Seductive Lips

Michel

● Don't wonder about appealing lips! Have them! Michel will give you the soft, warm tempting lips you envy in others. Its colors are flattering, vivid. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, unlined. Its assured permanency gives you lip lure for hours at a time. Beware of imitations. Genuine Michel has the name on the case!

●

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid Raspberry Cherry

SIZES:—Large—Popular

Michel adherent compact rouge gives a flattering complexion. Michel cosmetique glorifies the eyes. Is waterproof, non-irritating.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

DOROTHY WILL NEVER BE EXTRAVAGANT AGAIN

Gay colours soon lose their gaiety, become faded and streaky, when rubbed with ordinary soaps. But with PERSIL's active oxygen-charged suds there's no rubbing - all the dirt is removed without the slightest damage to the lovely colours.

Persil

BE SURE YOU BUY THE GENUINE PERSIL

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Keep Colours FRESH with PERSIL

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!

Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. suffered 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless — as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience :—

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark

BISMAG

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

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OUR FASHION SERVICE *and* Concession Pattern

Patterns for all styles featured on this page now available

PLEASE NOTE:

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. in stamps.

BOLERO SUIT

WW1321.—Dressy suit with a smart new bolero. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 5/8th yards for bolero and skirt, 2½ yards for blouse and sash. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEATED SUIT

WW1322.—Pleats in the ever-popular two-piece suit. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

USEFUL FROCK

WW1327.—Neat, smart design for girls aged 6 to 16 years. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

PRETTY NIGHTGOWN

WW1328.—Very dainty nightgown, with sweet puff sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3⅝ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SMART AND NEAT

WW1323.—Slim, trim, and neat design, with smart sleeves. Very easy to make. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR LARGER FIGURES

WW1324.—A very becoming style. Contrast is introduced very smartly. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1¼ yards contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TRIM SUIT

WW1325.—This smart little suit has the new sleeves and chic coat. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING GOWN

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BETTY'S "*Racey*" NARRATIVES!

There's Money in this Racing Game, but the Trouble is that it Stays In!

By BETTY GEE

You've got to have your head screwed on the right way if you go racing or you'll let a pot boil over or something.

Look at me. I decided to follow McCarten, and for a while I did, with a little mixed success. But when it came to the psychological race and there's a big day's spending in town just waiting to be grabbed, what do I do? I drop him like an adder! And he wins at 8 to 1!!

I'm thinking of taking a course of Pelmanism, but Dickie, the wretch, says you've got to have some grey matter to start that on.

AFTER figuring out that Maurice McCarten had been lucky lately, and likely to do big things, I heard Freddie Jones had sent an S O S to Mr. Greenwood, the owner of Cyrillian, to hasten to Sydney. He was there for Canterbury on Saturday, all right, and so was I, and had £12 to £1 Cyrillian. She was in the lead with Stalin all the way, but the Russian dictator was too strong for her and beat her into second place, despite Maurice's hard riding.

Only then I realised my money should have been on the tote and I would have shown a good profit.

Bad Omen, Good Luck!

I FIND it is rather a good policy to bet first and look at barrier numbers afterwards. Anyhow, those who waited for the draw were the moaners after the second Park States. They had seen Prince's Son with No. 14 and didn't bet. I "went in blind" for £2/10/- to £1, and when his No. 14 went up the bookie wouldn't give me back my money.

But Maurice had him hopping smartly, and he got up in the last stride to down Cistura by a head. He'll do me!

Mrs. Brenda Forsyth, Dick Wootton's daughter, told me after the race that Dad had cut out his investment altogether when he found he had No. 14 and the books quoted 7 to 4.

See how very dangerous it is to know too much on the racecourse?

System To Rescue

My system rule which bans anything under 2 to 1 came to the rescue in the Canterbury Stakes. I badly wanted to back Cuddle, but the "books" wouldn't let me with their 6 to 4.

Arachne was at 2 to 1 so, of course, what could I do but have £2 to £1 about her, and when she beat Cuddle by a throat strap and I was boasting about my shrewd judgment in picking the right one, Dickie was mean enough to say it was my rule that saved me.

Needless to mention he backed Cuddle. And, of course, swears the should have won, but for bad luck. The judge, I told him, pays on first past the post and not on luck.

But what happened to me in the Flying Handicap, the next race, wasn't mere bad luck—it was a massacre.

I had the tip about Siren, and got £5 to £1, and she was running behind the leader, Questionnaire, when suddenly there was a scatter and Siren was knocked up in the air, and then thrown down like a bunger. Of course, it put her out of the race.

That such a heinous offence should be committed against the horse of a committeeman of the A.J.C., Mr. Pat Osborne, no less, and one that I've backed, is, to say the least of it, an outrage.

Those "books!" They're that stingy with their prices; worse than a butcher who short-weights your Sunday joint. Anyhow they did themselves no good in the Guineas, because when they had both Custos and Tonga beneath my 2 to 1 limit I simply had to go for Billy Boy with a half-note investment, and had the satisfaction of collecting £4/10/- instead of losing my money on the favorites.

I hope that'll be a lesson to them for the rest of the Spring, the niggards.

Mrs. Allt worked out Curator for the Canterbury Handicap on the Chinese Puzzle and told me, and I put 10/- on at 20 to 1. Curator gave us a great thrill. He led right to the last half furlong but then his wind gave out, and now I'm siding with Japan against China, over Manchukuo.

Missed McCarten

I stuck to Maurice McCarten for the third Park Stakes because he was on Bonnie Rion and I heard Percy Miller (not the breeder, but the Stock Exchange Percy) say it "goes best on this course."

Well, if Saturday's its best, it might as well stop off all courses, for all the chance it has of winning. Haughty Clare won and I heard Bobbie Lewrie running round telling how he'd got £100 to £3, and Bonnie Rion was only third, and I got nothing. Some fellows have all the luck, don't they?

I heard Mr. Theo Marks telling the so-handsome, English Colonel Hubert Hamilton that Kilfern was the best horse in the last race, so I hied me in haste to the ring and had £10 to £2.

And only when Imbiber came along to take it off him by a head did I realise that I'd missed Maurice McCarten. He rode Imbiber, and the price was 7 to 1, Dickie told me.

I haven't stopped kicking myself yet. *Randwick opens its new season with Tattersall's on Saturday. Be careful my dears, it's a bookies' day generally you know, so take my tip and touch the harp with only the finger tips.*

If Gold Rod runs in the Chelmsford they've got as much chance of taking it off him as the little Shetland ponies at the Zoo. But if he doesn't run be on Sylvandale, because a bird whispers that owner Lorna Doone gets home just in time from a world tour to witness his grand re-entry into the winning list.

And if Maurice McCarten gets aboard Cerne Abas I want to warn you to have a little on this New Zealander. She might be the stepping-stone to some nice, expensive confections.

For the Tramway Handicap Windbird's the tip if a bit of luck blows his way. Bill Henderson told somebody who carried word to our butcher boy. He owns it, and says Peter Riddle used to win heaps of seven furlong races with him, so why shouldn't he, now he's bought him? I can't see any reason why, either.

Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG15 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

TOKEN CG 15

CUT OUT NOW AND KEEP IT CAREFULLY WITH YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN BB 33

Here is Token BB33 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

Here is Token D50 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

TOKEN D 50

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

WHEN *His Majesty* Goes CRUISING

Luxury of Home on £280,000 Luxury Yacht

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Correspondent in London

The King's determination not to be foiled in his long-planned holiday concentrated public attention on the world's latest luxury yacht, the Nahlin, belonging to millionairess Lady Annie Henrietta Yule, widow of the late Sir David Yule, the Scot who made a fortune in Calcutta.

THE Nahlin, on which His Majesty the King is at present cruising in the Adriatic, is variously estimated to have cost £158,000 to £280,000, probably nearer the latter figure when fully furnished.

There are eight staterooms, each with a private bathroom, a finely-equipped gymnasium, a smoking-room ballroom with a specially-made floor, a swimming-pool and fine deck space. She has already practically circumnavigated the globe and is a fine sea craft.

Before she sailed, the Nahlin took aboard 36 cases of champagne, 36 cases of gin, several dozen cases of beer, quantities of light French wine, rum for the crew, several cases of whisky, quantities of soft drink, a large new refrigerator, four dozen kidneys and several sides of bacon (kidneys and bacon are one of the King's favorite breakfast dishes).

Also shipped were new outfits for the crew, boxes of gramophone records, a large medicine-ball, ping-pong sets, an all-wave receiving set and a short-wave transmission set, a portable typewriter (the King uses a typewriter for most of his correspondence), a gramophone and a variety of general stores.

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A new generation of farmers

Growing up on farms and stations in all parts of the State are boys who later will become the mainstay of the State's prosperity. Rapid changes are taking place around them: new farming methods and machinery are being evolved: markets, too, are changing. But these lads are resourceful . . . and adaptable. Already they are planning for the day when they will own a property — "their own." No finer evidence of this can be found than in the continued success of the Junior Farmer Movement.

The Rural Bank, too, is adapting itself to changing times . . . looking forward to helping the farmers of the future just as it is helping their parents at the present time.

Meantime the Bank appreciates the support of the general public in the useful work it is doing and welcomes further business. Interest-bearing Fixed Deposits can be made and cheque accounts opened at all branches.

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Commissioners: C. R. McKERIHAN *President,* H. ROGERS, P. KEARNS

FARMER'S

WHITE PUNCHED Leather Sandals—cuban heels. Halfs 2 to 7. Price, **13/9.**

WHITE LEATHER Sandal, black or brown binding, cuban heels. ½'s, 2-7. **13/9.**

Important White Imports

Transcontinental sports shoes, the kind you see stepping out of any airliner in America or the Continent, because they are shapely, cool and as comfortable as your bedroom slippers. Never again at **13/9**

Shoe Salon, Third Floor, Pitt Street

LAY-BY TOYS for Xmas! 1/- in 5 Dep.

This is "Marie"

Of Dionne Quintuplet fame. Emelie, Yvonne, Cecile and Annette are here, too. Lovely, imported dolls, dressed in organdi copies of exact frocks worn by the "quins" themselves. With sleeping eyes, lifelike complexions. **42/-**

Latest 1936 Model "Airflow"

With powerful clockwork engine purring, lights gleaming, it breaks every speed rule of the nursery floor as it dashes along. And lo! A snap of the switch and a patent "radio" gives forth gentle, soothing music. 14" long. 7/- Dep. to lay-by **32/6**

Price Precedent in basic summer frocks

Flower printed crepes and polka dots that you can wear to town or anywhere and feel well-dressed. Dark grounds, fresh whites, a stab of scarlet. Kilting and pleats are important fashion details. POPULAR SALON, SECOND FLOOR

Floral Marocain (*left*) kilted neck and sleeves. Black, brown, blue. Sizes 34, 36, 38. 19/11.

Spotted Frock (*centre*) white collar, scarlet cord. Navy/white, black/white. 34-36-38. 18/11.

Tailored Floral silk (*at right*) pleated skirt. Navy, brown, blue, white. 34-36-38. 16/11.

4/11

And last year the price was way up at 19/6

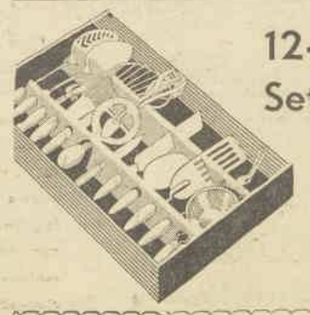
'Paris Form' miracle 'Lastex' yarn featherweight fabric of elastic sponge cloth, light restriction where needed. This price can never be repeated. Medium and large sizes only. Lay-by!

The brassiere, only 2/11

Liberty Brassiere of cool lace and satin. 32, 34, 36

Section on the Ground Floor

American made "Lastex" yarn step-ins at quarter last year's price!



12-Piece Kitchen Sets clear at 14/11

12 splendid utensils and every one of them indispensable in the modern kitchen. With green or red lacquered handles. Firmly packed in gift container, all for 14/11. Yes, you could lay-by for Christmas.

On Lower Ground Floor
Country Carriage Extra

Indisputably city bred

Dashing young straw you'll simply adore

12/11

With a flat crown and a debonair dip to the brim. Faille ribbon piping and tails. Black, navy and brown. On the Third Floor.

Soul of Femininity

Georgette blousette, light as a breath of wind. Pristine white, finely pleated ruffles picot edged in blue, black, red. S.W. and W. **10/11**

Neckwear, Ground Floor

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RISING STAR

By Alice Duer Miller

Begin this brilliant serial now . . . of two beautiful women in search of a film career

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

"Oh, Mr. Beach," said Felicia, "I think I love you." And she began to cry.

GLORIA BEACH, beautiful society woman, told by a movie director in a weak moment that she is a perfect screen type, makes plans for a career in Hollywood.

Leonard Beach, her husband, a banker, tries to make Gloria see that the director was only being polite, which merely infuriates his wife and makes her more determined.

Felicia Alderby, nurse to Gloria's daughter, is a member of the household, and one night Beach and Felicia are discussing Gloria's sudden decision to go into films.

Now read on:

FELICIA hesitated. She felt a strong impulse coming over her to give advice. She never knew whether this impulse represented the best or the worst in her nature, and usually judged herself afterwards by how well or badly her advice had worked.

"Mr. Beach," she said, sliding to the edge of her leather chair and leaning forward, "would you mind my telling you something that I think?"

"That I ought to have a glass of hot milk and go to bed?" He smiled at her. It was the first time she had noticed his smile; he had handsome, white, even teeth, and his face lit up charmingly. She felt bolder.

"No; what I think is that you oughtn't to oppose Mrs. Beach's going to Hollywood if she wants so much to do it."

The smile faded instantly, like a light turned out. "You don't understand, Miss Alderby. My wife has no talent for acting, no understanding of regular work. She would make a complete failure, and she would suffer over failure more than anyone you ever knew. It would almost kill her."

"But don't you see," said Felicia eagerly, "that that may all be true, and still it would be better to let her try? That's what we ought to say always to the people we love: 'Try, if you must, and I'll be glad if you succeed, and I'll be on hand if you fail.'"

He looked at her gloomily. These were not at all his sentiments, but she pressed on: "If you succeed in stopping her, she will always believe that she might have had a great career, but if you let her go, and, at the worst, she fails, she will come back willing to listen to anything you say. I know when I wanted to study to be a nurse it seemed awfully unlikely I'd ever get anywhere with it, and I don't think my mother approved in her heart, but she did everything to help me. I was so grateful to her, and if I had failed I should have known it wasn't her fault, but my own."

He saw the idea, and still he hesitated. "But to let her go through all that suffering and humiliation, when I could spare her."

"Suffering and humiliation are good for most of us—at least, if they're the result of our own actions."

He was silent for a moment, and then he said: "If she goes, will you stay with Betsy?"

"Oh, yes, I'll stay," she answered. She was surprised to find that really there had never been any doubt about it.

SHE did not know whether or not her words had influenced him, whether or not he had consented to Gloria's going; but a few days later Gloria went. Only a few wisps of white tissue paper on the bedroom floor, where the incompetent Ellen had been packing the trunks, were left as a symbol of her presence. Betsy and her father went to the train to see her off, thus giving Felicia an afternoon off. She spent it renovating her clothes—as good a way as any to prepare for a crisis in life.

Not that any crisis was apparent. She did not see Beach. He breakfasted upstairs in his own quarters, and at the hour when he came home in the afternoon, or didn't, she was usually busy getting Betsy to bed.

Then one morning, coming home from leaving Betsy at her kindergarten, Felicia met him in the hall. He was just going down town, but he stopped short on seeing her.

"Oh, Miss Alderby," he said, "I want to ask your advice about something."

They went into the library and he shut the door. "I have had an offer to rent this apartment for the winter," he said. "A large sum—ten thousand dollars. It would be very convenient for me to have such a sum at the moment. I wondered if you would disapprove of taking a child as young as Betsy to an hotel?"

Felicia was silent. The idea, for some reason, was not agreeable to her. She said, gaining time: "You're dismissing your servants?"

He hadn't thought of that. "Yes, no. Not Sims, of course, who would go with me, and not Jeanne, the cook, who has been with us forever. But she'd probably be glad to take a holiday at my expense. I see you don't approve, but it happens that at the moment I need every cent of ready cash I can put my hands on. Is an hotel out of the question for a child?"

"I was thinking that after you had paid for me and Betsy and Sims and yourself at a New York hotel and given Jeanne a holiday, there wouldn't be much of your ten thousand left."

"Wouldn't there? No, I suppose not." He looked deeply disappointed. "But what else could I do?"

"You could take a small, inexpensive flat."

It didn't sound attractive. "I have no time for house hunting," he answered.

"But I have."

"I could hardly ask you to——"

"But I should enjoy it. Every woman enjoys settling a house. It's fun. I have three hours every morning when Betsy's in school. I could find something."

"Something inexpensive?"

"Yes, of course. That would be the whole idea." She turned at the door. "I don't believe you know, Mr. Beach, that saving money can be almost as much fun as spending it."

He was still staring at her as she shut the door. He had never heard feminine lips utter just those words before.

Felicia started at once to look for an apartment, and almost at once she found what she wanted—not a penthouse, which had been her hope, but a floor in an altered tenement house on the river. It had one good-sized sitting-room with three long windows to the east, three small masters' bedrooms, one servant's room for Jeanne, a room available in the building for Sims, a bright kitchen, and no dining-room at all.

The owner, and even the real-estate agent, when they heard that the prospective tenant was Leonard Beach, the banker, showed a disposition to raise the price, but Felicia was adamant; she would not even bring Mr. Beach to look at it, she said, until they had agreed to her price. They were wax in her firm little hands.

As a matter of fact she never brought Leonard to see it. He wouldn't come. He said he wouldn't know and hadn't time. If she and Sims said it was all right——

She and Sims moved in during one of the long week-ends Leonard spent out of town. He came uptown on Monday afternoon and saw his new dwelling for the first time.

Leonard had been rather spoiled in the matter of residences; he had had, at one time or another, a villa at Cannes, a house in Grosvenor Square, an apartment near the Bois. He expected his new flat to be distasteful to him, but he was prepared to be uncomplaining. He needed every cent of ready money he could lay his hands on. His directors were again going through the motions of selling the bank to a larger and, in Leonard's opinion, less honorable organisation. He was trying to buy every share that came into the market, so that he could be sure of blocking such a plan. Just at this moment Gloria wrote him from Hollywood that she had rented one of the more conspicuous of the local palaces.

"I find," she wrote, "that to get any consideration here at all, you must live with some splendor." Such nonsense, he thought. Splendor, and he was expected to pay the bills. When they were first married he had given Gloria securities amounting to nearly half a million dollars. In those days this seemed none too much for her clothes and charities and personal extravagances. Since then, the capital and interest of this sum had shrunk pitifully. Still, there was enough left to support even Gloria; only, she never thought of spending her own money on anything but her own clothes. All the economies were left to Leonard.

He had come home prepared to be uncomplaining, but looking about the room he found himself delighted. On one side an open fire was blazing; on the other, through the long windows, a full yellow moon was rising behind one of the bridges. There were a few flowers about; a bridge-table set for his solitary dinner was drawn near the fire, and on a table at his elbow was the very book he had been reading before he went out of town.

"Why, Sims," he said, "this is wonderful!"

"Very nice and homelike, isn't it, sir? Miss Alderby has worked very hard, sir. Jeanne has one of her French phrases for it; she says Miss Alderby has 'a happy hand.'"

"Where is Miss Alderby?"

"She's out, sir."

"Out," said Beach, and his tone sounded so displeased that Sims hastened to explain that Miss Alderby had been very much tied down lately, and that he and Jeanne had urged her to take an evening off, now that they were settled. "It is only natural, sir, at Miss Alderby's age, she should need a little recreation with her friends now and then."

"Of course, of course," said Beach, but he still sounded dissatisfied, and Sims remembered something.

"Oh, I believe Miss Alderby left a note for you, sir. I'll get it."

A NOTE? Leonard's heart sank. Why should she write him a note unless she were leaving? Her family were ill—no, she would have told Sims that. What could she be writing about? His eyes snapped to the letter in Sims' hand as he came back; it was a thick letter. What could it be?

He tore it open. It was a monthly budget. There seemed to him something inexpressibly touching about her having drawn up a budget. No one had ever done such a thing in his household.

Please turn to Page 41

She's Falling in Love

COURAGE

There's beauty
In a storm
That shakes the trees
And twists their boughs
And strips them
Of their leaves—
But there's little beauty
In the storms
Of grief and fear
That shake
The human heart—
Beauty lies then,
Not in the storm,
But in the strength
With which our weakness
Bends,
And bears the weight.

By Doris Caesar.

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A Complete Book-Length Novel

MARRY *for* LOVE

By EDWARD VIVIAN TIMMS

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARRY FOR LOVE

By Edward Vivian Timms

IN the sombre library of his house in Park Lane, Peter Colburn, millionaire rubber magnate, drummed his square-tipped, heavy fingers impatiently upon the polished table before him. He was an impatient man when not dealing with business matters; and his rugged features, of the bulldog type, showed plainly his displeasure. He glanced at his watch and frowned. Then he pressed a button.

"Wilkins, has my son returned yet?" he snapped.

"Yes, sir," replied Wilkins in soft respectful tones. "Mr. James has just garaged his car . . ."

"Then tell him I want to speak to him. Where has he been? No! Don't you dare answer that question! Confound you, Wilkins! Are you grinning at me?" Peter Colburn glared at the impassive face of the man before him.

"Grinning, sir? Me? Mr. Colburn, sir, I never grin." Again the reply was softly deferential; but upon the "never" there was a faint emphasis.

"Then try it for a change! Get out and tell James," fumed the millionaire. He clipped a cigar, and then dashed it down impatiently. "Three o'clock in the morning . . ." he rumbled aggressively. "I'll give that cub something to think about . . . Three o'clock!"

He picked up a telegram from the table and examined it for the nth time. It stated briefly: "Elaine twenty-one to-day," and was signed "Martindale."

"Three o'clock! Outrageous!" came explosively as he read.

The library door opened quietly, and a tall, dark young man moved languidly forward. One glance at his features was sufficient to prove beyond all doubt that John James Colburn was the son of his father. He smiled slightly when he sensed his parent's mood.

"Good morning, sir! You wish to speak to me?"

The rubber magnate started, allowed the telegram to flutter back to the table, and then peered from under lowering brows at the young man beside him.

"Jimmy, this is an ungodly hour for a respectable man to come home; and that's a stupid question to ask."

"One has to say something, I presume," was the mild reply.

"Don't 'one' me, Jimmy! I . . ."

"Certainly not, guv'nor."

"Jimmy, there's a limit to my patience; and to any man's endurance. First you keep me waiting till three o'clock in the morning, and then you have the impudence to call me 'guv'nor.' Confound your impertinence! Sit in that chair and listen to what I have to say to you."

"Certainly, sir. Here, try one of these. Your cigar looks as though it had received rough treatment." Jimmy Colburn grinned as he snapped open his cigarette case. Nevertheless he wondered why his father had waited up for him until this hour. The matter was obviously important; his father's irritability proved that. But as long as he said "Jimmy," and not "James," there was little to fear.

Wilkins approached silently, wheeling forward coffee and sandwiches. Peter Colburn grunted with exasperation.

"Bless my eyes! What's this now? Coffee! Wilkins, don't you know I take coffee with my breakfast—not before it?"

"Yes, sir," Wilkins passively replied. He wheeled the coffee to a convenient position.

"Thanks, Wilkins—good of you," drawled Jimmy.

For a brief moment a twinkle appeared in Peter Colburn's deep-set eyes. Then he growled.

"Er, thanks, Wilkins. Now clear out!"

Wilkins, however, did not "clear out." He walked from the room in his customary dignified manner. The door closed behind him.

"Confound the coffee! Jimmy, listen to me! How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, actually, but at this moment fully eighty," and Jimmy smothered a yawn.

"It's time you married!" snorted his father.

"I have long known it." Jimmy smiled and stirred thoughtfully.

"WHAT do you mean—long known it?" demanded Peter Colburn.

"At my age one knows these things instinctively. However, I have no intention of marrying at present. No, thanks!"

"Your mistake, Jimmy. You're going to be married."

"I'm to be married?" Jimmy's eyes betrayed his interest.

"You are. It has been arranged for many years. Didn't bother to tell you before. Wasn't necessary. Your future wife is twenty-one to-day."

"Ah! She is twenty-one to-day, is she? Well, this is not without interest. Have I seen this future wife of mine?"

"No, she's not a London butterfly—or fire-fly . . ."

"I haven't seen her—don't know her. I merely have to marry her, eh?"

"You have to do just that, Jimmy. Now don't grin like that! I want you to do this for me. I expect you to do it. I insist . . ."

"Don't upset your coffee, sir," Jimmy smiled lazily. "Has the lady in question agreed to marry me?"

"She'll have to. Her father and I have arranged the matter. Jimmy," a faint pleading crept into the harsh voice, "it has been our ambition to see you two children married. The ambition of two old men. The son of one—the daughter of the other . . ."

"But, dad, we may not care for each other."

"Rubbish, Jimmy. Stuff and nonsense! Of course you will care for each other. Now don't begin to argue with me. You keep me waiting till this unearthly hour; you are flippant, almost impertinent; and when I ask you to do a simple thing you begin to argue."

"But this is not a simple thing. I apologise for the late hour, of course. But as to marrying a woman who is a complete stranger to me—well, I couldn't be expected . . ."

"Hang it, James; are you trying to tell me that you—that you object?" and Peter Colburn lifted his heavy square frame from his chair and glowered down at his son.

Jimmy stared through, not at, the aggressive figure before him. He appeared to be wrapped in thought. His lips moved.

"Strange . . . absurd . . . impossible . . ." he murmured. Then he looked up and met his father's stare. "A few minutes ago you inquired my age . . ."

"Well?"

"I'll tell you again. I'm twenty-six."

"James, don't be a fool. I know you are twenty-six. I'm sixty-two, and my heart is set upon this union. My life's work—and I have worked, as your eyes will tell you, if you care to look around you—has been for you. Surely, James—why, haven't I given you everything you ever wanted? What would you have, except for me and my graft? Your fine friends, your cars, your horses, your yacht, your exclusive clubs—that would laugh at an old-fashioned fellow like me in spite of my money—all these toys to play with! And when I ask of you the only thing I ever have asked, or wanted, you remind me that you are twenty-six."

"Dad," Jimmy rose to his feet and faced his father, "I would willingly commit murder for you, and you know it; but there is one thing which is sometimes worse than murder, and that is marriage. What a woman's feelings are when she knows she has been bought, I cannot say. Perhaps I can imagine. But I do know what my feelings would be if I were to sit opposite a wife who was merely a possession. I fancy the food would be tasteless. I'd rather be buried alive."

Jimmy resumed his seat, and lit another cigarette.

"James, you are talking utter nonsense," growled his father. "The girl you are to marry is not being bought. She has, or will have, nearly as much as you."

"And when do you want this interesting ceremony to take place?"

THE son regarded the father with narrowed eyes. The father glared resentfully at the son.

"Without delay," came the swift decisive answer.

"Father, I regret to say . . ."

"James—don't be a fool!" Peter interrupted harshly. "If you speak hastily you will regret it. Bless my eyes! The girl's a beauty! She has every quality necessary to make you an ideal wife . . ."

"But why, if this thing has been arranged for years, haven't we been brought together?" protested Jimmy.

"It didn't suit our plans. We had no desire to see you become antagonistic to each other through some foolish youthful quarrel."

"Am I to be permitted to see my fellow-victim before we are yoked together like a pair of oxen?" and Jimmy's lip curled slightly.

"Now that the time has come, you may

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visit your wife-to-be whenever you please. But I want your word now that you will agree to my plans. I didn't wait till this outrageous and impossible hour to be avoided on that point. I take it you are perfectly willing to be sensible?"

"To be sensible?" I assure you, sir, I will endeavor to be that . . . but . . ."

"Well?" again the terse monosyllable.

"I will not promise to marry that lady—any lady—unless she approves of me and I approve of her. You have apparently overlooked one vital thing in this pet scheme of yours."

"And that is?" Peter Colburn's tone was ominous.

"My self-respect, and that of the lady. I take it she is a lady?"

"She is! Every splendid inch of her. Now don't be a fool James. I would ask no man to cheapen his self-respect—least of all my own son. This marriage would not in any way infringe your code of ethics. It couldn't. The marriage is not mercenary. It is to be a tie binding our two houses and fortunes. The girl is her father's pride. He would not agree to any arrangement that savored of the sordid. No, James, we are asking—I mean demanding—nothing dishonorable of you young people. But, like others who have obligations to position and wealth, you and she must shoulder your responsibilities and agree to marry."

"At once? Immediately?" The hard streak had vanished, and Jimmy was his natural jesting self again.

"Just that."

"Where is she?" came very mildly.

"At the other end of England. Why . . ."

"I'll take you at your word . . ."

"Jimmy—my dear lad! I knew you would." Peter beamed upon his son and subsided into his chair.

"FATHER," Jimmy's lips twitched, "I hold you to your word. Produce the lady immediately and I'll marry her."

"Eh . . .? Now, James, don't be a fool! How can I produce her immediately? What do you think I am?"

"Usually a very indulgent parent. I merely agreed to your own terms, but I will extend the time one hour to show I can be generous."

"James," Peter Colburn stormed, "you're a plain fool. And it's my fault! I've indulged your whims till your head's no better than a dab of putty. James, you're an ass! And what's more, you're an ingrateful pup. I want plain yes or no for an answer, and if you don't say yes, look out!"

"I said I'd marry her, didn't I?"

A flicker of hope lighted the deep-set eyes of Peter Colburn. Then it vanished and so did the eyes behind their bushy screen of thick grey hair.

"There you go again!" he shouted. "Will you say yes or no? I warn you not to say no."

"Then for my own sake I must say . . ." Jimmy smiled at his cigarette.

"Bless my eyes—what must you say?" gasped Peter Colburn.

"No."

Peter picked up the telegram and tore it into strips: his lips were thin and bloodless; his mouth hard and straight; his eyes, hard grey pin-points, gleamed with the fury of disappointment.

"James"—it was said so quietly that Jimmy opened his eyes and sat upright—"I thank you for your answer. But as we have nothing in common now, I ask you to take yourself out of my house and out of my life. I wash my hands of you. Your allowance is, of course, stopped. We are strangers."

"Oh, come now, dad . . ." Jimmy saw that his refusal had deeply wounded his father, and the knowledge seared like a hot iron. "We should . . ."

"Not a word, young man!" Peter Colburn pressed the button again. "Wilkins, this gentleman is intruding. Show him out—and don't show him in again."

"Very good, sir," Wilkins replied meekly. He bowed to authority and stood drooping respectfully while John James Colburn walked slowly and thoughtfully from the room. The library door shut noiselessly.

WILKINS shuffled a few steps, turned, and allowed his startled eyes to sweep over the tall athletic figure of his young master.

"Mr. James, sir, permit me to say I am very sorry," he mumbled.

"Thanks, Wilkins, I think we all are; but you are the only one free to admit it."

"Mr. James, sir"—Wilkins hesitated and clasped his hands nervously; a thing Wilkins never did unless under the stress of intense emotion.

"Let's have it, Wilkins," encouraged Jimmy.

"Sir, what will you do? I hope you will pardon me, but . . ."

"Just keep on being a fool, I suppose, Wilkins."

Wilkins looked hurt.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. James," he protested. "I mean—I mean . . ."

"Don't distress yourself, Wilkins. I'll eat, somehow. Here, you might as well have this."

Jimmy handed a wallet of notes to Wilkins; then followed some loose change.

"Oh, Mr. James—I couldn't—you must have money."

"Not that money, Wilkins. My father stresses the point that we are strangers. I cannot accept money from a stranger."

"But, sir, your cars, your horses, your clothes? You will arrange . . ." Wilkins was one who had thought for John James Colburn ever since he was born. He was not taking liberties.

"A mistake, Wilkins. I have no cars, horses, or clothes. These things belong to a gentleman who doesn't know me. I have nothing. As Mr. Peter Colburn has been paying my valet, he is the one to discharge the man. I have no valet. I'll send Mr. Colburn a cheque for the clothes I am wearing just as soon as I can acquire the money. No, not these. Even a fool cannot wear these things during the daytime. Good-bye, Wilkins, and thanks for everything."

Jimmy walked swiftly towards his quarters, leaving Wilkins drooping more than usual. The old servitor stood motionless, his head bowed and the wallet of notes still clasped in his hand. The library door opened cautiously and a fierce voice whispered:

"Wilkins!"

Wilkins jumped as though he had been scalded. Surely Mr. Peter Colburn would not lower himself to eavesdropping?

"Wilkins—come here!" It sounded like the hiss of steam.

"Yes, sir—I'm here, sir," ventured Wilkins. He could not brush his employer aside. The door opened wider.

"Your wishes, sir?"

"What's that you've got in your hand?"

Wilkins flinched; then he flushed; then he mumbled.

"It's a wallet, sir. The strange gentleman who was here left it with me."

"Strange gentleman? Wilkins, confound your impertinence! How dare you call my son a strange gentleman!" Colburn seemed about to explode.

"Sir, you said . . ."

"That will do, Wilkins—that will do! I'm a patient man, but don't try me too far. So the cub is proud as well as foolish, eh?"

"Sir . . ."

"Hold your tongue, Wilkins. I wasn't speaking to you. Wilkins, that boy isn't responsible for his actions. He's weak. Arrange immediately for someone to keep an eye on him. No money, eh? No cars, horses, clothes."

This time it was Peter Colburn who flushed at the mild accusation in Wilkins' eyes.

"Yes, sir, I can arrange it at once . . ."

"Then don't stand there staring like an idiot. Do something."

Wilkins turned and shuffled away.

"Oh, Wilkins . . ." Peter Colburn cleared his throat.

"Sir?"

"Er—thanks, Wilkins."

"Not at all, sir. Good morning, sir."

Colburn scowled at the empty library; then he stumped to the telephone and snatched up the receiver. He moved impatiently while waiting for the exchange. A tired voice asked the number he required.

"Get me Ironcastle. Number? Bless me! Don't keep me waiting! I want Sir Francis Martindale, Martindale Hall. Yes, er, thanks . . ."

"I'll call you," was the patient reply.

A cheerful whistle penetrated to Peter. He looked glumly at the closed door of the library, and then he snorted:

"No money; no home; nothing! Not even the price of a meal in his pocket—and he goes out whistling. The boy's a fool. His mother . . ." He glanced up at the portrait of a lady who seemed to smile sweetly down at him. He winced and fell to pacing up and down the room. The eyes of the lady in the portrait followed him. He had been conscious of those eyes and that smile ever since his son James declined to agree to his plans. He paused before the likeness and threw out an arm apologetically.

"Mary, my dear, he's so obstinate," he complained to the canvas. "You never would agree with me in that respect, and now see what's happened. Bless my soul, Mary, he didn't even bother to inquire who the girl was! He . . ."

THE telephone rang. He hurriedly snatched up the receiver. The lady in the portrait smiled and looked gently down upon him. He averted his eyes and gazed into another corner of the room. There was something uncanny about that portrait. He swore that at times his wife lived again under the master's brush. Whenever he did someone a good turn (and he frequently did) the eyes in the portrait would soften, and the smile became tender and sweet. But if he were unjust or harsh, the eyes would accuse and the mouth condemn. His own fancy, of course; still it was remarkable how the expression of that patient face could alter. At this moment he would not look into the eyes of his wife; he would not face her smile.

"Is that Martindale Hall? Then ask Sir Francis to speak. Eh . . .? Of course he's asleep. Only fools are awake at this hour—I mean—oh, will you do as you're told? Who is speaking? Tell him it's Peter Colburn—the Peter Colburn!"

Another exasperating delay, and then a languid sleepy voice drifted over the wires,

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"Yes, Colburn, how are you? Yes, I recognised your voice . . ."

Peter heard Sir Francis smothering a yawn.

"Francis, there's the devil to pay!" snapped the rubber magnate.

"Always, my dear Peter," agreed the tired voice. "What is the amount?"

"Francis, do be serious. The marriage is off . . ."

"My dear Peter—is this a joke? What? Please explain."

COLBURN detected the anxious note, and he smiled grimly into the receiver.

"Joke . . .? No! My cub won't be married,—that's all."

"Peter . . ." the voice whispered unbelievingly. Sir Francis Martindale was shocked. "How did this happen?"

"I'm not quite sure," growled Peter. "Jimmy—I mean James—said it would give him a headache, or something, to sit opposite a woman . . ."

"Oh, how vulgar . . ."

"Vulgar . . .? Rubbish, Francis. The boy's right,—I mean he's a fool. He didn't actually say that, but he meant it. Did you speak to Elaine?"

"I did, Peter," sighed Sir Francis, "but I confess I cannot make head or tail . . . Really, what I mean is, I'm afraid I don't understand Elaine. Girls to-day, are so different, Peter."

"But what did she say—what did she say?"

"Nothing, Peter. She merely looked at me and walked from the room. I felt most uncomfortable, most . . ."

"Do you mean to tell me, Francis Martindale, that Elaine refused to marry my James?"

"I'm afraid it amounts to that, Peter." There was a world of regret in the tired voice.

"The minx! How dare she refuse to marry my son?" stormed the irate millionaire.

"My dear Peter . . ."—there was the suspicion of a chuckle—"didn't your son refuse to marry my daughter?"

"Eh . . .? Oh, rest and preserve me! What a mess! Is Elaine at home?"

"Naturally. Isn't James?"

"Er—I don't think so, Francis. Er—James is somewhat headstrong . . . Now, don't laugh, Francis—I distinctly heard you laugh. . . ."

"Peter, you sound peevish, my friend. Of course I laughed. I haven't seen James for some years, but I have a good memory. I would never accuse James of being headstrong."

"You don't know that boy, Francis," observed Colburn gloomily. "I can't imagine where he gets his obstinacy from."

"Can't you?" came the dry reply. "Of course you can't, Peter. I can. But what shall we do now, my friend? We seem to have arrived at an impasse. Listen, Peter! I shall be in town this coming week. We'll talk things over. Probably neither of us approached the subject tactfully. It is a delicate matter. Did I hear you snort, Peter? It sounded like it. Perhaps if we brought them together . . ."

"We can't, Francis," groaned Colburn. "Jimmy—I mean James—has gone . . ."

"Peter, do you mean that your son has left his home?"

"He has, Francis—he has, I'm afraid."

"Really, Peter, that is too bad of you!" Sir Francis spoke severely. "We shall probably have endless trouble now. You have marred things badly, my friend . . ."

"Bless my eyes—what nonsense you are talking, Francis! You speak as though I am to blame," gasped Peter Colburn.

"Well, well, Peter. We cannot remedy this evil over the telephone. I will be with you one week from to-day. Good-bye, Peter, good-bye . . ."

"Humph!" Colburn replaced the receiver thoughtfully, and resumed his pacing of the room. After a few turns he shook his head.

"It's no good," he muttered. "I can't think. I'll go to bed and rest. I wonder where that impetuous young ass is now?" Again he looked at his watch. "After four! What a night, or, rather morning. Confound James! How dare he oppose my wishes in this manner? Everything's ruined. It's a debacle. And he had the amazing impudence to whistle! That shows he's a fool, for what sane man would be empty-headed enough to whistle—especially when he has got nothing to whistle about? Oh, don't look at me like that, Mary! He'll come back. I'll bring him back, my dear. After all, he's only a foolish, pig-headed boy."

Wilkins approached as Peter closed the library door behind him. He always shut the door after him. It was a habit drilled into him when he was very young.

"Ah, Wilkins—you have—you know where Mr. James is?"

"No, sir, I regret to say we can find no trace of him. He just vanished."

"He took a suit-case, of course?"

"He took nothing, sir. Only the clothes he was wearing. Not even a cane or gloves."

"Then what the devil was he whistling about? Tell me that."

"I can't, sir. He said to give his respects to Mr. Colburn, the master of this house . . ."

"That will do, Wilkins—that will do! The pup! Let him whistle!"

"Yes, sir," agreed Wilkins meekly.

"A PERFECT mornin', sir." This harmless and truthful observation came from a massive constable as he and John James Colburn collided at the corner of two intersecting streets. The collision was a mild one, but it sufficed to draw the above remark from the guardian of peace and law.

"Oh, perfect—yes, quite," agreed Jimmy absently. In his preoccupied state of mind he had not noticed that it was a perfect morning until the constable skilfully drew his attention to the fact. Nevertheless, Jimmy did not seem greatly to appreciate the change from darkness to light. He looked about him without interest.

"By the way, officer," he said, "would you mind informing me exactly where I am?"

The constable flashed a shrewd glance over the tall, broad-shouldered young man, and in that swift appraisal dismissed some of the doubts which had risen in his mind. He smiled tolerantly as upon one who has been a trifle indiscreet.

"This 'ere, sir, is the Brompton Road. That's Bolton Gardens over there, sir."

"And Piccadilly is where?"

"I'll call a taxi for you, sir . . ."

"No, no, officer! Please do not trouble yourself. I inquired merely out of curiosity." Jimmy deliberately ignored the twinkle in the constable's eye as he endeavored to speak nonchalantly. The policeman pointed in the required direction with a massive digit, and was thanked for his courtesy. Jimmy, conscious of an omission, flushed slightly as he walked away. The constable merely grinned.

"I'll bet he thought me a priceless ass," Jimmy grunted. "John James, you are going to look at life from the same angle as those who haven't go; time to look at it. In other words, you will work before you eat. Lord, what a laugh for the set, if they ever hear of this. Until this moment I never realised why the people insist upon working. I knew it the moment I smelt that infernal steak grilling. As a pedestrian I have discovered another thing, namely, that London is a city of vast and hard distances."

Jimmy's soliloquy snapped off abruptly as the delicate odor of bacon and eggs floated to his nostrils from the dim depths of a Brompton Road eating-house. His hand wandered to a pocket, and then paused. He laughed softly.

"Now, James—as dad would say—don't be a fool. Breakfast, I fear, will have to be postponed until this evening. James, a change has come into your life. You will observe that you are no longer in a position to press a button and demand the luxuries of life. You are an exile, separated by an abyss from that instinctive English morning habit, bacon and eggs. The abyss, of course, is merely an empty pocket; but what else is an abyss, if not that? Ah, the territory is becoming more familiar! That is undoubtedly Prince's. Charming place although I've never indulged . . . I wonder what all the excitement is about? Everybody seems determined to arrive somewhere, and to arrive quickly. No, Prince's is off. It is an unseemly hour. One certainly does see one's city when travelling in a pair of shoes; and it solves another problem, namely, where the pavement ends—it doesn't."

An expensive roadster purred in to the kerb, and its driver stared in amazement at the tall form of Jimmy Colburn.

"I say, Colburn—what on earth are you floating about at this hour for?"

The well-groomed person at the wheel of the rakish machine spoke more in protest than in surprise. Jimmy affected deafness, and strolled on.

"I say, Colburn . . ."

A solid wedge of pedestrians drove in between Jimmy and the voice. He was relieved, and allowed himself to drift with the human tide.

"A case of mistaken identity, obviously," he chuckled. "I know of no Colburn—unless he has mistaken me for the son of Peter Colburn."

Jimmy strolled along as though he were a tourist in a strange land. He glanced with curiosity and interest upon all and sundry, and came to the conclusion that there were at least three Londons; the London of early morning, when the workers advanced in their battalions upon the city; the London of busy afternoon, when the great heart of the city throbbed with fierce energy; the London of romantic night.

HE turned into the Strand, and paused before windows behind which were displayed exquisite examples of the jeweller's craft. A cigarette case of ivory and gold attracted him; but he could not now regard it as a trifle to be added to his almost unique collection of cigarette cases.

"I say, Colburn; have you got bats in the belfry?"

Jimmy breathed a silent prayer when he heard the familiar plaintive voice. He turned. Yes, there was the confounded red roadster; and there, with a pained expression on his face, was Harry Marshmont. Jimmy favored the young man with a glacial stare.

"Pardon me," he said distantly, "but this is the second time you have addressed me this morning. Colburn, I think, was the

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name you mentioned. A mistake, sir. I trust it will not occur again."

"Well, I'll be punctured! Here, Colburn, you blighter, what's the big idea? Are you suffering from an overdose of Mah Jong, or are you . . ."

"Must I repeat that my name is not Colburn? You appear to be normally intelligent, so you should be able to grasp without great difficulty the fact that we are unknown to each other. You will pardon me if I state a simple truth, but I am not in the least interested in you. If you persist in your annoying behavior I shall appeal to the police without delay. Good morning."

"Mad—quite mad!" gasped the bewildered Marshmont, staring after the form of Jimmy Colburn. "I'd better telephone old Peter. This is serious. It is fortunate I decided to test this new machine this morning, otherwise Jimmy would simply have vanished without leaving a trace. I say, officer"—Marshmont indicated the tall form of Jimmy Colburn—"you see that man? Well, keep an eye on him. He has gone batty. Quite harmless, but doesn't know who he is. That young man is Peter Colburn's son."

Jimmy, ignorant that his footsteps were being dogged by a grim representative of British law, walked leisurely, aimlessly, with the crowd.

There were dozens of places to which he could go. His name would . . .! He would not suffer the mild surprise lurking under the lifting eyebrow. Not that, even if circumstances and an empty pocket forced a beard upon him. He would rather marry the wench than hear someone sympathetically exclaim, "My dear Colburn . . ." Confound the old profiteer! Who was the girl?

"I don't even know her name, or where she lives," he ruminated. "She might be either the Duchess of Chutney or some ordinary woman. Probably the latter. She's twenty-one, and the pride of her father's eye. So are millions of others. A poor recommendation, John James. Let's have a peek at these racing cars, anyway. I used to know something about a car. Great gods of speed! I have it . . . I have it! I'll put it over old Bussel; he owes me a job—the fat old pirate . . . By gosh, James, it is a perfect morning. Let's go in and impress Bussel."

"Why, Mr. Colburn? Good morning, sir . . ." A stout, fussy individual lunged massively forward as Jimmy entered. "You have dropped in to inspect our latest—the Flexible Eight—I presume. You will have no hesitation in purchasing this machine, Mr. Colburn, after you have tried it out for yourself. We should be pleased to let you have one to yourself for this morning. Ninety per, and you can hold it with a finger."

"THE price?" Jimmy grinned at the confident manner of Mr. Bussel.

"A bagatelle, sir. A mere nineteen hundred. I don't know how they do it for the money. When you consider—I beg your pardon?"

"Let us discuss this in your sanctum, Mr. Bussel—shall we?"

"With pleasure, sir. This way, sir. This model is the last word in automobile construction. Will you take that chair, sir?" Mr. Bussel courteously proffered cigars selected for customers such as John James Colburn. Jimmy, equally courteous, murmured his thanks.

"Thank you, Mr. Bussel. You select a choice leaf," he said.

"They're decent, Mr. Colburn." Mr. Bussel waved a plump hand as though to suggest that there are cigars and cigars, just as there are clients and clients. "Now, sir, without attempting to flatter you, I'll say there are few men in London as expert and capable as you at a wheel."

"Oh, come now . . ."

"I mean it, Mr. Colburn. You're a wizard with a car, and we know it. Your last performance at Brooklands was an eye-opener, even to an old-timer like myself. Now, this Flexible Eight is a sheer delight even to the novice, but to an experienced man like yourself, well . . ."

"You have plenty of good men to demonstrate the car?"

"That is a point, Mr. Colburn. Naturally, we demand the most skilful men to handle the demonstration and sale of a car of this type. Strange that you should mention it, but we are in a quandary as to whom we shall send to Ironcastle. Ironcastle will be a tough nut to crack with a machine of this class, but even there sales should be recorded." Mr. Bussel smiled. "Now, if we could only secure your services, Mr. Colburn . . ." the genial Bussel laughed lightly at his impossible joke. Mr. John James Colburn laughed with him.

"I presume you would offer me a decent figure," smiled Jimmy blandly. "What would you give me to boom your Flexible Eight in Ironcastle?"

MR. BUSSEL'S prominent eyes twinkled with appreciation of his wealthy client's sense of humor.

"Oh, we'd give you twenty a week and five per cent. commission," he chuckled. "Your name alone would be worth that to us."

"Thanks, Mr. Bussel; I'll take your offer." Jimmy sat back with a contented sigh.

"Eh . . .? I beg your pardon, sir. You'll take my offer, sir?" Mr. Bussel was incredulous, staggered.

"It will be an experience," grinned Jimmy cheerfully. "I'm fed up with London, Mr. Bussel, and I'm tired of being waited upon. I'll guarantee sales, even in Ironcastle."

"Really, sir — you — you astonish me — I . . ."

"I take it you meant what you said?" Jimmy spoke somewhat sharply. He had Mr. Bussel in a quandary, and he knew it. The manager must stick to his word or chance losing the business of the Colburns and their numerous wealthy friends. Jimmy had a faithful following in the motor world, and he set the fashion to many friends and acquaintances. Bussel suddenly beamed upon his eccentric client.

"Very well, Mr. Colburn," he smiled. "When will you be ready?"

"Now," laughed Jimmy. "Give me a machine, a month's salary in advance, and I'll proceed to make Ironcastle believe it has seen its first car. You know, Bussel, this is rather a good thing for you, eh?"

"Oh, splendid, Mr. Colburn. We are indeed fortunate—ahem! A month's salary? Certainly Mr. Colburn—ahem! You will proceed to Ironcastle immediately?"

"There are one or two things I must attend to, but you may have the machine ready for me in a few hours. Never mind a cheque, Mr. Bussel; I'll take the cash. It will do for loose change. Ah, thanks! Fivers and singles will do. Sign on the dotted line, eh?"

"Thank you, Mr. Colburn. I will telephone Ironcastle at once. Your machine will be ready when you return. I will instruct our publicity man to boom your advent as . . ."

"On one condition only, Mr. Bussel," smiled Jimmy.

"And that is, Mr. Colburn?" Mr. Bussel looked keenly at his salesman-patron.

"That my father's name is not mentioned. My name and record on the racing track are at your disposal, but I do not wish to see in the provincial press that 'Mr. James Colburn, son of Peter Colburn, of rubber fame, etc. . . .' Is that agreed?"

"You may rest assured, Mr. Colburn," Mr. Bussel spoke with unnecessary emphasis, "that we know the correct thing to do. Your contract will be ready for your signature when you return."

Sometime later, Mr. John James Colburn bathed, shaved, and with appetite appeased, blinked drowsily as he surveyed the grill-room of the Trocadero. That he was the last person in the room did not in the least trouble him. He felt at peace with the world; and the only thing necessary to complete his content was sleep. But Morpheus could not be interviewed until he arrived in Ironcastle; he was taking no chances with the subtle Mr. Bussel.

"James!"

It came suddenly and explosively from behind him. He jumped slightly and straightened quickly. What could have brought his father to the Trocadero?

"James! What are you doing here?"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" Jimmy lifted grave, inquiring eyebrows, and stared haughtily first at Peter Colburn and then at Harry Mashmont. The latter looked concerned and a little bewildered.

"Ah, doubtless you imagine I am an acquaintance of yours, sir. The gentleman who is with you is evidently laboring under the same delusion. I have had occasion to reprimand him this morning for his familiarity."

"I was right, you see, Mr. Colburn," exclaimed Harry Marshmont triumphantly. "Jimmy's off his balance. Both his timing and his steering gear . . ."

"Hold your tongue, sir!"

Marshmont shrivelled as Peter Colburn turned on him.

"Gentlemen, I trust you will excuse me . . ."

"Jimmy, don't be a fool. The girl won't marry you, so you might as well come home."

"Really, sir, this is most annoying," said Jimmy sternly. "You are taking gross liberties even for a stranger. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"Rest and preserve me!" spluttered Peter Colburn. "You're my son, James—aren't you?"

"Now this is going beyond all reason, sir," said Jimmy, not unkindly. "Surely I should be permitted to know whether I have a father or not? I am an orphan, a business man, and a stranger to both you gentlemen. I represent a well-known firm of automobile distributors in Ironcastle. I am a comparative stranger to London, as I discovered only this morning. I trust my explanation will settle any lingering doubts that may be in your minds. I bid you good morning, gentlemen."

With a slight bow, Jimmy left them staring vacantly at each other.

THE cool night wind, laden with the fragrance of moorland and sea, stirred the silky hair of the girl at the wheel of the powerful Rolls. Apparently she was alone, and grateful for the privilege. Dinner that night at Martindale Hall had been an exasperating affair,

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owing to the monotonous recital by her father of the virtues and general desirability of one James Colburn. By the time the coffee was finished she loathed the son of Peter Colburn, and decided that, if she did not put a considerable distance between herself and the sound of that hateful name, she would suffer a nervous breakdown.

And then, to make matters worse, Spencer Shaw-Manners had been announced. It was not to be endured, so she left the two men to their own moody devices while she prepared for a spin in her car.

That was nearly an hour ago. Since then she had driven mechanically, her eyes staring along the avenue of light created by the powerful headlights. The upland road was dark, silent, and deserted. She had not consciously chosen this route; the car seemed a sentient thing which pleased itself in the matter of direction; and it was not until the engine refused to function that she realised how desolate, and quiet, and lonely the road was.

"NOW, isn't this the absolute limit?" she muttered angrily. "I never expected to be caught like this; and I'm eleven miles from anywhere. What shall I do?"

"Elaine," came in cool, amused tones from the back of the tonneau, "that query of yours reminds me of a recently-popular song-hit."

Elaine Martindale whirled round and stared into the gloom. The cynical voice was well known to her; but she had not dreamed that its owner was calmly seated in the rear of the Rolls instead of at Martindale Hall.

"Spencer!" she gasped. "What—I thought you were with father. However did you smuggle yourself into the car without my knowledge?"

"Dear Elaine"—Spencer Shaw-Manners leaned forward and smiled at her surprise and indignation—"Sir Francis happened to mention that you had phoned for your car. He said you preferred to be alone. I did not contradict him, although, between ourselves, I seriously doubted his statement. Then he excused himself and left me the freedom of Martindale Hall. To cut a long story short, I stepped into the car before you did."

"Spencer," Elaine spoke severely. "You should not have done such a thing. You have taken an unwarrantable liberty. Your thoughtlessness has placed me in a very embarrassing position, whatever happens. What will people say when it is known that you and I were together in a lonely place like this? All the tongues in Ironcastle will be wagging to some purpose."

"Oh, let them wag," Spencer replied carelessly. "It will not matter a snap of the fingers what people say, if you say 'Yes' to something I am going to ask you."

"But it does matter considerably what they say, especially as I should naturally say 'No' to anything you may ask."

A flash of resentment lit the wide hazel eyes of Elaine. She had never given Spencer the slightest encouragement, but in spite of repeated rebuffs he always rebounded with cool effrontery.

"Oh, look! Is that another car coming this way? It is! Spencer, this is hideous! Oh, what can we do."

Elaine Martindale was not looking at her companion; she was staring at the approaching machine and her eyes betrayed the nervous state of her mind. She was embarrassed, evidently dreading to see some familiar face peer politely and inquiringly from the other car.

But when it stopped opposite the Rolls, the voice that addressed them was that of a complete stranger.

"Hello!" came cheerily. "May I be of any assistance? Are you in trouble with your machine?"

Spencer replied.

"Thanks so much. We had the bad luck to run out of petrol, and were just beginning to wonder what we should do. Can you let us have sufficient to enable us to return to Ironcastle?"

"Petrol, eh? Gosh—I'm afraid I've only enough left to get me to the same town . . ."

"Oh, if you could . . ."

"Now, Elaine," interrupted Spencer kindly, "this gentleman will not see us stranded, I'm sure. Are you a resident of Ironcastle, sir?"

"I hope to be. I'm a motor salesman. This is the car I represent."

"A motor salesman! Oh, well, look here, my man. You may put what price you like upon your petrol, and I'll add a fiver if you'll hold your tongue . . ."

"Spencer! Whatever are you saying?" Elaine demanded indignantly.

"Elaine, surely you don't wish Ironcastle to know we . . . You see, my man, the whole thing was quite accidental . . ."

"I did not ask for explanations," came a trifle coldly from the motor salesman. "I'm sorry, but I can't let you have any petrol."

"Oh—do help me, us, out of this—this place. Please, I . . ."

"Certainly—but your car? I see it is a Rolls; and one doesn't abandon a Rolls with as little reluctance as this. Shall I tow it in behind us?"

"I would be grateful if you did . . ."

"Colburn is my name—representing the Flexible Eights."

"Colburn . . .? Your name is—Colburn?"

"Why, yes. James Colburn at your service, Miss. I have a rope . . ."

"Great heavens!" Elaine stared blankly at the dim figure in the Flexible Eight.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I—I—please do not think me rude, but what is your full name?"

"John James Colburn. This is the rope . . ."

"But you said you were a motor salesman."

"AND with your permission I repeat it. That is my—er—line of business. I'll attach this rope . . ."

"Are you related to Peter Colburn, the well-known rubber king?"

"Peter Colburn? The rubber king? Who is he?"

"Then you are not the son of Peter Colburn?"

"Excuse me, Miss, but if I were the son of a rubber king, do you think I'd be selling cars for a living? There are plenty of Colburns, and John and James are quite common names. I always carry a rope on a long run. You will see why as soon as I tie it to your car."

After some neat manoeuvres Jimmy swung the Rolls round and the ride to Ironcastle commenced. Under his skilful handling the two cars sped swiftly along, and Elaine admitted to herself that the motor salesman beside her certainly could drive. Spencer, however, held a contrary opinion. He began to complain when the first steep grade was encountered.

Jimmy slipped the clutch and accelerated slightly, and a cloud of partly burnt gas streamed back and enveloped the furious Spencer, who coughed and relapsed into silence.

"I thought I heard your friend behind us say something," he murmured to Elaine. "I must have been mistaken, Miss—Miss—"

But Elaine apparently did not hear him; she appeared to be thinking deeply as she gazed out into the darkness of the countryside.

"What is the price of this car?" she inquired presently.

"A bagatelle—a mere nineteen hundred!" Jimmy grinned, and thought of Mr. Bussel.

"Bring it to the garage at Martindale Hall to-morrow morning."

"With pleasure, Miss, er—Miss . . ."

"Elaine Martindale is my name, Mr. Colburn."

ELAINE turned quickly and stared searchingly at the face of the man beside her. But beyond murmuring an acknowledgment he appeared wholly indifferent. She could discern neither surprise nor elation at the mention of her name; certainly no change in figure or in feature. She wondered.

"You have not heard the name before, Mr. Colburn?" she ventured.

"I regret to say that until now it was unfamiliar, Miss Martindale. Should I have heard it before?"

"My father and Peter Colburn are such old friends . . ." Did she detect a flicker in the dark eyes of the motor salesman?

"Ah," he muttered. "So Mr. Martindale and Mr. Colburn are old friends, are they? Possibly they were lads together."

"My father is Sir Francis Martindale."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. But you gave me no hint. Is Peter Colburn a 'Sir' also?"

"No, but he is a fine old gentleman. Quite unlike his son."

"Is he, indeed! I gathered from your remarks that there was a son. What is he like?"

"A bounder. A waster. A rank outsider!" Elaine replied quietly.

"Humph! As bad as that, eh? Too much money, I expect. He should have had to work for his living—as I do. Nothing like work to keep one out of mischief. Your friend Spencer is shouting again. Is that his peculiar form of exercise?"

A dimple appeared swiftly, and as swiftly vanished, as Elaine restrained the desire to smile.

"I notice his shouting coincides with the pressure of your foot on the accelerator," she retorted.

"Frankly, Mr. Colburn, I believe you are a fraud." Elaine laughed in spite of herself. "In fact I know you are."

"Would you mind telling me . . ."

"Your father telephoned to mine while we were at lunch. He said that you were crazy—that you told him you were going to be a business man in Ironcastle—that you were representing yourself as a motor salesman — that——" Elaine paused maliciously and smiled.

"Really, Miss Martindale, but this is—is most extraordinary. I am a motor salesman, I assure you on my honor. Ah, I remember now. I was having a late breakfast at the Trocadero when two gentlemen approached and insisted that I was someone else. I was very much annoyed, and told them so. I thought I had convinced them, but evidently there is a strong resemblance."

"Do you know what my father said when he replaced the receiver?"

"Really, Miss Martindale, how can I know that?"

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"I'll tell you. He said, 'James isn't the idiot I thought he was.'"

"What's the matter with this James? Everybody seems to have a down on him—you understand what I mean—and even you condemned him as being beyond the pale. I trust the similarity of our names won't lead to confusion in Ironcastle. I should hate to be seriously mistaken for the fellow. Is he, by any chance, the same type as your friend, Mr. Spencer?"

ELAINE was ready with a hot retort, but instead of speaking she stared haughtily at the insolent seller of motor cars and remained silent. They entered the outskirts of Ironcastle.

"Which way, please, Miss Martindale?"

"To the left. Follow the oaks. The Hall stands alone on the hill at the end of the avenue."

"Would it be asking too much for you to direct me to a good hotel? I am a stranger here, you know."

"You might not obtain a room at this hour. There is a loft above the garage . . ."

"You are too generous, Miss Martindale; but I'm afraid I could not trespass upon your good nature. Ah, that is the Hall, I presume?"

"Yes. Please leave the Rolls where the drive forks. It is a horse-shoe drive, so you will not need to turn your car. Thank you, Mr. Colburn."

The cars stopped well within range of the powerful electrics which illuminated the entrance to Martindale Hall. Jimmy could gain no more than a fleeting impression of the great modern pile as he opened the car door for Elaine. Her manner was very cold as she stepped from the machine; but even that could not banish the whimsical smile from his lips.

"You appear to be amused, Mr. Motor Salesman," she murmured distantly. Now that she was standing before him with the rays from the big lamps full upon her, Jimmy could not refrain from doing silent homage to her beauty.

"I am amused, Miss Martindale," Jimmy replied. "Mr. Spencer is approaching with fury in his heart, and petrol in his eye. I certainly must overhaul that jet. Here he is . . ."

"Confound you, fellow—er, pardon, Elaine—but what is the meaning of this filthy joke? I—I—confound you! I'm positively reeking—saturated with the fumes and gas from your engine. It was deliberate."

"It was!" Jimmy spoke curtly as he surveyed Spencer's ruined shirt front.

"You hear the fellow, Elaine? He admits it—the ruffian! I will complain to your employer. I will have you dismissed, you insolent rascal!"

"I would remind you that there is a lady listening to you," interrupted Jimmy contemptuously. "I have been told you are a gentleman. Good-night, Miss Martindale."

A gleam of amusement and appreciation flickered in Elaine's grey eyes. She sent swift glances from one to the other; but it was upon John James Colburn that her eyes finally rested.

"Good-night, Mr. Colburn, and thank you for your timely and generous assistance. Good-night, Spencer."

ELAINE and her father sat upon a wide cool terrace overlooking the sloping lawns of the Hall. They had finished their breakfast and the service had been removed. Sir Francis was busy examining his correspondence. Elaine, however, was not interested in the little heap of letters before her. Sir Francis noticed it.

"Elaine, you are preoccupied this morning," he remarked. "Has Spencer been more attentive than usual?"

"Father, I am disappointed with Spencer. He seems to have completely changed. He is certainly not improving."

"H'm! You returned late last night, Elaine. I heard the car, and also the sound of voices. Was Spencer with you?"

"Yes, he and another man. Would you like to know who the other man was?"

"Not unless you care to tell me, my dear. Another pothunter, no doubt."

"Yes, father, another pothunter; woman hunter, perhaps, would describe him better. Mr. John James Colburn arrived last night. We met accidentally."

"Young Colburn? Elaine, this is fortunate. I have just finished reading a letter from Peter. He is coming to Ironcastle, so between us we should be able to persuade . . ."

"NOW, father—please! I think it despicable of James Colburn to thrust himself forward in this fashion!" The girl's clear eyes flashed indignantly.

"But, Elaine . . ."

"Father, it isn't fair for you and the Colburns to combine to force upon me a marriage I should loathe."

"But, my dear, hear me one moment." Sir Francis opened Peter Colburn's letter. "I will read this to you. Things are not what you think they are, I assure you. Listen.

My Dear Francis,—

I have been humiliated by my own son. I admit I lost my temper when James refused to marry Elaine . . .

"He refused to . . ." Elaine's eyes widened, and a faint flush stained her face and neck.

"Wouldn't have you at any price, my dear. But let me read on":

. . . and that in the heat of the moment I ordered him out of the house. He took me at my word—you know he is a trifle obstinate, Francis—and left immediately. It was nearly four in the morning, mark you, and he refused to take even a penny-piece of mine in his pocket. He had no money, and all he possessed was the suit of clothes he was wearing. It is strange that he should be in Ironcastle of all places, for he had no idea that your daughter was the girl he was running away from. He did not even ask her name; and in my flurry I forgot to mention it. I heard he was breakfasting at the Trocadero; but when I arrived there he calmly and definitely denied the relationship between us; pretended he and I were strangers, and that he was a business man in Ironcastle. What could I do? He walked out of the room, leaving me gaping like a fool. Then, to cap matters, I have just received what he terms "a first instalment on the suit purchased from Mr. Peter Colburn." Francis, that boy has more nerve than his father. He has become unmanageable. . . .

Sir Francis ceased reading and gazed quizzically at his daughter.

"But, father, he did not know that I—that I . . ." Elaine faltered. Sir Francis laughed.

"That you were the lady in question," her father finished for her. "My dear Elaine, I don't think it would have made the least difference to James. He is determined to choose his wife—that is, if he ever intends to marry."

"Oh . . ."

"The boy has more backbone than I gave him credit for. You met him last night?"

"I did, and it was a fortunate meeting for me. The Rolls ran out of petrol, and we were stranded some eleven miles up in the hills."

"We?"

"Yes. Spencer hid in the back of the car. He thought it a great joke to play. Of course he had no idea we should be stranded and isolated in such a place. Nevertheless, it was distinctly embarrassing for me, and would have been more so had not James Colburn arrived upon the scene. He towed the Rolls back to the Hall. I was rather brusque with him, thinking that he knew me and was secretly laughing at me. I am glad to know I was mistaken. He's ugly."

"Eh . . .? Ugly? Really, Elaine, I . . ." Sir Francis showed his astonishment at this peculiar and unexpected feminine twist.

". . . and dark. I loathe ugly men."

"Upon my word you are a strange girl, Elaine. The boy cannot help his looks. When last I saw him I thought him a promising specimen of young manhood; rather easy-going and content to drift along the line of least resistance; but I must confess I liked the look of him."

"When did you last see him, father?"

"It must be six years ago. Why?"

"Because you will see him this morning. I asked him to bring this machine to the Hall. We could do with a new car; the Rolls has had its day."

THE idea seemed to amuse Elaine, for she laughed heartily. Then she suddenly became serious.

"Father, I want you to promise me something. I intend to have a little harmless fun at James Colburn's expense."

"What am I required to promise, Elaine?" Sir Francis was cautious. He knew his daughter.

"That you will not reveal anything to him. He must not know that Elaine Martindale is the woman responsible for his quarrel with his father."

"I don't know, Elaine. I hardly think it is fair to the boy. Besides, he is not the type to allow either man or woman to make a plaything of him. He has shown us that clearly."

"I am determined to investigate John James Colburn. You should be delighted at my decision, father."

"Upon my word, Elaine, you women are incomprehensible creatures," gasped her father. "One never knows what you will be thinking or doing next . . ."

"I think men are positively stupid!" Elaine replied.

"Oh, come now, Elaine . . ."

The protest was cut short by the blare of a motor horn. They both peered at the Flexible Eight and its driver as the machine swept up the drive and branched off in the direction of the garage. The motor salesman politely raised his hat.

"James Colburn announces himself," Elaine said grimly. "Just fancy an ordinary salesman having the cheek to do that. He drives up as though he owns the place. He has a brazen nerve."

"Now, Elaine," Sir Francis began.

"Oh, I'm merely expressing my private opinion. He shall wait for exactly one hour. Did you see him smile as he went by? Well, he did!"

"Really, Elaine—I cannot imagine what has come over you."

But Elaine remained silent and concentrated upon her correspondence. Sir Fran-

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cis peered hard at her; then he looked at his watch and frowned.

"Peter Colburn arrives at eleven," he murmured.

"EVERYTHING comes to those who wait—and also to him who goes and gets it," grinned Jimmy cheerfully when he saw Elaine and her father walking leisurely towards him. The hour had passed very slowly for Jimmy, but he was rapidly acquiring a new philosophy. He instantly recognised Sir Francis, who had altered little with the passing years.

But as Sir Francis and his daughter drew near, it was upon the girl that Jimmy's eyes rested and remained.

"Good morning, Miss Martindale."

Jimmy bared his head and bowed. "Good morning, Sir Francis. I trust I shall be able to convince you that there is only one thing necessary to complete the charm of such a morning; and that thing is the possession of this wonderful Flexible Eight."

"This is the salesman I spoke of father."

Elaine acknowledged Jimmy's salute. "His name, strange to say, is John James Colburn."

"Ah, yes. Good morning, Mr. Colburn. My daughter thought you resembled someone I know who bears the same name. The similarity of the names — especially the christian names—was responsible for the impression."

"I hope you will pardon my persistence, Mr. Colburn," smiled Elaine, "but the coincidence of the names is somewhat remarkable. Father, I am very much impressed with the—the . . ."

"The Flexible Eight, Miss Martindale."

"Thank you, Mr. Colburn. Oh, by the way, did you attend to the carburettor?"

"I did; a minor detail only, Miss Martindale," Jimmy gravely assured her.

"Quite so. Well, I should like an immediate demonstration. One is able to judge a car's performance much better during the daytime. What do you think?"

"That is true, Miss Martindale. I shall be delighted to demonstrate the machine for you. You shall drive it yourself, and I have no doubt what your decision will be."

"Then you may drive me to the railway station and back. Father, will you meet Mr. Peter Colburn at the station, or will you wait here?"

"I shall remain here, Elaine. This young man won't mind driving you to the station and back, I'm sure. Peter will understand. Can you spare that much of your time, Mr. Colburn?"

"I shall be only too pleased, Sir Francis," murmured Jimmy. "Perhaps I shall be able to interest your guest in one of these delightful cars. Mr. Peter Colburn, I think you said. I must not forget the name."

Amusement gleamed in the eyes of Elaine and Sir Francis.

"Elaine, the train is due in twenty minutes."

"Mr. Colburn, will you please take the car to the hall entrance? I will join you presently. Thank you. I'll come with you, father."

Jimmy glanced after them. The announcement by Elaine that his father would presently be in Ironcastle had been deliberate. Jimmy's eyes narrowed as he pressed the button controlling the self-starter. Perhaps it was a challenge to unmask. He stopped the car as requested before the flight of broad steps.

Elaine turned to her father when they were out of ear-shot.

"Well, what do you think of John James Colburn?" she asked.

"The boy has become a man. Elaine, my dear, I warn you to be careful; for in James Colburn you have met an adversary worthy of your steel. Elaine if you do not care for this young man, avoid him. Otherwise, my dear, there will be, as Peter would say, the devil to pay."

"Do you think so, father."

Elaine's eyes danced mischievously. "I'll wind him round my little finger, like that; and then, why, I'll simply unwind him."

Sir Francis watched her fondly until she vanished; then he smiled happily and peered at the motionless form of Jimmy Colburn.

Ten minutes later, Jimmy, with Elaine beside him, drove speedily through the traffic of Ironcastle. Such driving was not often seen in Ironcastle, although Elaine considered herself skilled in handling a wheel. She turned to him.

"You drive well, Mr. Colburn," she said.

"I do," was the laconic reply.

"You are modest," she murmured.

"In some things, Miss Martindale. But why should I smirk and pretend I can't drive when I can? I have not many accomplishments—and—er—you see, Miss Martindale, we motor salesmen are generally considered good at a wheel," he finished somewhat lamely.

"You have been selling cars for years, I presume, Mr. Colburn?"

Elaine smiled blandly when Jimmy stole a glance at her.

"I have had considerable experience with motors," he parried.

"Are you married, Mr. Colburn?"

Jimmy literally jumped at the directness of this startling question.

"Married—Miss Martindale?" he gasped. "Gosh—no! Not yet, at any rate. You see . . ."

"I apologise for asking, Mr. Colburn, but I was thinking how disquieting it must be for the wife of a motor demonstrator. If you had a wife . . ." Elaine paused.

"Yes, Miss Martindale—if I had a wife?"

"And she sat beside you while you were driving through traffic, her nerves would soon break under the strain."

"OH, is that so?" and Jimmy eased the pace. "I'm sorry—I had no idea you were nervous . . ."

"I'm not." Elaine informed him calmly. "But many pedestrians are. I only noticed it this morning."

"You like this machine, Miss Martindale?"

"I do. I shall give you a cheque for it when we return to the Hall. But there is a condition."

"And that is?"

"That you give me a course of instruction in driving and handling it."

"Oh, certainly. I shall be only too pleased," agreed Jimmy enthusiastically.

"Of course I shall pay you, Mr. Colburn."

"Oh, of course, Miss Martindale. I never doubted it."

Elaine flushed and silently acknowledged the hit.

"To the right, Mr. Colburn. Up that ramp, and park where the space is reserved for cars," she directed. "I think I am on time."

"You have several minutes to spare, Miss Martindale. I will wait here till you return," Jimmy replied. He stepped swiftly from the driver's seat, and raced an eager porter for the privilege of opening the car door. The man stared, and Elaine smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Colburn. You are very considerate."

The glance she gave him made his pulse quicken. Then he mentally cursed himself for a conceited fool. Nevertheless, he stared thoughtfully after the handsome girl.

Jimmy inquired for, and was directed to, the telegraph office. There was a crowd, and it was some little time before he could get his wire checked. He paid the fee and strolled back towards the Flexible Eight. But when he arrived at the spot the machine had vanished, and for the moment he thought he had wandered too far up the line of cars. But the face of the porter he had tipped so lavishly told him he was on the right spot. He beckoned to the man.

"I say, porter, did you see who drove away in my car?"

"Yes, sir. It was the lady. She 'ad a old toff—beggin' your pardon, sir—wif 'er. She looked round a bit, an' then must 'ave thought you'd 'ooked it," the man replied.

"Thanks!" Jimmy dismissed the man, and then hailed a taxi. "Jove," he laughed, "Time and Elaine Martindale wait for no man. Martindale Hall, driver."

BEFORE the taxi had gone fifty yards Jimmy signalled the driver to stop. He got out and spoke quickly. Money changed hands.

"You say you saw the car I refer to?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes. It'a a beauty. We was all lookin' at it," the driver replied.

"Well, listen carefully! I want you to break a record getting to Martindale Hall; and when you arrive there, ask for the lady who drove away from the station in that car. Say you followed—no, don't say that. Say that the gentleman in the grey suit saw the car moving away and made to run after it. You can also say that he was knocked down and frightfully mangled by another car . . ."

"'Ere, but I say . . ."

"The lady is a friend of mine," grinned Jimmy. "If you add that the gentleman who is dying is the one who drove the lady to the station—you saw them arrive—and that owing to his shocking injuries they cannot move him. . . . Will a pound cover your time and trouble?"

"A quid? It'll do me, guv'ner. Leave it ter Willie. Thank yer."

The gears were slammed into mesh and the taxi streaked away. Jimmy Colburn lit a cigarette and strolled back up the ramp. He bought a copy of the Ironcastle "Times," and, selecting a point of vantage, digested the news of the day. A paragraph in the motor section caught his eye and he frowned as he read. It stated:

"FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST IN IRONCASTLE.

"We learn from a reliable source that Mr. James Colburn, the racing crack, and son of Peter Colburn the millionaire rubber manufacturer, is in Ironcastle. We understand he has brought a new car with him —the Flexible Eight. Mr. Colburn is so enthusiastic regarding this production that he has voluntarily undertaken to demonstrate its qualities while in this city. No doubt great interest will be aroused . . ."

"By Jove, Bussel," murmured Jimmy, "but that is playing it rather low. The Martindales, even though they know who I am, will be sure to see this. Confound you, Bussel! Still, I was desperately glad to collar that eighty quid you advanced."

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he grinned. "It was the foundation of my business career."

Jimmy then became absorbed in other items, until his ears caught the sound of the Flexible Eight's peculiar blare.

"Here she is," he laughed, and tossed the paper into a receptacle. Moving so that he would be screened by the jostling throng, he peered at the car and its occupants as it came to a stop. His conscience caused him to wriggle uneasily when he saw Elaine's face. It was white and strained. In the back of the car sat his father and Sir Francis, and the misery in his father's eyes brought a lump to his throat. He regretted that he had done such a thoughtless thing and decided that the game had better be played quickly. He strolled forward and raised his hat.

"Did you return for me, Miss Martindale?" he blandly inquired.

For a moment the girl and the two men sat rigid. Then they slowly relaxed. Of the three the only one to smile was Sir Francis. He looked away. Not so Peter Colburn. He startled several people when he roared:

"JAMES! What do you mean by it? You young scoundrel! Apologise to this young lady at once, and to Sir Francis—and to me. Do you hear, James?"

"Only just, sir. Thank you all for returning for me. Miss Martindale, I trust the machine behaved satisfactorily?"

"So you are not a mangled ruin? And you are the son of Peter Colburn?" said Elaine icily.

"Am I your son, sir?" Jimmy inquired politely of his father.

"Are you my son? Oh, rest and preserve me! What impudence! Of course you're my son, confound you!" Peter Colburn paused and suddenly turned very red. "Jimmy, get in the car! Get in the car!"

"Certainly, sir. Yes, Miss Martindale, I am his son. He admits it. By the way, sir, can I interest you in the Flexible Eight? You see, I am selling . . ."

"So you missed me, did you?" he murmured as they spun along.

"Mr. John James Colburn, you are positively the limit! You . . ." Elaine pressed her lips together and gave all her attention to driving the car.

The party arrived at the hall in silence.

"You must understand, Jimmy, that although we have patched up a truce I will not have you encouraging this Martindale girl. Elaine is charming; and Francis and I are very old friends; but you must marry according to my plans. It is the least you can do."

"You won't tell me who the lady is?"

"No, my boy, not until I have your word that you will agree. Have you given Elaine a hint that you—er, well—that you rather like her?"

"I've been flying the white flag ever since you arrived; but apparently Elaine ignores it. Whatever my feelings towards her may be, there is no denying the fact that she detests the sight of me."

A week had passed since Peter Colburn arrived at the Hall, and during the short space Jimmy admitted to himself that he had fallen head over heels in love with the dainty Elaine. The two arch-conspirators, Sir Francis and Peter Colburn, had been quick to notice Jimmy's infatuation, and had decided that the surest way to strengthen it was to pretend that they preferred otherwise. "She seems very polite towards you, Jimmy," suggested his father.

"She is. Infernally polite," replied Jimmy grimly. "She appears to be more human when that cad Shaw-Manners is about."

"H'm. Of course, Jimmy, I am—er—glad that this is so. It would be a shock to me if ever you and Elaine—but there . . . It is not likely to happen."

"So it seems. I think I'll return to London," said Jimmy moodily.

"Don't be a fool, Jimmy. I—here's Elaine . . ."

Both men rose as the girl joined them.

"Elaine, my dear, see what you can do with this pig-headed boy. He is becoming restless and threatens to return to London immediately."

"Oh—really, but I—I don't see that I should persuade him to change his plans, Mr. Colburn. He might have some urgent business to attend to."

"No," Jimmy flung at her, "the truth is I'm thinking of getting married."

"Married!" echoed Elaine and Peter Colburn in unison.

"Yes—married!" retorted Jimmy vehemently. "Why shouldn't I?"

"No reason at all, Mr. Colburn. It is a common practice, I understand. But who is the lucky bride?" murmured Elaine.

Jimmy looked at her quickly. Was she laughing at him? He thought he detected a tremor in her voice.

"I don't know. Ask father. He has her selected and labelled. She is a mystery to me."

"Oh . . .!" Then, with amazing coolness, Elaine laughed.

"And if she refuses me—which I pray she will—I'll leave England immediately."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Elaine enthusiastically. "Then, as the shores of old England fade before your weeping eyes, you will throw yourself overboard with these words: 'She will be sorry when she hears of this.'"

"Perhaps!" snapped Jimmy. He glanced away. "When she hears of the tragedy she might rush with all speed to the spot and cast a wreath upon the deep. I remember an incident where a despairing young man made a fatal rush after a motor-car. He was frightfully mangled, and word reached the lady only just in time to bring her back to the man she had deserted. She . . ."

JIMMY laughed when Elaine flushed.

"Mr. Colburn, I think you are horrid. It was a mean trick to play."

"You refer to the desertion of the young man?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean!" Elaine retorted. "I shall never forgive you for that."

"I know it," murmured Jimmy sadly. "Your actions have already told me so. That is why I thought of returning to London. One cannot remain as the guest of a hostess who cannot forgive. Isn't that so?"

"I was unaware that my conduct had made your visit a disappointment, and as hostess I apologise. I shall endeavor to make amends. Shall we try a set? The courts are in good condition for a fast game."

"I shall be delighted, Elaine . . ."

"Mr. Colburn?" Elaine drew herself up haughtily at this familiarity.

"Jimmy, if you please, Elaine," he grinned cheerfully.

"Oh—Jimmy, then," she conceded.

"Thanks, Elaine. 'Jimmy' sounds much nicer than 'Spencer,' don't you think?"

"I think you are incorrigible, Jimmy," was the retort.

"Not at all, Elaine. I am simply misunderstood. As we are going to be much together now, you will soon see what a fine fellow I am."

From the lockers in the miniature pavilion, Elaine and Jimmy equipped themselves with shoes and racquets, and then made for one of the well-kept courts.

But, somehow, Jimmy Colburn could not concentrate upon his game. His eyes would persist in watching the lithe, graceful movements of his opponents. Jimmy was quite content to allow the girl to win the set, for what was a set compared to the sight of the lissom figure in action?

"You play well, Elaine," he said, when they sat side by side in the pavilion, "and, as an old and privileged friend, I'll say that you look better than you play."

"I like compliments, Jimmy," said Elaine coolly. "Please continue."

"Certainly," he grinned. "As I took the liberty of watching you instead of the ball, I arrived at the definite conclusion that you are the most b . . ."

"Oh—here is Spencer!" gasped Elaine.

"Confound Spencer!" snarled Jimmy.

"Jimmy!" protested Elaine coldly.

"The fellow must think you are his fairy queen. Who is his lady friend? She looks familiar."

"I HAVE not met her before. Heavens, Jimmy Colburn! don't scowl like that. It is fearsome. Do straighten your features."

Spencer Shaw-Manners and his companion joined them, but before any words were spoken the strange lady stared hard, almost rudely, at John James Colburn. Then, to the amazement of all, and of Jimmy in particular, she gave what sounded like a strangled cry of recognition. While introductions were being effected, Madeline Cartwright fixed Jimmy with a basilisk stare which began to disconcert him. He did his best to stare back with equal intensity. Miss Cartwright's self-control snapped.

"Jimmy Colburn—of all men!" she panted. "Jimmy, you traitor! Fancy running you to earth in Ironcastle! I'd given up all hopes of ever seeing you again."

She turned to the others, upon whom a strained silence had fallen. But upon the face of Jimmy Colburn there was nothing but downright wonder.

"Miss Cartwright, I think you are mistaken," he said coldly. "I have never played you false, and I am at a loss to understand this surprising outburst."

"You can't evade Madeline Cartwright as clumsily as that, Jimmy. If you wanted to rid yourself of me, you should have been man enough to say so. You were tender enough when last we were together."

"Then I must have been intoxicated, and I've never been drunk in my life," replied Jimmy with brutal frankness.

"You were perfectly sober when you talked love to me that night at Lady Renton's," protested Madeline indignantly.

"At Lady Renton's? Ah . . ."

Jimmy looked searchingly into the brilliant black eyes of Madeline Cartwright. He remembered her now. She had been the gipsy queen, and the role suited her to perfection. He had danced with her, and they had bandied the usual verbal nonsense, and that had been all. It staggered him to think she had taken him seriously.

"But, Miss Cartwright, what I said that night at Lady Renton's was merely the usual piffle people talk at a masked dance . . ."

"Will you please excuse us?"

Elaine's voice was flat and frigid.

"Oh, I am so sorry that I was carried away by my feelings," Madeline addressed her words to Elaine.

"No apology is needed, Miss Cartwright,

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Would you prefer tea here in the open, or shall we have it served at the Hall?"

"Oh, may we have it here? But don't let Spencer and me interrupt your tennis, Miss Martindale. I love tennis." She spoke to Elaine, but smiled at Jimmy.

"Perhaps you would care to play. Mr. Colburn and I were merely killing time."

"We brought shoes and racquets, Elaine," said Spencer. "They are in my car. Will you come with me while I get them? Colburn will be charmed to amuse Madeline until we return. I'm sure."

"Delighted," growled Jimmy.

"You toddle off alone, Spencer," laughed Elaine, "and while you are away I'll ring for the tea. Mr. Colburn, show Miss Cartwright the Martindale courts. They are splendid for fast games."

Madeline Cartwright shot a venomous glance after the beautiful girl, and turned to meet one equally venomous from John James Colburn. The brunette shrugged and met his open dislike and hostility with a melting smile.

"Don't be so stiff and formal, Jimmy," she whispered. "One would think you were the injured party."

"I think we had better follow Miss Martindale's advice and inspect the courts."

"No, let us sit here until they return; and please don't be so abrupt and harsh. You are very cruel."

But really, Miss Cartwright, you are piling it on rather thick, don't you think?"

"Ah, Jimmy, it might have amused you to trifle with me as you did . . ." Madeline's quick ears caught the sound of footsteps. It was Elaine returning. The brunette leaned forward and quickly placed a hand on Jimmy's arm.

"Miss Cartwright, the compliments I paid you . . ."

"Compliments, Mr. Colburn, seem to be your speciality," observed Elaine coolly, as she rejoined them. "Here is Spencer. I think we had better use this court. Mr. Colburn, will you partner Miss Cartwright? Spencer will endure me. Tea will be served at the end of the set."

Jimmy flushed slightly at the scorn which he saw in Elaine's eyes. He silently pleaded with her, but his plea was coldly ignored.

SEVERAL nights later, immediately after dinner, the rubber magnate discovered his son strolling thoughtfully on the terrace. The millionaire bore down upon John James much as a wounded grizzly charges its tormentor.

"Jimmy," roared Peter Colburn savagely, "what's all this I've been hearing about you and this Cartwright woman? Who is Madeline Cartwright, and why—why, I ask you—are you making a fool of yourself over her?"

"Merely a harmless flirtation, sir. We both have our eyes wide open, I assure you."

"A harmless flirtation, you cub! There isn't such a thing!" exploded the irate Peter Colburn. "Sir Francis is annoyed, although he has not said as much, and Elaine . . ."

"Yes—Elaine?" Jimmy looked up quickly.

"Francis says that the girl is nothing but a bundle of nerves. She won't eat, she can't sleep."

"I sympathise, but I cannot see that I am responsible. Elaine gave me very clearly to understand that I was amusing and nothing more. Obviously the fact that I am occasionally in Madeline Cartwright's company cannot be the reason for Elaine's nerves not behaving themselves. Besides, my dear parent, you said that I was not to encourage the young lady."

"I—I said—h'm! Anyhow, James, this foolishness with the Cartwright woman has got to stop," replied Peter Colburn ominously.

"It is going to stop, my dear sir."

"Why in the name of all that's sane do you associate with such a woman?" demanded his father in amazement.

"Because I wish to oblige our charming young hostess."

"The boy's mad! However can you oblige a wonderful girl like Elaine by gadding about with that baggage?" Peter asked wearily.

"I asked Elaine to marry me . . ."

"What!"

"Fact, sir, in spite of your commands to the contrary. I proposed to her the evening following our interesting game of tennis with Miss Cartwright and that Spencer fellow."

"And she—she refused you, Jimmy?" asked his father breathlessly.

"My dear sir, I understand I insulted her."

"Jimmy!"

"I WAS coldly informed that I would do better to offer myself where I was more likely to be appreciated. As I had given one woman to understand I cared for her, it would be more honorable if I kept my word."

"What woman?"

"Madeline Cartwright and I danced at Lady Renton's. She chose to think—or to lead Elaine to think—that I made love to her and then left her cold."

"And you don't like this Cartwright woman, Jimmy?"

"I detest the sight of her. Apparently you don't remember her. She is the divorced wife of Mark Travers."

"But how the deuce did she manage to approach Elaine Martindale? Elaine wouldn't go within a mile of such a woman."

"Quite so. The subtle Spencer brought her along. Elaine did not know her. The name Cartwright was unfamiliar. It was merely a slippery scheme of brother Spencer's. He would do anything to cheapen me in Elaine's eyes."

"Well, curse me! But this is a fine state of affairs. How long do you intend keeping up this disgusting farce? Elaine's not worth it, my boy. Confound the girl! What does she mean by it? She should be soundly spanked."

"What—that wonderful girl?" chuckled Jimmy.

"Bah! You're idiots—both of you," snapped Peter. "I shall have something to say to Francis. How dare he say that the fault is on our side. It's that little red-headed piece of his. She wouldn't have you after you actually proposed. I—I never heard such impudence. Oh, come and have a game of billiards."

They entered the beamed and panelled billiard-room and found that the table was already engaged. Elaine and Sir Francis were playing a listless game. Jimmy grinned broadly when the girl mis-cued. She flushed self-consciously and drew herself up haughtily.

"You should chalk the cue tip after each shot, Elaine," Jimmy advised genially. "You cannot put side on a ball unless the chalk is there to give control. What do you think, Sir Francis?"

"Quite correct, James. I fear I am a very indifferent performer." Sir Francis beamed benevolently upon Jimmy and Elaine, and turned to Peter Colburn. "Peter, may I have your advice upon certain matters? Thanks. We will leave these children to their game and proceed to my study."

"Suppose we start afresh, Elaine," said Jimmy, when the two men had gone.

"If you wish to do so, Mr. Colburn," Elaine replied listlessly. She avoided his eyes.

"I mean in other things as well as billiards," added Jimmy pointedly.

"I was not aware that we had started anything, Mr. Colburn," said Elaine tartly.

"You have a poor memory, Elaine," laughed Jimmy. "It is only a few days since I asked you to marry me."

"Mr. Colburn, you were and are insolent. Marry you!" Elaine paused and looked contemptuously at him.

"Yes, marry me, Elaine," said Jimmy quietly. "But in any case I'm afraid I cannot oblige you any longer. Let me select a cue for you; that one is too heavy for such dainty wrists."

"I—I don't quite understand. In what manner are you obliging me?" Elaine glanced sideways at him.

"I refer to Miss Cartwright . . ."

"Mr. Colburn! how dare you mention that woman's name to me!" Elaine flushed angrily. "I refuse to discuss Miss Cartwright."

"Naturally," agreed Jimmy imperturbably. "But I want you to release me . . ."

"Release you?"

"From your harsh judgment and commands. You refused to hear any explanation, and, furthermore, you insisted that I should seek her company. I have done my best to humor you, Elaine, but the task is distasteful, and rapidly becoming impossible."

"I will not discuss Miss Cartwright, Mr. Colburn, and if her name is mentioned again I shall leave the room!"

"Very well, then. The other woman—we'll call her that—and I are not exactly soul-mates. We do not attract, we repel. I ask you to be merciful, Elaine. You cannot expect me to play cavalier to—er—this other woman indefinitely."

"I fail to see that I have anything to do with the matter."

"You insisted that I should go to her. You were most emphatic."

"MR. COLBURN, let us drop this foolish and distasteful subject."

"Ah—thank you, Elaine. I knew you would relent, but I did not know when. We shall consider her dropped; definitely cut, in fact. She becomes X, the unknown. Now that we have disposed of the other woman, shall we proceed to make up for lost time?"

"Mr. Colburn—you are a fool!" Elaine placed her cue on the table. "And I find it becoming increasingly difficult to be civil to you. Civility, unfortunately, is due to you while you are a guest at Martindale Hall."

"Elaine, I should hate to listen to you when you were being uncivil," returned Jimmy gently. "But one must be patient with one's future wife."

"Do you honestly think that one day I shall marry you?"

"One day—or it may be one night—you will."

"Heaven forbid!" she returned witheringly. "I can imagine nothing more detestable. I would rather walk out into the streets of Ironcastle and marry the first man I met."

"If I thought you meant that, I should be severely annoyed with you, Elaine. But there is no need to be jealous now," Jimmy spoke soothingly.

"Jealous—? You—you . . ."

"Softly, softly, Elaine! Here come our worthy sires. Do not let them suspect that

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you are quarrelling with me. These lovers' quarrels—how often they lead to the altar!"

"What is that I heard about lovers?" Peter Colburn beamed upon them. "Has it come to that already? Children, I congratulate you."

"Please don't, Mr. Colburn," said Elaine frigidly. "You are mistaken. I wouldn't have your son at any price or at any time. Please excuse me."

Elaine drew herself up haughtily, stared coldly at John James, tossed her head defiantly, and left the room.

"Bless my eyes!" growled Peter Colburn. He was the first to break the silence. "Francis—you see? I was right!"

"James," Sir Francis turned to Jimmy. "Am I correct in presuming that you are paying court to Elaine?"

"Quite right, Sir Francis," replied Jimmy. "I did not wish to speak to you until Elaine had given me some encouragement. Having received that encouragement, I ask your permission to seek Elaine for my wife. Will you grant me that privilege?"

"With all my heart, James," Sir Francis said earnestly. "But Elaine is of age, you know, and her own mistress. James, I apologise for my unworthy thoughts regarding that . . ."

"I told Francis all about it, Jimmy," cut in Peter Colburn.

"Pray don't think an apology is necessary, Sir Francis," laughed Jimmy. "If it is, then it is due from me to you. But you must have wondered! But what I did has had the desired effect. Elaine is now furious with me—women invariably are if you take them literally—and she would give much to have the pleasure of boxing my ears."

"JAMES," smiled Sir Francis, "I am beginning to think that you are a keen student of human nature—the feminine portion, at any rate."

"It is a gift, Sir Francis. I received it from my father."

"Oh, er, yes, of course, of course, Jimmy. You must necessarily have some of your father's ability in you somewhere. It takes a keen judge to hold the market, but confound me, it takes a keener one to hold a single individual. James is improving, Francis, don't you think?"

"He has a remarkable man to tutor him, Peter," chuckled Sir Francis. "I hear Elaine at the piano. Shall we join her?"

"By all means," agreed Jimmy quickly. "You will notice how inspired she becomes when she knows I am listening."

Jimmy made sure that Elaine overheard his remarks.

"Are you insinuating that my playing is the most frightful piffle?" she demanded.

"Why, Elaine, what makes you think that?" smiled Jimmy.

"Because—oh!" Elaine suddenly flushed vividly and became absorbed in the music before her.

"Because you are the person adored, eh?" drawled Jimmy. "In this instance my remarks are not applicable. You play divinely . . ."

A little smile set the girl's lips quivering, always her eyes remained combre.

"Mr. James Colburn, you are an accomplished flatterer," she murmured cynically. "I would be greatly relieved if in future you spared me the humiliation of your praise."

"Elaine," remonstrated Sir Francis, "you are rather severe, aren't you?"

"Not at all father. The skin of John James Colburn is so thick that it renders him impervious to hints or to sarcasm. He thinks he has only to nod to any woman, and she will come running to him."

"Elaine, this is unlike you, my dear," protested her father, "and, more than that, it savors of discourtesy to our guests."

"The thing has gone beyond the sphere of mere hospitality. I am forced to keep him at a distance. Besides, a guest—an honorable man—does not insult his host by associating with a notorious woman while he is enjoying the confidence of the house."

JIMMY COLBURN faced the girl. His eyes were stern, and those watching him saw his lip curl slightly. Peter made a half step forward at the danger signal, but Jimmy put out an arresting hand .

"Miss Martindale, I apologise to you," he said slowly. "Sir Francis, although I know you understand, accept my regrets. Father, you can rest assured that if ever I do marry, it will not be Elaine Martindale. I can see now that I played the game wrongly. There is a train to London within the hour, so with your permission, Miss Martindale, and yours, Sir Francis, I will relieve you of my presence here."

Jimmy bowed to the girl and then to Sir Francis. Peter sullenly followed his son from the room. There was a dazed expression on the rubber magnate's face; and for once he seemed incapable of speech. His hand rested on his son's shoulder, and several times he shook his head. But at last he spoke.

"Jimmy, won't you—now don't be a fool, Jimmy," he pleaded haltingly. "Surely you are too well seasoned to permit a silly girl to score off you like this. Ah, here is Francis! I am sure he will be deeply hurt if you leave his house as the result of bitterness."

"But, my dear sir . . ."

"Jimmy, I think I treat you pretty decently. Surely you can consider me just a little? Francis, don't you—I mean you have no desire for Jimmy to rush away in this manner, have you?"

"Nothing could be more contrary to my wishes, Peter. James, I know Elaine is more deeply hurt than even you are, but she is a proud girl, James, a very proud girl. My boy, stay with us. Will you remain with us, James?"

"How can I refuse when you put it that way? Thank you, Sir Francis," Jimmy's eyes twinkled. "But if Elaine would, in person, endorse your remarks, it would drive the last lingering doubts from my mind."

"Let us see. Elaine!" Sir Francis raised his voice slightly, and was immediately answered. The quickness of the reply made Jimmy's lips twitch.

"Yes, father—did you want me?"

Apparently Elaine had taken it for granted that he did; for she advanced without hesitation.

"Er—Elaine, we have been trying to persuade James to remain with us, but he seems to think that you, er—that you . . ."

"Father, I shall be only too pleased if Mr. Colburn will remain with us . . . as a guest." Elaine met Jimmy's eyes and her own wavered and fell before them. She flushed hotly. "Perhaps I—I have been a trifle severe, but—but I . . ."

"My dear Elaine," interrupted Jimmy swiftly, "I accept your apology. To say things that hurt those we love best seems to be a part of human nature. Elaine, I forgive you; but please understand that I no longer desire to marry you. You will not forget that? I shall deliberately step aside to make room for that desirable gentleman, Mr. Spencer."

"Mr. Colburn . . ." Elaine stiffened.

"Now please, Elaine. I have forgiven you, and the incident is closed. Elaine, will you accept me as a brother?"

"As a brother, Mr. Colburn?" Elaine glanced at him suspiciously. "Is that necessary?"

"Oh, quite. As a brother I can cheerfully endure any verbal barrage you care to put over."

"Oh, well, you may consider yourself a probationary brother, James."

"Jimmy, if you please, sister."

"Jimmy, then," Elaine smiled.

"And now, Elaine, seeing that I am reestablished on a different basis, shall we have a brotherly fox-trot?"

"Jimmy, you are incorrigible," Elaine laughed gaily. "Let us have a dance by all means."

"You wouldn't care to sit the first one out, would you, Elaine?" Jimmy opened the cabinet and selected a record.

"Here we are. This one should be noisy enough to enforce gaiety. Father, would you care to take a turn with Sir Francis?"

"Don't be a fool, Jimmy. Do you think Sir Francis and I would go bobbing round the room like a pair of old idiots—er—I mean . . . Confound you, James! Francis, that boy does make me say the wrong things. Let us leave them to it. Shall we?"

"Yes, I think we will," laughed Sir Francis. "Come along."

With the first beat of the music, Jimmy swung Elaine into the rhythm of the fox-trot. This was the first time they had danced together, and each found the other accomplished.

"REALLY, Jimmy, you are an enthusiastic brother," said Elaine. "You grip me as though someone was waiting to snatch me from you."

"Don't you like it?"

"Yes—a little . . ."

"Most brothers are clumsy with their sisters—even when they kiss them," grinned Jimmy.

"Oh!" Elaine gave him a startled glance, and then quickly averted her gaze. "The music has stopped."

"So it has. When did that happen?"

"I—I'm not sure. I only noticed it this moment, shall be reverse the record?"

"Rather! There is a step I'd like to show you. Oh! Here's your Spencer. That man seems fated to butt in at the wrong moment," growled Jimmy.

Spencer favored them with an oblique smile as he advanced. He bowed to Elaine, and nodded carelessly to Jimmy. Jimmy returned the nod even more carelessly. Elaine shot a shrewd glance from man to man, and hastily suppressed a desire to smile.

"Good evening, Spencer. Jimmy and I were just practising a few steps; but I've danced enough for one evening."

"Please don't say that, Elaine," said Spencer suavely. "It is ages since I had the pleasure of dancing with you. Be generous and let me have at least one fox-trot."

"Well, just one, Spencer. Jimmy, will you attend to the orchestra?" Elaine's eyes danced with merriment when she caught the grim look on Jimmy's face. He moved towards the cabinet as though bent on destruction.

"Thank you, Elaine," laughed Spencer. "You make dancing a dream. Have you danced much lately, Colburn? Miss Cart-

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wright told—oh, and by the way, Elaine, I owe you an apology for that. One does get let in sometimes. I was furious. We provincials should keep a closer watch on social activities in London. Still, the name bluffed me as it did you."

"You were saying?" Jimmy suggested gently.

"Oh, she merely gave you praise for your dancing, Colburn. However, I'm sure you don't want to hear her flattering opinion of you. Elaine, do you think Sir Francis would care for a rubber? Perhaps we can arrange it."

"He is probably in his study, Spencer."

Elaine had suddenly become very quiet. The vivacious spirit had vanished. The frank grey eyes had clouded at the mention of Madeline Cartwright's name.

"Then I'll go and find out whether he is in a playing humor. Will you excuse me?" Spencer glanced slyly at Jimmy.

Elaine nodded indifferently and he left the room.

"Shall we take a turn on the terrace, Elaine?" inquired Jimmy.

"Thank you, no! Mr. Colburn, your effrontery is astounding. Good evening, Mr. Colburn."

"Elaine, this is terribly unjust to me. Won't you permit me to explain?" Jimmy looked at her appealingly.

"Permit me to pass, please," Elaine said coldly. "Thank you."

"Heavens—life is full of ups and downs," muttered Jimmy, as he watched her walk haughtily from the room. "But she is a wonderful girl. Far too good for friend Spencer."

Jimmy waited until Elaine entered her father's den. Then, grinning hugely, he ran lightly towards his room.

SIR FRANCIS MARTINDALE, Peter Colburn, and Spencer were moving towards the study door when Elaine entered the room.

"Elaine, Spencer has suggested a rubber," murmured her father. "Would you care to play?"

"No, thank you, father," Elaine replied shortly.

"Where is James? Perhaps he will take a hand."

"I have not the faintest idea where he is. I came to ask you to excuse me. I have a headache; and although it is early, I am going to retire. Good-night."

The three men murmured their regrets. Peter Colburn and Sir Francis looked thoughtfully after the beautiful girl. Spencer was obviously disappointed. Usually he did very well at bridge. He turned to the others.

"I'm afraid the rubber is off for to-night," he said sourly. "Sir Francis, I'll toddle along. Perhaps we shall be able to make up a four to-morrow night."

He nodded and left them. The two men resumed their seats. For a time there was silence between them; both stirred restlessly.

"Francis, they're at it again," remarked Colburn gloomily.

"But what can we do, Peter?" Sir Francis murmured.

"Listen, Francis, it's up to you. Jimmy is in love with Elaine, and would marry her to-night if she were agreeable. But were we to tell him the true state of affairs, he might never marry her. He's pig-headed. I don't know whom he takes after in that respect. If Elaine would only be reasonable, we could get them married and have done with it. But she won't even listen to him—won't let him propose to her. You'll have to take her in hand, Francis. She must be made to see reason."

"Perhaps if I had a quiet talk with her . . ."

Sir Francis paused as the library door was hurriedly flung open and Elaine, white-faced and trembling, rushed into the room. She was manifestly alarmed and her voice quivered when she spoke.

"Father—Mr. Colburn—oh, come quick!" she gasped. "Something is wrong with Jimmy. He's delirious—frothing at the mouth. I—I think he's had a fit—or something. Oh, please hurry—the poor boy might do himself an injury."

"Where is he, Elaine?" asked both men in unison.

"Oh—he, he's in my—my bedroom!" Elaine cried. "I was—I was just—oh! it was dreadful. He stared wildly at me and clasped me in his arms. Oh, do come quick . . ."

"YOU go with Elaine, Peter. I'll ring for the doctor. This is serious," Sir Francis cried.

Peter Colburn and Elaine hurried from the library.

"I'm sure he is terribly ill, Mr. Colburn," Elaine panted as they raced up the stairs. "Jimmy thinks I'm his wife. He reproached he for flirting with Spencer . . ."

"Good heavens!" muttered Peter Colburn. "Elaine, Jimmy loves you. I trust your indifference hasn't caused this affliction."

"But, Mr. Colburn . . ."

"Tut, tut! I shouldn't have said that, Elaine," said the rubber magnate contritely. He had glimpsed the anxiety in the grey eyes.

From Elaine's bedroom came an excited and angry voice. Peter Colburn quickly unlocked the door and flung it open. His son was standing in the middle of the room arguing fiercely with an imaginary person. His eyes were wide and staring, and his hair showed the result of frequent combings with a frenzied hand.

"Jimmy! my boy!" gasped Peter. He advanced a step, and then paused, when Jimmy, eyes blazing, whirled upon him.

"And who are you, sir?" demanded the heir to the Colburn millions.

"Jimmy—I—I am your father."

"You lie, sir!" rasped the madman. "You know you deliberately lie. Can you prove you are my father? No! Then how dare you assume you are my parent? You are another of these infernal fellows who will not cease from pestering my wife. Elaine, my darling, shall I throw him out? How dare he intrude?"

"But, Jimmy—I am not your wife," stammered Elaine. "And this is your . . ."

"What! Elaine? You would renounce me? And we have only been married a week. This is too much. You may both go. I shall shoot myself here on the spot."

"Oh—stop him, Mr. Colburn—do hold him," implored Elaine.

"Oh, Jimmy! You poor boy!"

Without waiting for Peter Colburn's assistance Elaine flung herself at Jimmy and wound her arms round him. Jimmy, to the profound amazement of his father, sighed contentedly as he clasped Elaine in his arms. Then something happened which caused the bewildered millionaire to stare blankly. Jimmy, over Elaine's shoulder, grinned and winked at his father. Peter Colburn gasped for breath. Jimmy was shamming. The audacity of the thing. The rubber magnate's face slowly turned purple.

"James," he bellowed. "You are a . . ."

"Oh, Mr. Colburn! Please don't scold Jimmy. He is too ill. Hold his arms. Elaine wriggled out of Jimmy's embrace.

"Jimmy—Jimmy! Don't excite yourself. Everything is all right. I am not going to leave you. Do sit in that chair and compose yourself. Mr. Colburn—oh, don't leave me."

"Get out of this!" said Jimmy, pointing dramatically at his father. "Lord! Will the fellow never go? I'll ring for the gendarmes. They'll shift him. I—Elaine!"

"Jimmy, do sit still! Oh, thank heavens! here's father."

Sir Francis stared anxiously. Jimmy avoided his host's eyes. He could not take the liberty of ragging Sir Francis. Fortunately Peter Colburn intervened at what would otherwise have been a critical moment.

"Jimmy is much quieter, Francis," he muttered huskily.

"Come outside one moment. Elaine is quite capable of controlling him. Indeed, she is the only one who can do so. I'm convinced of that."

Elaine glanced wildly, appealingly at Peter Colburn; but he took her father by the arm and hurried him from the room. The door closed behind them.

Jimmy subsided into a chair and smiled fatuously at the trembling Elaine.

"Elaine, you know I love you . . ." Jimmy began harshly.

"Of course I do," Elaine acknowledged hastily.

"Then let me hear you say you love me!"

"But, Jimmy, I . . . Yes, Jimmy, yes, do sit down."

"Say it, Elaine—or . . ." Jimmy reached forward swiftly and seized her hand. Elaine shivered.

"I love you Jimmy," she murmured. "Now do rest."

"Are you sure you love me?" the harsh voice demanded.

"Y—yes, Jimmy."

"WHAT about this Spencer fellow? You don't love him?"

"Certainly not!" The denial carried more conviction than the previous answer.

"Elaine, for my peace of mind tell me. Are we married? I seem to have doubts."

"We—we are not married—not yet, Jimmy," she whispered.

"But you will marry me, Elaine? You love me and will marry me?" Jimmy leaned forward.

Elaine thought his eyes looked much more sane; his voice was not so harsh.

"Elaine, you haven't answered me!"

"I do love you, Jimmy, and some day I—I'll marry you," was the low response. Elaine knew she was crimson with embarrassment, and was thankful that her father and Peter Colburn were not in the room.

Jimmy's lips twitched. He sighed, closed his eyes, and then relaxed.

"How beautiful the snow is, Elaine," he muttered.

"It's lovely, Jimmy. You just rest quietly now. I'll be back presently."

"You are not going to leave me?"

"Only for a moment, Jimmy," she pleaded.

Elaine slammed the door behind her and locked it. She leaned weakly against the door frame. Sir Francis and Peter Colburn, eyes twinkling but serious of face, approached her.

"Oh, father, I can't—I can't stay with Jimmy any longer. He is—it's not fair to either of us. He is not responsible for his words or actions. I have had to say all—all manner of things to pacify him."

"Well, whether James is sane or insane, he cannot get you out of his mind, Elaine. That is remarkable. He doesn't know anyone but you. Surely he must be deeply in love with you," smiled her father.

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Elaine looked quickly from one man to the other.

"Mr. Colburn," she smiled. "Your son is either a very sick man, or he is a wonderful actor. I shall be interested to hear the doctor's verdict."

JAMES COLBURN, apparently asleep, peered warily at the quartet when they entered the room. The doctor looked very professional, too professional for Jimmy's liking.

Dr. Galen and Elaine were slightly in advance of Sir Francis and Peter Colburn. All looked gravely at Jimmy. The doctor paused beside the deep chair in which Jimmy was sprawling, and, after placing a mysterious black bag safely beyond the patient's reach, gently tapped Jimmy upon the shoulder. The only response was a gentle snore. The doctor tapped again. Another snore. Dr. Galen smiled, stepped back a pace, and conferred in whispers with Elaine. Then he spoke in a very mild voice.

"He has slight symptoms of cerebral paralysis," was his comforting preliminary announcement.

"Oh, doctor!" whispered Elaine. She stared wide-eyed at the unfortunate Jimmy. Then she watched, fascinated, while the doctor gently raised one of the patient's eyelids. She shuddered. That dark eye stared straight at her, through her, beyond her. Dr. Galen stepped back, but, to the astonishment of all the eyelid refused to droop; it remained up and the solitary dark eye stared unwinkingly at the girl.

"Oh, put it down!" she gasped. "He looks ghastly like that."

"Now, Elaine," murmured her father, "control yourself, my dear."

But just as the doctor bent forward to comply with Elaine's wish, the eyelid closed of its own accord. The physician paused, his arm outstretched.

"This is rather unusual," he informed the others, "but I have occasionally seen similar characteristics when patients have been in an hypnotic condition. But as there is no one here to exercise an hypnotic influence over this young man . . ."

The learned doctor was interrupted by the patient sighing. The dark eyes moved slowly, their gaze sweeping the room as a searchlight sweeps the sea, finally resting upon Elaine. For a moment there was silence; even the doctor smiled. Elaine's eyes narrowed.

"You mentioned a final test, doctor," she said. "What is the test?"

"It is the flame test, Miss Martindale. Why, I believe our young friend is recovering. Well, well! He is not the first to recover in time to escape this interesting little experiment. Malingerers—not that I suggest our patient is trying to deceive us—invariably refuse to face it."

The doctor's discourse was cut short by Jimmy leaping convulsively to his feet and staring about him in well-feigned amazement.

"Why, what is this? Elaine—father—Sir Francis—I've had the most extraordinary experience! Surely I—I've been dreaming" he jerked out. "Elaine, why are you looking so strangely at me? How came I to be in this room? Who is this gentleman?"

"Jimmy, you have had a very queer turn—very queer," replied his father. "We were so alarmed that Sir Francis summoned Dr. Galen. You have been imagining all manner of things."

"One moment, sir," interrupted Jimmy. He slowly smiled and looked quizzically at Elaine. "Will someone kindly inform me whether I—whether Elaine really did . . ."

"Doctor," Elaine interposed hastily, "is Mr. Colburn really well again? Was he merely suffering from an illusion?"

Dr. Galen replied with perfect gravity.

"Mr. Colburn is now in full possession of all his faculties, Miss Martindale. I am ignorant, as you know, of what happened in this room prior to my entry, but I have known men who suffered from greater illusions than those under which Mr. Colburn was laboring, and, if I may say so, with infinitely less cause."

The little doctor at the moment was very professional. He grasped the handle of the black bag and then turned to Jimmy.

"I am glad you have recovered, Mr. Colburn," he said, his voice quiet and even. "Should you have a relapse, which I doubt, there will be no need for further medical advice. In any case, no doctor can cure your affliction."

"Affliction, doctor?" grinned Jimmy.

"Pardon—your ambition," murmured the little man. "Miss Martindale, I will leave Mr. Colburn to your care."

"And I, also, will leave Mr. Colburn until his ambition cools and until he remembers that his peculiar form of insanity has induced him to take possession of my bedroom," said Elaine coldly.

The three men glanced furtively at each other when Elaine accompanied the doctor from the room. They followed slowly and in silence. Not until Elaine and the doctor had descended the broad stairs did the conspirators above relax. Then, as though in response to a given signal, they laughed softly but heartily.

"UPON my word, James, you are an accomplished actor," chuckled Sir Francis. "But for your father's timely warning I should have been completely duped."

"It is yet early," chuckled Sir Francis. "Let us go down to my study and discuss this with the aid of a cigar and a little whisky."

They entered the library, and Sir Francis closed the door behind them. Peter Colburn, unable to restrain his mirth, made the room resound with his laughter. He collapsed, still laughing, into the depths of a comfortable chair.

Peter Colburn suddenly became serious. He turned to his son.

"Jimmy," he said, "now that we are here, we might as well discuss this thing. I have been thinking very carefully about all that has happened since the night I told you of my plans concerning my future. Perhaps I have been somewhat—er—"

"Not at all, sir," smiled Jimmy. "It was I who . . ."

"Well, listen, Jimmy. I have decided to permit you to choose your own wife—but that wife must be Elaine. I think that is generous of me, eh?" Peter Colburn puffed vigorously at his cigar and beamed benevolently upon his son.

"You certainly do give one a wide field," murmured Jimmy. "But your condition is accepted, agreed to, and in fact insisted upon. I shall marry Elaine—I will marry Elaine."

Jimmy had been idly gazing here and there about the room. Looking past his father and Sir Francis his attention had been arrested by a dainty handkerchief which had evidently fallen from the hand of its owner. Jimmy fumbled with his cigar, dropped it, and then slowly stooped to pick it up. He peeped swiftly under the low-set chair, and the sight of a dainty pair of ankles rewarded his effort. He straightened and smiled.

"Do you know, Sir Francis, your charming daughter not only promised to be my wife, but she insisted upon embracing me. Of course she knew I was only spoofing her, but she played up to my lead splendidly. It was the opportunity she required."

"You think she knew?" Sir Francis was surprised.

"I am sure she knows," laughed Jimmy. "Elaine is far from being a fool, although she is the most beautiful woman I have ever fallen in love with. I wish she'd marry me and put me out of my misery."

"If Elaine knows you were merely pretending to be ill, you may be sure she will retaliate at the first opportunity," said Sir Francis. "I am sure she is very fond of you, James, but Elaine will give you tit for tat—I mean she will . . . great Heavens! What was that?"

Sir Francis and Peter Colburn sprang to their feet when the sound of someone yawning floated across the room. Jimmy remained seated, smiling, and drawing at his cigar. His smile changed to a wide grin when Elaine rose from her place of concealment and walked towards them.

Sir Francis looked guiltily at his daughter. Peter Colburn was rapidly assuming his favorite magenta complexion as he realised that the girl had overheard all. Elaine smiled coolly at the three men, and for a moment eyed each in turn. Jimmy rose, watching her keenly the while. To his surprise and delight Elaine came and stood by his side; then, smiling tenderly up at him, took his arm and passed it through her own.

"Jimmy"—she gave him a look that made him feel giddy—"do you still wish to marry me?"

"Well—I'll say I do," he breathed.

"Immediately, Jimmy," and she nestled closer to him.

Peter Colburn gasped. Sir Francis stared. Jimmy drew in a deep breath and grinned with delight.

"If not sooner, Elaine," he replied quickly.

"Jimmy, I can't resist you a moment longer. I know I have been heartless and cruel, but if you will have me I'll marry you here and now."

"Here and now?" Jimmy was staggered. The three men looked blankly at each other.

"If you don't instantly agree I might change my mind before morning. Now is it, if you want me," she laughingly replied.

"Lord—a midnight wedding! Hooray! Three hearty British cheers!"

With laughter lighting her eyes she turned and hurried from the room. For a moment there was a profound silence in the library. Peter Colburn dropped into his chair.

"Bless me," he whispered, "I can hardly believe it. Francis, I always thought Jimmy was a handful; but, bless my eyes! I sympathise with you. What a girl! Jimmy . . ."

But Jimmy was already deep in the telephone directory.

BEFORE Jimmy had replaced the receiver the library door opened and Elaine peeped round it. Her father and Peter Colburn stared at her in silence. Jimmy grinned and hurriedly advanced towards her.

"Oh, I just wished to ask you to be sure that the Press is represented at our wedding, Jimmy," she smiled. "The ceremony is going to be simple enough as it is, but I insist that we make the biggest possible splash in the Press."

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"Elaine," murmured her father.

"Don't worry about that, my promised one," grinned Jimmy cheerfully. "I have arranged for the reporters to be here in an hour's time."

"And where do you intend taking me for the honeymoon?" Elaine flushed slightly, and her eyes fell.

"Why, the Riviera, of course—unless you wish . . ."

"No, no, Jimmy! That will be glorious. Nice, Monte, Cannes—oh, we'll have a ripping time. Is everything arranged?"

"Yes, darling. The clergyman will be here; the Press will be here; we are here. You run along and dress, and I'll do likewise. You still have one hour of single blessedness, my fair charmer. After that—er, after that . . ."

"WHY, I believe you are nervous, Jimmy. Poor boy, he's trembling. Father—Mr. Colburn—guard him closely. Oh, Jimmy, let me go!"

"Well, just one, Elaine," laughed Jimmy. "The pact must be sealed!"

Jimmy started back as the door whizzed past close to his face. When he opened it, Elaine was hurrying up the stairs. She looked back at him, daintily wafted a kiss in his direction, and then ran quickly towards her boudoir. Jimmy turned to the others, expanded his chest, clasped his hands behind his back and adjusted his features to register triumph. He addressed his father:

"Well, sir, it seems I'm to be married," he said.

Peter Colburn slowly lighted another cigar. "Jimmy, you win, my boy. Francis, he simply swept Elaine off her feet, eh?"

"Really, I—I cannot quite make it out," Sir Francis replied. "Another whisky, James? We must drink to your success, my boy."

"A very small one, Sir Francis, please. I feel light-headed enough as it is. But how things are moving! It's not more than two hours ago since Elaine was giving me a lesson on how a woman emulates an iceberg. Now, apparently, she has reached the tropics. The warmth of my love has—er, melted her icy reserve and brought her . . . but I'll save the rest for the Press."

"Perhaps you had better inform James as to the identity . . ."

"Not yet, Francis," laughed Peter Colburn. "I'll tell him when he's married. You'd better dress, Jimmy."

Sir Francis rose to his feet and smiled at Jimmy. "James, I wish Elaine and you life-long happiness, the best of good fortune, and good health to-day and in the far-off years to come. I am happy because Elaine has chosen you, my boy, for apart from your own good qualities, your father and I have been fast friends since our boyhood days."

"Quite right, Francis, quite right," said Peter Colburn gruffly. "Much water has run under London's bridges since we were boys together. I've made a fortune out of rubber; you've done the same out of steel, and in addition you've been made a Knight of the British Empire."

"But you refused the honor, Peter . . ."

"I know, I know. Fancy me being Sir Peter Colburn—bless me! I should laugh, myself. But it suits you, Francis, and you earned it."

"But so did you, Peter. Didn't you . . ."

"That's past and done with, Francis. Thanks, I'll have another." Peter wagged a heavy finger at his friend. "Francis, to-night will see . . . bless me! I nearly—where's Jimmy?"

But Jimmy had stolen silently from the room. Peter and Sir Francis leaned back in their chairs, their faces expressing vast satisfaction and content. Colburn's full florid countenance was wreathed in smiles; the deep-set grey eyes twinkled like far-away lights on a clear night. Sir Francis, white-haired, pale, tall and slim, was also smiling. His eyes, so very like Elaine's, reflected his heart's content.

"Francis, it seems years since the night I phoned you that the marriage was off. Bless me, I was furious with Jimmy at the time for upsetting the apple-cart. But at last our dearest wish is to be realised. Here's to their health and happiness, Francis!"

The amber spirit flowed down appreciative throats, and when the glasses were emptied Sir Francis chuckled.

"What do you think James will say when he is informed that Elaine is the girl selected for him?"

"He ought to be dashed grateful," laughed Colburn. "He will very likely . . ."

A discreet knock sounded on the library door.

"A lady and several gentlemen who say they are reporters wish to see you, Sir Francis," was the announcement.

"Bring them here, please, Judson."

The representatives of the Press filed into the library. Sir Francis and Peter Colburn bowed to the neat, dark, alert young lady, whose calm air of self-possession was quite equal to that of her companions. She sank gracefully into a chair which Judson wheeled forward, and nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. The men preferred cigars. Peter eyed her curiously, until he became aware that her dark eyes were fixed upon him. Miss Sharp was evidently amused. The rubber magnate looked away. Sir Francis examined the cards.

"MISS SHARP and gentlemen," he said, "the reason why you have been hurriedly summoned to my house at this hour is that you may witness the marriage of my daughter Elaine to Mr. John James Colburn, son of the famous Peter Colburn."

"Your son recently quarrelled with you, Mr. Colburn, did he not?" Miss Sharp inquired.

Peter stiffened, but quickly assumed an air of surprise when he saw the battery of keen eyes concentrated upon him.

"Young woman, I'm afraid you've been misinformed," he said gruffly. "My son has never quarrelled with me."

"Why this unusual . . ." began the ferret from the Ironcastle "Times."

"I am coming to that," smiled Sir Francis. "Mr. Colburn and I have been friends for more years than I care to remember. It is forty years since . . ."

"Forty-five, Francis," corrected Peter.

"Forty, Peter. You always insist that . . ."

"Francis, I remember the incident as though it occurred yesterday . . ."

"Peter!"

"Now, don't contradict me, Francis! I remember clearly . . ."

"Peter! The Press!" gasped Sir Francis.

"Oh—hang it! I forgot them." Peter Colburn glared at the smiling Miss Sharp.

"I think we may assume that your friendship began forty-five years ago, Sir Francis," she murmured.

"Eh—pray do, Miss Sharp—I was saying . . ."

"Let me tell them, Francis!" Peter avoided the piercing eyes of the observant Miss Sharp. "You already know that Sir Francis and I are widowers," he began, "and that we have both been very successful. We agreed—Sir Fracis and I—that our children should marry the moment it could be arranged. But here is the interesting part of our scheme. For reasons of our own we kept our plans a secret until Elaine became of age. Then," he chuckled, "she indignantly refused to marry Jimmy."

"But it was Jimmy who refused first, Peter," expostulated Sir Francis.

"Rubbish, Francis! Elaine refused first. You told me so over the telephone."

"But, Peter, Jimmy . . ."

"Bless my eyes, Francis, it was—it was—it . . ."

"You were saying that Miss Martindale refused to marry your son," Miss Sharp sweetly reminded him. The pens of the other reporters stabbed viciously at their notebooks.

"Yes," continued Peter. "You see they had never met until my son visited Ironcastle."

"Why did your son assume the character of a motor salesman?" The representative of the Ironcastle "Times" wrote feverishly as he asked the question.

"Well he . . . he . . . Bless my soul! He is very fond of the racing-track. I understand he has a reputation as a driver at Brooklands."

"But that should not cause him to disown his father."

Peter scowled at Miss Sharp.

"Disown me? What nonsense!" he exploded. "Jimmy didn't."

"Didn't he leave you cold that morning at the Trocadero?"

"Oh, curse me! How the deuce—I beg your pardon—I . . ."

"This wedding to-night?" cut in another sleuth.

But he was interrupted by the entry of Jimmy. Jimmy seemed astonished to see Miss Sharp. That efficient young lady regarded the bridegroom intently as he moved towards them.

"Good evening," murmured Jimmy.

The Press swooped down upon him. Sir Francis and Peter were forgotten.

"You are John James Colburn?"

"I am," grinned Jimmy. "Glad you managed to get here. Miss Martindale insisted upon the Press being represented at our wedding."

"This wedding to-night . . ."

Once more the reporter was interrupted. Judson appeared in the doorway.

"Sir Francis, the Reverend Shorleigh Hitcham," he said.

"Ah, how are you, Mr. Hitcham?" Sir Francis beamed upon the clergyman.

"This is very—ah—romantic, Sir Francis," murmured Mr. Hitcham. He allowed his sad eyes to take in all present. He bowed to Peter Colburn and then to Jimmy.

IT seemed to Jimmy that the parson was slightly scandalised. His cadaverous features indicated that his thoughts were far from complimentary to those present or to the occasion.

"Have a whisky, Mr. Hitcham!" boomed Peter Colburn jovially.

"Whisky? Did you say whisky, sir?" Mr. Hitcham gasped. He appeared utterly astounded at such an invitation.

"You will pardon me for not partaking." The reverend gentleman froze. "You see, I have presently to perform a sacred office. Whisky—I—certainly not, sir!"

"I will go for my daughter now," said Sir Francis. "Peter, attend to these gentlemen."

But when Sir Francis had gone the Press attended to Jimmy. They surrounded him, Miss Sharp being well in the foreground.

Peter Colburn and the Reverend Hitcham gloomily contemplated each other. The

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rubber magnate was conscious of the growing conviction that the Press were not present merely as happy spectators of the ceremony. He had taken a strong dislike to Miss Sharp. Her keen eyes and baffling smile troubled him. He was positive that she was not a nice young lady; for no nice young lady would be so completely at her ease among strange men. But apparently Jimmy did not think her dangerous. His laughter rang clear.

"The honeymoon? Oh, the Riviera . . ."

"This wedding to-night—was it arranged on the spur of the moment?" The persistent reporter seemed slightly surprised at his success.

"ER—YES." Jimmy hesitated; then he squared his shoulders and grinned. "My fiancee decided that we would be married at midnight."

"Why did she make such an unusual decision, Mr. Colburn?" asked Miss Sharp.

"She said she couldn't resist me any longer . . ."

"Oh, how interesting!" murmured Miss Sharp. "Then she had been resisting you?"

"Have you never resisted anyone, Miss Sharp?"

Jimmy looked quizzically at her. At this totally unexpected question the efficient young lady blushed hotly, in spite of her rigid self-control. Her eyes glinted maliciously, but she did not deign to reply. Peter Colburn chuckled audibly. Miss Sharp stabbed him with a look. The Rev. Mr. Hitcham, sternly aloof from this unseemly frivolity, tapped his fingers unceasingly upon the arm of his chair. The clergyman puzzled Peter Colburn; for several times he had surprised him covertly eyeing the decanter. The rubber magnate frankly admitted—to himself—that he was not greatly experienced in the ways of reverend gentlemen.

"Miss Sharp and gentlemen, see that you make this wedding as romantic as possible," Jimmy instructed them. "This marriage is most unusual, eh?"

The representative of the Ironcastle "Times" was about to speak when Sir Francis entered the library. His manner betrayed great agitation. For a moment he looked appealingly at Peter Colburn, then at Jimmy. The Reverend Mr. Hitcham rose slowly to his feet, and his tall, spare frame looked uncompromisingly righteous.

"Bless my soul! What is the matter, Francis?" demanded Peter Colburn.

Sir Francis did not answer. He silently handed a note to Jimmy and then proceeded to pour himself a drink. Jimmy opened the note. It read:

"My Dear Illusionist,

"By the time you read this I shall be beyond the temptation of becoming your blushing bride. I may be home later. I trust you will be able to pacify the representatives of the Press. Isn't the snow beautiful?

"Your most amused,
"ELAINE."

"Well I'll be hanged!" mutter Jimmy unbelievingly. He read the note through once again and then handed it to his father. "Read that, sir," he said.

The onlookers thought that Peter Colburn was on the verge of apoplexy. His hands trembled as he read Elaine's note.

"Francis! Oh, help me! What a little vixen she is," he panted.

Peter mopped his brow and collapsed heavily into his chair. He glared balefully when the Reverend Mr. Shoreleigh Hitcham's voice was raised in stern disapproval.

"Really, sir! Such violent language—such reprehensible conduct! And on the eve of your son's wedding!"

"Will you be quiet? Bah! My son's wedding—oh, suffer me to sleep in peace! You fool—there is not going to be any wedding. Francis!" Here his voice failed him.

"I cannot fathom Elaine's conduct," muttered Sir Francis in a dazed manner. He stared helplessly at Jimmy.

"Skidded! Nose-dived and crashed! Plonked fair in the marmalade!" Jimmy managed to grin a faint sickly grin and then helped himself to a drink.

"Then the wedding is indefinitely postponed, Sir Francis?" asked Miss Sharp. She addressed Sir Francis, but smiled at Peter Colburn. The rubber magnate snorted and ignored the lady.

"Apparently so, Miss Sharp," Sir Francis replied. "Gentlemen, there has been a slight hitch," murmured Miss Sharp audibly.

"Oh, bless me!" exploded Peter Colburn. "Here's the devil to pay!"

"Always, my dear Peter," agreed Sir Francis mildly. He was recovering from the shock of Elaine's scheme of revenge, and was adjusting himself to the emergency.

"Well—how much?" gritted Peter Colburn, glaring at the imperturbable Miss Sharp.

"Are you insinuating that I am the devil, Mr. Colburn?" was the quick retort.

"Well, I'm prepared to pay you," growled the rubber magnate. "It'll cost something to keep your mouths shut—all of you!"

"MR. COLBURN, you forget I have a duty to my paper, and to the great General Public," purred Miss Sharp. "But supposing I were to . . ."

"Ah, I thought you'd listen to reason. I'll give you fifty pounds each to keep your pens from stabbing us."

"Only fifty, Mr. Colburn?"

"Only fifty? What do you expect?"

"Well, if you were to offer a hundred each I think—I think . . ."

"Done! And a good riddance to you all!" shouted Peter.

"Peter Colburn offers a hundred pounds each as bribe to the Press," Miss Sharp murmured as she wrote.

"My Heavens! Francis, clear them out—clear them out. Jimmy, you fool, don't stand there grinning like an ass."

"An ass . . ." came softly from the lady reporter.

"Oh, curse!" and Peter Colburn gave it up.

"Miss Sharp and gentlemen, I thank you for your attention," Sir Francis muttered huskily. "Our interview is now concluded."

"Thank Heaven."

"Really, Mr. Colburn," remonstrated the Reverend gentleman, "I will not listen to such blasphemy. Control yourself, sir!"

"Will you hold your tongue, sir?" shrilled the almost distracted rubber magnate. "If you dare to—to lecture me as you would a small boy, I'll—I'll flatten you."

"Flatten you . . ."

"Oh, will that woman never go?" wailed Peter.

"I am going, sir," replied Miss Sharp acidly. "But permit me to thank you for a very interesting evening. I regret, Mr. Colburn, that you should be disappointed after waiting all these years for this particular marriage to take place."

"Just what do you mean by that, Miss Sharp?" asked Jimmy quickly.

"Only what I was told by your father, Mr. Colburn. He and Sir Francis, as you must know, planned for years to get you married to Miss Martindale. As she was the woman selected for you it—it is . . ."

Miss Sharp, hardened pressewoman though she was, hesitated when she noticed Jimmy's white face.

"Jimmy don't listen to her!" shouted his father. Sir Francis collapsed and said nothing.

"One moment, sir. Miss Sharp, are you telling me that Miss Martindale is the girl my father has always wanted me to marry?"

"Of course she is!" Miss Sharp tossed her head. "Please don't pretend you are ignorant of the fact. I understand that neither you nor Miss Martindale were informed until just recently."

"Is this true, sir?" Jimmy demanded coldly of his father.

Peter glared at his son, but refused to answer.

"Sir Francis, is Elaine the woman I ran away from?" Jimmy was inexorable.

"Yes—yes, James; I—I am afraid she is," sighed Sir Francis.

"Thank you, Miss Sharp," smiled Jimmy coldly. "You have my full permission to print just whatever you like. You might also add, if you care to do so, that John James Colburn thoroughly appreciates the joke on himself. Good night, Miss Sharp, and thank you so much."

"I think I will leave you, gentlemen," the Reverend Mr. Hitcham coughed apologetically.

"Go to the devil!" snarled Peter Colburn.

"After you, sir," responded Mr. Hitcham politely.

"Good night, Sir Francis. Pray command me in future, if I can be of any assistance whatever."

"Good night, Mr. Hitcham. Oh, I understand your church is installing a new pipe organ. Let me know the full amount, will you?"

"Oh, thank you, Sir Francis. You are very generous. We are going to build a new club for the young people. It will cost us about £3000."

"It will cost you nothing," growled Peter Colburn. "Send me the bill. Jimmy, my boy, don't—don't go."

"I DON'T think there is any necessity for me to remain, gentlemen," said Jimmy coldly. "I have urgent business to attend to."

"Jimmy, my boy, let us talk this over," pleaded his father. "If you will listen to Sir Francis and me you will not think badly of us, I'm sure. After all, you came to Ironcastle of your own free will, didn't you? You fell in love with Elaine . . ."

"Please do not mention Elaine's name. I am no longer interested in her — not because of the little joke she played to-night, for I can grin and bear that—but she must have known all along what I did not know. It appears to me that everyone has had considerable fun at my expense. I have been a pawn in the game."

"Oh, hang it, Jimmy, you were a willing pawn. You admit falling in love with Elaine the moment you saw her. Was I responsible for your meeting, or for your coming here as a motor salesman? Supposing you had been accepted and married before I arrived in Ironcastle, should I have been to blame, or Sir Francis? It was sheer coincidence that you and she met at all. That Elaine was the girl I wished you to marry has nothing to do with it. Naturally, when Francis and I saw how things were shaping, we held our tongues. Why? Because you were satisfied to seek Elaine, and we were satisfied to let you."

"It is rather distressing, sir, for me to

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discuss this matter further. I consider that I have been the goat, and I resent the fact. I am through with the whole affair. I don't care two hoots about anything. I feel deeply hurt. Here was I cavorting about like a stupid friendly pup while all the time Elaine and you two were laughing up your sleeves at me. I'm through, but not with marriage. I consider myself imposed upon. But I shall—I will be married in spite of you all."

"Married?" His father and Sir Francis stared in astonishment.

"PRECISELY. I've made such a mess of the usual conventional methods of courtship that I have determined to do what Elaine once threatened to do."

"And what is that, James?" inquired Sir Francis quietly.

"Walk out in the street and marry the first woman who will accept me," replied Jimmy defiantly.

"Jimmy, that's sheer balderdash!" growled his father. "I wonder if you are serious?"

"Never more so in my life, sir," snapped Jimmy. "Life is a lottery, after all. I sought to pluck the sweetest fruit but, like the fool I am, I just naturally grabbed a lemon."

"Bah! you're sore because Elaine scored off you! Jimmy, I'm surprised at you," Peter snorted.

"Hardly that, sir," said Jimmy grimly. "I can give and I can take, but — oh, well, it doesn't matter now. Elaine obviously doesn't want me, so I will not be a fool any longer and waste further time trying to persuade her. Her little joke to-night was certainly only a joke, but it was pointed enough to pierce even my thick skull. I'll settle this question of marriage in my own way; and it won't be the usual way, I promise you."

"And when do you propose to begin pestering the females of Ironcastle?" growled his father.

"Immediately after breakfast. It won't be my fault if I'm not married by lunch-time," and Jimmy laughed mirthlessly.

"You're mad!" shrilled the rubber magnate. "If you begin any nonsense of that kind, I—I'll have you strapped in a strait-jacket."

"Then you'd better have it done at once, sir. I'll bet either or both of you that I'll be married within twenty-four hours. How about a monkey, sir?"

"Oh—curse me, yes! I'll bet you ten thousand pounds to an apology that you don't get married. You have not enough brains to get married!" yelled the exasperated millionaire. "And if you stand there and give me any more of your impudence, my lad, I'll break your infernal neck. Clear out! Get out of my sight! But don't you start any foolishness — I warn you!"

"Foolishness? My dear parent, you are mistaken. I'm not going to be foolish—I'm going to be married. I give you my word for that. Good night, sir—Good night, Sir Francis."

"Jimmy, wait! Do you really mean to . . ."

"I do. Once again, good night, gentlemen."

Jimmy's face was sombre as he walked from the library, but the moment he closed the door behind him he grinned broadly and shuffled a few swift steps.

"No need to let those two downy old birds in on the new campaign," he chuckled. "Here is the chance of a glorious rag, and by gosh, I'll take it! Dear old Pete was right about it making no difference, the fact of Elaine being the mysterious lady made me blink for the moment."

"Good morning, Jimmy."

Jimmy froze at the sound of the laughing voice.

"Have you had any more illusions since last we met, Jimmy?"

Jimmy slowly turned and faced the owner of the taunting voice. Elaine had apparently been motoring. She idly tapped her gauntlets upon the carved newel. Jimmy bowed distantly.

"Miss Martindale," he said quietly, "the greatest illusion I ever suffered from was —you! I discovered a few moments ago what you knew from the beginning — that you were the woman selected by those two plotters in the library to be my wife. No doubt you have derived considerable amusement from your advantage, but, of course, such secrecy was typically feline."

"Mr. Colburn! How dare you!" gasped Elaine.

"How dare I? Miss Martindale, I dare anything. In fact I am so disgusted with the whole sordid intrigue that I have determined to end it all by asking the first woman I meet to marry me — be she black, white, or brindle. I dare that, Miss Martindale. Indeed, I have a ten thousand pound bet on with my parent to that effect. Miss Martindale, I little dreamt that you, of all women, would shatter my faith in your sex. Good night!"

Jimmy turned on his heel and walked stiffly to the main entrance. Elaine's eyes widened when she saw him swing open the great door. Involuntarily she took a step in his direction.

"Mr. Colburn! Jimmy!" she faltered. "Where — where are you going?"

"TO face what fate may have in store for me. My father thinks I'm not game to keep my word; he even sneered something about me pestering the females of Ironcastle. Perhaps there will be one who will not look at it in that light."

"Jimmy, you wouldn't dare," whispered Elaine.

"You think so?" Jimmy's dark eyes glittered; he laughed gratingly. The heavy door closed behind him.

Elaine shivered, and then hurried to the library.

Sir Francis and Peter Colburn hastily rose when she entered the room. Peter Colburn looked positively vicious. Sir Francis stood drooping as though the weight of two worlds rested upon his shoulders.

"Elaine," he sighed, "you have started something this time, my dear."

"You've cut Jimmy to the heart," said Peter Colburn hoarsely.

"Do you think Jimmy will carry out his threat?" asked Elaine breathlessly.

"You have seen him?"

"Where is the young ass now, Elaine . . .?"

"I spoke to him a moment ago. He told me I had—I had shattered his faith in my sex. He—he looked desperate — oh! Surely he wouldn't commit such an act of folly."

"Elaine, why didn't you marry him when you had the chance?"

"Oh, well, he . . ." Elaine flushed and paused.

"Elaine, my dear, do you love James?" her father asked gently.

"I—yes, father, I do," she whispered. "But I was only paying him back for what I endured in my boudoir. Perhaps it was vindictive of me, but I was greatly upset to think that Jimmy was suffering. I — I thought he could stand a little fun — I thought—oh, father, I feel—I feel miserable!"

Elaine collapsed into one of the deep chairs and buried her head in her arms. Sir Francis and Peter gloomily eyed her quivering shoulders.

"Well! Here's another fool situation!" snarled the rubber magnate. "Fifteen minutes ago Jimmy would have cut off his head for you. Now he has gone stalking females in town. Heavens knows what he'll pick up. Jimmy won't care — he's heart-broken. Elaine, you have probably driven him into the arms of some hussy."

"Oh, Mr. Colburn, don't! I can't bear it!" came chokingly from the remorseful Elaine.

"FRANCIS, I never imagined it was such an infernal problem to get two youngsters safely married," muttered Peter despairingly. "Do all parents have a taste of this?"

"For their peace of mind, I trust not," Sir Francis glumly replied. "But what on earth are we to do now? We shall all be raving lunatics very shortly if this sort of thing continues."

"Jimmy went to his room, I presume, Elaine?"

"N-no, Mr. Colburn. H-he left the house."

"What!" cried both men together.

"Y-yes, he declared he'd go and marry the first woman who would have him—be she black, white, or—or brindle. Those were his very words," Elaine quavered. "Oh—I feel—I feel ill."

"Ill? I should think you would be ill! Oh, Francis, whatever can we do?" Peter clasped his hands to his head and stalked furiously about the room.

"Perhaps if we went after him . . ." Sir Francis ventured doubtfully.

"Perhaps the police might . . ." Elaine began.

"The police?" shrilled Peter Colburn. "The police? Oh, bless my eyes! Haven't we had enough publicity for one night? Get the car, Francis—get the car! We must do something."

"I—I'm coming with you. I'll marry him if I have to marry him in the street, Black, white, or brindle! Oh, Heavens!" gasped Elaine.

Then, to the consternation of all, Spencer Shaw-Manners was announced.

"Spencer! At this hour? What can he want . . .?"

"Francis, we don't want that fellow poking his infernal nose in here."

"Good morning, all." Spencer drifted into the room and swept them with a keen appraising stare. "I apologise for the hour, but on the way to my diggings I met Tarrant, of the Ironcastle 'Times.' He was simply bursting with news."

Tarrant said a wedding had been arranged, but Elaine . . ."

"Spencer, we have no time to discuss what happened this morning", Sir Francis interrupted. "Did you, by any chance, see James Colburn?"

"Colburn? No, where is he?" Spencer asked quickly.

"That's what we all want to know!" snapped Peter. "And, that's what we've got to find out immediately."

"But why?"

"Why!" yelled Peter. "Because my son has gone off his head. He swears he'll marry the first woman he meets in Ironcastle."

"But surely he was joking?"

"He was not! He meant it. Don't whistle like that, fellow!"

"May I help to find him?"

Spencer fairly oozed sympathy.

"Don't be a fool. If you can find him, I'll see that you don't need to play bridge for a year."

The shaft went home to the feathers.

"Er—thanks, Mr. Colburn," Spencer replied stiffly. He turned red, but quickly re-

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gained his composure. "Where are you going?"

"In search of him."

"Well, I'll use the phone," said Spencer suavely. "I think I can help."

Spencer made a great flurry with the leaves of the telephone directory until the others were safely out of earshot. Then he flung the volume aside and asked for a number. He grinned sourly to himself while waiting for the connection; he was highly elated. A woman's voice came through the receiver. Spencer lowered his tone cautiously.

"Is that you, Madeline? This is Spencer speaking."

"Oh, is it? Well, you may go to . . ."

"Listen, Madeline," said Spencer quickly. "Do you want to make a small fortune? Some easy money?"

"Now, what is it this time?"

Spencer detected the note of curiosity in the spiteful tone.

"I must see you immediately. It's worth thousands to us. Jimmy Colburn has gone crazy; he's rushing about Ironcastle asking women to marry him. Elaine turned him down, and he . . . but I can't talk here. What about you? Do you want a handsome husband — a potential multi-millionaire?"

"Spencer, you're a darling! Come over quickly. I'll dress at once. Hurry, Spencer! Do I want him? I never wanted anything so much in my life!"

"I'll be ' ith you presently."

Spencer replaced the receiver and hurried from the library.

WHEN the door closed behind Jimmy, he paused. He had acted on the spur of the moment, and but for Elaine's unexpected appearance would have gone to his room. But to give weight to his threat he had led her to believe that he intended to rush into Ironcastle without delay. He thought swiftly as he descended the steps and stepped on to the drive. It was now imperative that he should vanish until morning. Then a happy thought entered his head. There was always a spare bed in Williams' quarters at the garage. He would have no difficulty with Williams, who was rather a sport. But he must not be seen aproaching the garage. At any moment the great door might open and the pursuit be in full cry.

He ran quickly along the drive until he came to the point where it forked. Here the bordering shrubs loomed thick and dark, and when his keen ears caught the sound of footsteps crunching the gravel of the drive he dived into their sheltering shadows without hesitation. He chuckled when he saw Spencer ring and then enter the Hall.

"A clean get-away," he muttered. "Devilish neat, indeed."

He waited a few minutes, and then prepared for the final sprint.

"The last lap," he grinned.

But the grin faded when heavy hands gripped him and two powerful bodies hurled him to the earth. He gasped as he was rolled over and felt something cold and hard secure his wrist behind his back. The light from a torch flashed full on his face.

"D'ye know 'im, Dick?" grunted one of his assailants.

"You bet I do, sargint. Have a good squint at his mug. Ain't he that feller whose description was sent out by the Yard last week?"

The sergeant of police swore a mighty oath.

"You've hit it in one, me lad!" he growled. "This bird belongs to the other side of the Atlantic. And that's where 'e'll be goin'. Noo York wants 'im bad. Remember 'is record?"

"B-but, I say! Are you . . ." spluttered Jimmy. His mouth was full of earth, and he was positive he could taste the flavor of worms.

"That'll be all from you!" snapped the sergeant. "We thought you was someone else—but you'll do us. It's the chair for you over there. What's 'is name again, Dick?"

"Jacques Cirotteau—bank bandit, Noo York. Slipped inter this country three months ago. Wanted fer murder an' heaven knows 'ow many robberies!" recited the constable named Dick.

"But, I say! Are you the police?"

"You'll find that out quick enough—you dirty bomb-thrower. Come now! Get to yer feet! We'll soon put yer where yer'll do no more murders."

"Murders—goodness! But really, there's a mistake, officer. You've grabbed the wrong man."

"Out that, Cirotteau! We've got you dead to rights. You can't put any of them Noo York tricks over on us. Move y'self!"

"But I tell you I'm a guest at the Hall."

"Well, that's the best yet," chuckled the sergeant. "I s'pose you came 'ere with the King, eh? Might as well pile it on thick while you're at it. Now shut yer face, or I'll shut it with my baton; 'op it!"

Jimmy was about to make further reply when suddenly he astonished his captors by laughing heartily.

"By gosh! This is priceless! Jimmy Colburn, alias Jacques Cirotteau, bank bandit, New York. No need to bother about hiding myself now. It's all arranged," he muttered.

"I might as well warn yer . . ."

"Oh, don't bother, sergeant, I'm familiar with the words," grinned Jimmy.

"Well, yer ought to be," was the grim reply. "And yer needn't be so funny about it all. Yer won't feel funny when the lights go dim all of a suddenlike in the penitentiary over there."

"NOW that's deuced cold-blooded of you, sergeant."

"Oh—shift y'self!"

"Tell me how you knew I was here," said Jimmy, as they walked down the drive. His captors were taking no chances. He had been thoroughly searched for weapons, but a man doesn't usually carry a weapon on his wedding morn. He had laughed at that thought.

"We didn't," admitted the sergeant. "We was after a cut burglar what's been troublesome about 'ere lately. I thought I seen 'im sneak inter the 'all grounds—but it must 'ave been you instead. You'll be on yer way to Liverpool in a few hours. Ain't yer feelin' 'omesick."

"Sergeant, you've dropped something," grinned Jimmy.

"Dropped what?" demanded the sergeant suspiciously.

"Your aspirates—or if you prefer it, your glottal fricatives."

"What does 'e mean, Dick?" demanded the sergeant.

"I bet it's some of that there dago language. The report says he talks about six of 'em," said constable Dick knowingly.

"Look 'ere, Cirotteau, don't yer get funny with me!" rasped the sergeant. "If yer do, I'll fetch yer one."

"Very well, sergeant. Where are you taking me?"

"Main street station. From there yer'll be sent to Liverpool, where yer papers'll be got ready. Now shut up!"

The examination at the police station was short and sharp. Jimmy, apparently, was the twin brother of Jacques Cirotteau. When his linen was examined the initials J. C. closed the case for the Crown. Jimmy was firmly escorted to the comfort of a cement-cell. After being subjected to a few curious glances, he was left to himself.

"I should like to see the sergeant's face when they take my fingerprints," he laughed. "But, seemingly, there's no need. For the time being I'm Jacques Cirotteau, the bandit from Noo York. And all this comes of trying to get married! H'm—this is a poor dug-out, John James, but undoubtedly shell proof. Not quite the bridal suite you anticipated, eh, John James? Deuce take Elaine! Why wouldn't she—bah! Go to sleep, you ass. I wonder what dear old Pete is doing? Giving a very fair imitation of the scalp dance, I'll bet a button. Well, well!"

JIMMY'S soliloquy ceased when he discovered that there were no soft spots on the planks. After a futile search he gradually settled down, and, in spite of the unyielding surface, was quickly asleep.

But Elaine, Sir Francis, and Peter Colburn were not asleep. They were feverishly active; so feverishly active that when they tumbled into the fast Flexible Eight and left the Hall behind them, Peter, who took an out-size in hats, was blissfully ignorant of the fact that upon his head was Sir Francis's bowler. Sir Francis possessed a small head and he, with Colburn's head-gear jammed down to his ears, looked as ludicrous as his friend. However, they were not thinking of hats as the powerful machine roared along the almost deserted streets of the town. The dominant thought in the mind of each was the possible whereabouts of John James Colburn. Elaine sat next to the half-dressed Williams. Sir Francis and Peter Colburn sat on the rear seat. Elaine had the car stopped in the full glare of a street lamp after several miles and the useless expenditure of much energy and petrol. She turned to discuss the matter with the two men.

"Father! Mr. Colburn! It is futile for us to rush about in this fashion. We . . ." she paused, and to the amusement of her father and Peter Colburn, suddenly became convulsed with laughter. Williams could not resist the temptacion to look round; he let out a loud guffaw in spite of his rigid training.

"What the devil are you making that noise for, fellow?" bellowed Peter Colburn. "Elaine, we are wasting time. Let us get on; let us get on."

"Elaine, this is no time for merriment," said Sir Francis severely.

"But—but father! Mr. Colburn! You both look so ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous!" echoed both men. They turned and stared at each other, and it did not need more than a glance to discover the cause of Elaine's laughter.

"Francis! Give me my hat!" snorted Peter. "It makes you look like the Mad Hatter."

"You look somewhat absurd yourself, Peter," retorted Sir Francis. "Your head looks like a pumpkin with a pimple on it."

"Now, Francis; there's no need to be nasty!" roared Peter. "I—I—, Francis! A pumpkin with a—a pimple on it! Bless my soul!"

"No offence, Peter, my dear fellow," Sir Francis hastily assured him. "Elaine, what were you about to remark?"

"It seems to me we are wasting precious time," said Elaine. "It is obvious that Jimmy will not sleep on the street or walk

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about until morning. He will go to some hotel. The sanest thing for us to do is to inquire at the best hotels. What do you think?"

"But Jimmy is looking for a wife—confound him!—not an hotel . . ."

"Peter, I think Elaine's suggestion quite sound. Williams, drive quickly to the Hotel Imperial," said Sir Francis. "Now, Peter, don't begin to fret and fume. We are doing all we can."

"Look! Williams, stop the car!" hissed Colburn, just as the machine was gathering speed. He pointed ahead to where the figure of a man was outlined by the powerful headlights. "Look—there's the young rascal! See, he's lighting a cigarette. We're just in time! There's a woman walking towards him. Williams, stop the car!"

In response to the peremptory roar Williams jammed on his brakes. Sir Francis clutched wildly at the air as he slid off the seat.

"Bless me!" he gasped. "Peter!"

But Peter was already rushing along the footpath towards the man and woman. He was fairly bristling with fury at this ocular evidence of his son's imbecility.

"It's him!" he panted. "The young fool—I'll flay him alive. Jimmy! You fool!"

Overcome by his indignation he fiercely gripped the shoulder of the man before him and jerked him round. He saw then that the man was a stranger to him, and, furthermore, that his victim was already battling with the fumes rising from an evening's indulgence. The magnate stepped back a pace, when open hostility became manifest in the reveller's face and attitude.

"Er—I beg your pardon," he grunted. "I thought you were someone else."

"Y-y' did, eh?" hiccuped the partly inebriated one. "Well, I musht 'ave 'n 'pology. Down on y' knees 'n begsh p-pardon. Mus-musht chash-chashtise y' f'r insolence."

The injured one lurched forward and with a wild furious swipe bashed Peter's hat down over his ears. The magnate gasped, turned, and fled, clutching at his battered headgear as he ran. The maudlin laughter of the jovial one floated after him. He was inarticulate when he collapsed on the seat of the car. The victor on the pavement lustily cheered the defeated party as the machine flashed past him.

All were silent as the Flexible Eight streaked towards the Hotel Imperial, although three of them were shaking with suppressed laughter and were fighting to preserve the utmost gravity. Peter recovered his voice as the car pulled up.

"Francis," he snarled, "Jimmy shall answer to me for this! I'll teach that cub the lesson of his life! What did you say?"

"I did not speak, Peter."

"Why the devil didn't one of you tell me that wasn't Jimmy? If you'd only used your eyes, I shouldn't have made such a fool of myself. Luckily I remained calm and avoided the fellow. Williams, if you dare to laugh at me I'll—I'll . . ."

"T-the Hotel Imperial, Sir Francis," choked Williams. "Shall I wait, sir?"

"Please do, Williams."

THE foyer of the hotel was deserted. It was one o'clock. Across to the right, where the office was situated, a sleepy-eyed attendant stared dully at the girl and the two men while they examined the register. The name of John James Colburn did not appear on the sheet.

"He's not here," growled Peter. "Let us go to the next hotel."

"Very well," agreed Sir Francis.

"I wonder—do you think he would register under an assumed name?" asked Elaine. She turned to the uninterested attendant and gave a brief though accurate description of John James. The man did not hesitate.

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied, "a gentleman of that description registered just before you came in. He and his wife . . ."

"H-his w-wife . . ." stammered Elaine.

"His wife?" gasped Sir Francis.

"His wife!" thundered Peter Colburn.

"Pardon, but it is a rule of this hotel," explained the attendant gently. He eyed the three before him with awakened interest. "You know the gentleman, sir?"

"I am his father!" boomed the rubber magnate. "Oh, Francis, we must stop this."

"Hush, Peter!"

"Hang it! I won't hush! I refuse to hush; that pup isn't going to drag my name in the mud to satisfy his stubborn pride and temper. Besides, the woman isn't his wife. The thing couldn't have been done in the time."

"Please don't shout, sir," requested the attendant mildly. "It is a rule of this hotel."

"Deuce take your rules and your hotel!" rasped Peter Colburn. "What room did the couple occupy?"

"You say you are the young gentleman's father, sir?"

"I do—I am—I . . ."

"And that they are not married?"

"They are not married."

"Then it is my duty to inform the police," answered the attendant. "It is a rule of this hotel, sir."

"Will you stop blathering about your infernal rules? Listen, fellow! Do you see this fifty-pound note?"

"Why, yes, sir. And a very pleasant and unusual sight it is, sir," remarked the attendant.

"I always like to do business pleasantly," growled Peter sourly. "This is a personal matter between my boy and me. It doesn't concern the police."

"Certainly not, sir. Thank you, sir. I will give you a duplicate key. Thank you very much, sir. Here's the key, sir. Room 99, sir. Third floor, sir. Take the automatic lift, sir. Good night, sir."

"I suppose this is not against the rules of your hotel—is it?" snarled Peter, holding up the key.

"POSSIBLY, sir, but I am not worrying," grinned the man.

"And why aren't you worrying?" demanded Peter grimly.

"Because I've chucked this job. I finish the moment I'm relieved. Good night, sir."

"Oh, go to . . ."

"Please, Mr. Colburn, do let us hurry. For all we know Jimmy might be telephoning for a clergyman at this moment," Elaine said hurriedly.

"There's a parson on the same floor," murmured the attendant.

"Blister me—is there?" shrilled Peter Colburn. "You mind your own business—you pasty-faced whipper-snapper! Come along, Francis! Elaine, perhaps you had better stay."

"No! I am coming with you!" said Elaine determinedly. "I have something to say to your son—and I'm going to say it!"

"Now don't become hysterical, Elaine. Be calm, my dear," implored Sir Francis.

"I am calm—perfectly calm," was the ominous reply. "Shut the door, Mr. Colburn, or the lift won't work."

Elaine pressed the button, but the lift did not move. She pressed again. No result.

"Hi, fellow! Is this lift working?" bawled Peter to the attendant. The man paused in the act of putting on his coat and glanced at the clock above the lift.

"No, sir," he cackled. "It's after one o'clock. The current is switched off at one, sharp."

"Some more of your fool rules, eh? What an hotel! Blister me, Francis—we'll have to walk up three flights."

"Do hurry!" snapped Elaine irritably, or we'll never reach the third floor. These stairs might be worse."

"Huh!" grunted Peter Colburn.

"Elaine!" puffed Sir Francis. "You forget we are not as young as you. Ah, that's one flight done!"

At last the ordeal was over. They stood upon the third floor, panting and wearied. Peter Colburn carried his hat in one hand and with the other mopped the perspiration from his brow. He and Sir Francis collapsed upon a seat placed for the convenience of lift passengers. Both men were blowing with the exertion of the climb.

"Blister me, Francis," wheezed Peter. "Let us get back our breath. I've got a stitch in my side—huh!"

"I'VE got a stitch in each side, also front and back!" gasped Sir Francis weakly. "Thank goodness it will be easier descending."

"Huh!" Peter applied his handkerchief vigorously to face and neck.

"Oh, father—Mr. Colburn—look! Someone is using the automatic lift," panted Elaine. They stared when two men stepped out of the lift and carefully closed the door behind them. Sir Francis questioned them.

"Pardon me," he said, "but is that lift working?"

"Well, we came up in it. Why?" asked one of the men.

"We were told the current is shut off at one o'clock sharp."

"Then you were misinformed," was the laughing reply. "This lift works all night for the convenience of guests."

"Oh, curse me," moaned Peter Colburn. "I—I couldn't have shut the door properly. I'll kill that wretch of an attendant."

"Are you both going to sit on that seat all night?" inquired Elaine. "If so, you might give me the key."

"Yes, we'd better proceed, Peter," sighed Sir Francis.

"I'll keep the key," growled Colburn. "I'll give that young man the shock of his life. Where is this confounded room?"

"We go this way, judging from the way the numbers run. "Oh, there it is!" Elaine pointed to the polished metal numbers on the door. Room 99 was before them.

"Ah, now we shall see," gasped Peter.

"But, Mr. Colburn, you—you are not going to enter without knocking?" Elaine asked.

"No? You'll see, my girl. I'm not going to give James the pleasure of slamming the door in my face.

"Oh, father! I—I f-feel nervous," stammered Elaine. "I—perhaps I had better remain outside. This is dreadfully embarrassing."

"It's embarrassing for all of us," snorted Peter before Sir Francis could reply. "Had you been sensible, Elaine, there would have been none of this. Come on!"

"I wonder what she is like," murmured Elaine, more to herself than to the others.

"Black, white, or brindle—one of the three. I hope she's not brindle—I mean—ah, this key does fit. James, you scoundrel! Where are you?"

Peter flung open the door of the room as he roared the words, and, followed by

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Sir Francis, stumped belligerently into the room.

The young woman seated before the mirror of the dressing-table stared first in amazement and then in horror at this unwarranted intrusion. The brush which she had been using dropped from her hand as she shrank from the fierce gaze of Peter Colburn. She turned red, then white.

"What is the meaning . . .?" she began timidly.

"Where's my son? I was told he was here with you. Where is he? Answer me! I'll put a stop to this nonsense. Where's my son?"

"Your son? I—I don't know your son. . . ."

"Don't lie to me, woman! I am well versed in the wiles of your sex. Where is the rascal?"

"Peter!" began Sir Francis.

"LEAVE this to me, Francis," gritted Peter. He took a step in the woman's direction. The bride stared at him fearfully. "If you don't answer me . . ."

The terrific threat in the eyes and the voice of her questioner evidently had an overpowering effect. A piercing scream rang through the room, and she suddenly became limp. Sir Francis darted forward in time to prevent her frame falling to the floor.

"Peter—Sir Francis spoke desperately—"perhaps we are mistaken. Perhaps James is not . . ."

He got no further. Racing footsteps sounded in the corridor. A giant of a man loomed in at the doorway, and, when he saw his bride in the arms of one man and another stranger standing by, he whipped out an ugly-looking automatic pistol.

"Kidnappers, eh?" he snarled. "Brazen abductors?"

"Er—p-put that—that p-pistol away, sir," spluttered Peter. "We can explain and apologise—we—we can . . ."

With one bound the outraged husband was beside his wife. Sir Francis meekly and gladly surrendered his burden.

"Really, sir, this is a deplorable mistake," he said. "We have been misled. We—please don't point that dreadful weapon at me—it might go off . . ."

"I've a good mind to drill both of you," said the husband furiously. "My finger's trembling on the trigger now. I'm itching to plug you, you pair of kidnappers.

"Kidnappers?" gasped Sir Francis in horrified tones.

"Kidnappers? Blister me!" Peter Colburn gulped when he saw the red fury in the bridegroom's eyes.

"So this is how innocent young women are snatched away," the big man ground out. "You pair of cunning old devils—ah, darling," turning to his wife who was recovering, "don't be frightened. I got here in time. And I'll see that this gang of women-snatchers is put where they won't do any harm for some time."

"But, sir, we had no evil intent," Sir Francis endeavoured to assure him. "My friend was informed that his son was in this room with . . ."

"Any excuse is better than none, but that's the feeblest I ever heard," was the sneering reply. "Darling, ring for the police. I'll guarantee these spiders don't escape."

"Spiders!" Sir Francis flinched.

"The police? Oh, what nonsense—here's Elaine. She'll be able to convince . . ."

"Ah, a female accomplice, eh?" growled the big man. "I saw her standing outside in the corridor as I ran past. I wondered what she was doing there. Keeping watch while her companions snared their victim."

"Father! There seems to have been a terrible mistake," faltered Elaine. "Sir, let me explain."

"You don't need to," came sneeringly. "These two old vultures were caught red-handed."

"How dare you call my father a vulture!" blazed Elaine. "He is Sir Francis Martindale of Martindale Hall. A vulture! How dare you, sir!"

"The police are coming at once," said the young bride triumphantly.

"Young woman," said the husband to Elaine, "I don't believe you. You get over there beside those two men. Respectable people don't come forcing their way into hotel bedrooms at this hour of the morning. Tell it to the police."

"Sir, the fault lies with that fool of an attendant downstairs. We were told that my son . . ."

"Oh, save your breath, you old rascal!"

"Old rascal, eh? I'm a rascal, a spider, a vulture, a woman-snatcher, a——. I'll knock you down, sir, big as you are!" shrilled the rubber king. He started forward but stopped abruptly when the automatic covered him, and his complexion changed from a sunset magenta to a sickly grey.

"None of your bluff and bounce! If any of you, the woman included, move an inch, this gun talks. You're caught, and you're not going to get away until the police investigate you. Here they are now."

"What's this? What's the trouble here?" demanded the taller of the two constables who darted into the room.

"I GIVE these two men—and that woman—in charge for attempting to kidnap my wife," said the bridegroom. He slipped the pistol into a side pocket.

"Officer, it's all a mistake," boomed Peter Colburn. "We are innocent of such a charge, and I'm sure that if you listen to us you will realise that we are the victims of circumstances."

"Well, what have you to say?" the senior constable demanded.

"I am Peter Colburn, the rubber manufacturer, of London. My friend here is Sir Francis Martindale of Martindale Hall."

"You are Sir Francis Martindale?"

"I am, constable. These young people were naturally indignant at what seemed to them . . ."

"Excuse me, but if you are Sir Francis Martindale you won't mind me phoning Martindale Hall to verify your statement."

"Not at all, constable. Pray do so. My butler will soon convince you that I am Sir Francis Martindale."

There was silence in the room while the tall constable asked for the required number. Peter, Sir Francis, and Elaine looked relieved and smiled at each other. They listened intently when the constable got the number.

"Is that Martindale Hall?" he inquired. "Eh? Who's speaking? The police. I want to speak to Sir Francis Martindale. What! He is speaking? Are you sure?"

"What nonsense!" exploded Peter Colburn.

"Heavens—but this is absurd," gasped Sir Francis.

Elaine did not speak; she stared in bewilderment.

"Why am I asking?" continued the constable. "Because there is a man here who says he is Sir Francis. What? He is an imposter? You'll be at headquarters later in the morning? Thank you, Sir Francis. Yes, I'll deal with him."

"Take them away, constable!" gritted the big bridegroom. "Lock them up. They are a menace to our womenfolk."

"Constable, I protest."

"Not—not handcuffs, constable."

"Oh, father! We are degraded," wailed Elaine when the flint-faced constable snapped a steel cuff round one of her wrists.

"Now step lively," commanded the tall constable. "You'll all get a fair stretch for this night's work."

"Well, curse me," muttered the dazed Peter Colburn.

Words failed him, and the three, linked wrist to wrist by the steel manacles, almost stunned by the ignominious situation in which circumstances had placed them, stumbled blindly and in silence towards the lift.

BUT, Spencer, Jimmy Colburn isn't likely to commit such a glaring act of folly. He's a bit of a fool, I'll admit, but he's not such an idiot as all that."

Madeline Cartwright stared at her reflection in the long oval mirror and after a careful scrutiny of her toilet, swung round and faced her companion.

"Granted, my dear Madeline," smiled Spencer. "But that's not the point. Colburn's pride has been touched. Elaine led him to believe that she would marry him at midnight—the fool—and he believed her. He was soft enough to phone for a clergyman and also for representatives of the Press. She fairly got him on the raw. Made a complete fool of him, not only in his own eyes and the eyes of his grouchy old parent, but also in the eyes of the general public. Colburn will be the laughing stock of all England before many hours are past. He's seeing red. She told me—they all told me—that he has sworn to marry the first woman who will have him, be she black, white, or brindle. There it is."

"Yes, but—supposing it is possible to persuade him to come here, that is no guarantee that he will marry me. Besides, we don't know where he is."

"Madeline, there's money in this," Spencer assured her. "If we can induce him to come here to your flat we're a pair of noodles if we don't squeeze him somehow. Marry him if you can; bleed him if you can't. But perhaps you are not in need of money."

"Perhaps not as much as you," came the quick retort. "But, nevertheless, I want money badly. Things have not been too easy or pleasant for me lately. If I can—rather, if we can—bring off this coup, it will save some shreds of my reputation."

Spencer grinned cynically.

"Ways and means, eh?" he sniggered. "More ways than means. All right; don't flare up. We're here to think, not quarrel. Whichever way the animal jumps, it's fifty-fifty, eh?"

"It is!" Madeline was emphatic. "But first let us catch the animal. Where is he?"

"That part of the business is up to me. I'll step round and dig up Tarrant. He might know something. Shrewd head, Tarrant. Listen, Madeline. You stay close to the telephone—it's no use your coming with me. I'll phone you immediately I've got news of Colburn. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly, old dear."

There was a baleful flicker in Madeline's eyes as she watched Spencer go. When he had gone, she turned and gazed long and earnestly in her mirror. The dark eyes that stared back at her had a strained and hunted look in them. The mouth was hard though beautiful. She flung im-

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petuously away from the merciless glass, and for a fleeting moment her bold handsome features registered regret.

"You are beginning to look it," she shuddered.

Madeline placed a chair close to the telephone, and, picking up the latest thriller, composed herself to wait.

As there were no taxis on the deserted street, Spencer decided to walk to Tarrant's quarters. The scheme that was slowly forming in his subtle mind bristled with difficulties, and not the least of them was the problem of how to arrange matters so that no sign of his handiwork could be traced if his plans failed. If they succeeded, well and good, but he had no desire for the Martindales to know him for what he really was—a penniless adventurer rapidly sliding down the steep slope of failure. Money? He must have money! Well, here was his opportunity to net a decent sum in a manner that was well within the law, and at the same time to score off Colburn. John James Colburn! How he hated the fellow! Everything had gone wrong since the night he had arrived in Ironcastle.

Spencer was bristling with resentment by the time he drew near to the Hotel Imperial. He glanced idly into the foyer as he was passing, and what he saw there was sufficient to bring him up rigid with amazement. He blinked, doubting the evidence of his eyes. Had he, too, gone crazy? He must be crazy, for surely that couldn't be Sir Francis, Peter Colburn, and Elaine handcuffed and guarded like felons by two stalwart policemen. Spencer's eyes bulged. Then he darted forward to meet them.

The three miserables greeted him vociferously, almost with rapture.

"Spencer! Thank heaven you are here," gasped Sir Francis.

"Spencer! You're just the man!" boomed Peter Colburn.

"Spencer! Oh, how fortunate!" almost sobbed Elaine.

"Why Elaine, Sir Francis—whatever is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?" asked Spencer quickly.

"These two constables think that I am not Sir Francis, but that I am an impostor."

"But that is impossible, Sir Francis."

"Do you know this man?" demanded the tall constable brusquely.

"HE and his daughter here, and also this gentleman," nodding at Peter Colburn, "are personal friends of mine. Officer, there is a mistake here. How came you to regard Sir Francis as an impostor?"

"I rang up Martindale Hall, sir," the constable replied, "and the person that answered the phone assured me that he was Sir Francis, and that this man was an impostor."

"Somehow you've been tricked, officer. Who could it have been? The real impostor was the man at the phone. This is Sir Francis. For heaven's sake take those things off their wrists before you do them a grievous injury. What are they charged with?"

"Attempting to kidnap a woman."

"Good Lord! Attempting to kidnap a woman? A woman?" Spencer suddenly burst out laughing, but quickly controlled his mirth. "Constable, if you value your reputation as . good policeman, you'll take those handcuffs off immediately. I assure you this gentleman is Sir Francis Martindale, and this lady is his daughter. This will be the blunder of your career if you persist.

"And who is the other gentleman?" inquired the constable.

"Mr. Peter Colburn, of London, a guest of Sir Francis."

"H'm. That's what he said. All right; I'll take the darbies off, but if there has been a mistake, don't blame me. I've only done my duty."

"Oh, we don't blame you, constable," came in chorus.

"All the same, you'll have to come with me to the station," the constable informed them. He turned to Spencer. "You, too, sir."

"WILLINGLY," declared Spencer. He was content. This adventure might lead to John James Colburn. If not, he would not have wasted much time — any time; for this little affair had placed the Martindales, and also the wealthy Peter Colburn, under an obligation to him.

The two policemen glanced significantly at each other when Sir Francis beckoned to Williams. The Flexible Eight impressed them. But it was their duty to conduct the party to the station, so to the station they went. During the drive Spencer was full of concern for Elaine, and she was not ungrateful for his kindly words and sympathy. Elaine had received a shock from which she was not yet fully recovered. Peter Colburn, for once, had nothing to say, nor did Sir Francis speak until they entered the police-station and stood before the desk sergeant. In fact it was a very dispirited party that stood before the police official.

"Good morning, Sir Francis," said the desk sergeant heartily. "What can I do for you, Sir Francis?"

The two constables turned red. So he was Sir Francis. The sergeant evidently knew him well by sight.

"Just convince your men that I am Sir Francis Martindale," was the weary reply. "Through no fault of theirs they are under the impression that I am someone else."

The senior sergeant glared at his men, but they faced him gamely.

"We rang through to the Hall, sergeant, and the person who replied said that this gentleman was an impostor. It was this reply that made me take them in custody—that and the offence they were charged with."

"What offence?"

"Attempting to kidnap a woman."

"What nonsense! You had better be . ."

"The constable acted strictly in accordance with his duty, sergeant," said Sir Francis. "The mystery lies in that extraordinary telephone message. Gracious me! Elaine, isn't that Judson approaching with that policeman? They have a prisoner."

All eyes were turned on the newcomers. The party opened and allowed the constable to haul his prisoner before the desk sergeant. Judson bowed gravely to Sir Francis.

"This person, Sir Francis," he said, "was in your library. I overheard him carrying on a guarded conversation over the telephone. He was telling someone that he was Sir Francis Martindale, and that he would be at the police-station later in the morning. He has arrived earlier than he anticipated."

"Ah—so that explains it," murmured Sir Francis. "Who is the man?"

"He's a notorious cat burglar, Sir Francis," replied the desk sergeant. "He is well known to us. Lock him up, Dickson; I'll enter the charge. That is the second man arrested on your premises since midnight, Sir Francis."

"The second man?"

"Yes. Sergeant Napper, after a terrific struggle, I understand, caught a most desperate character hiding in some shrubbery in your grounds. It was a lucky capture, for the man is wanted in America. His name is Jacques Cirotteau, and he is a notorious bank bandit from New York."

"Well, well! We certainly are experiencing extraordinary events this morning," murmured Sir Francis. "However, with your permission, sergeant, we will return to my home."

"Right, Sir Francis. Good morning, Miss Martindale. Good morning, gentlemen. The police are always willing to oblige at any time. Good morning."

The sergeant beamed upon them, and the party filed out of the station.

"Thank you, Spencer. Won't you return to the Hall with us for a little refreshment?" asked Elaine.

"Thanks, no. Please excuse me. The hour is very late—or rather very early. I'll drop in later in the day."

Spencer smiled at them and raised his hat. The Flexible Eight swiftly gathered speed and vanished in the gloom. Spencer remained motionless for a few minutes, his mind busy analysing the situation. Then he turned and re-entered the station.

"Sorry to disturb you, sergeant," murmured Spencer glibly, "but would it be possible for me to have a look at this man Jacques Cirotteau?"

"WELL, sir, it's somewhat irregular, but as you are a friend of Sir Francis I will allow it," replied the sergeant. "Why do you wish to see the man?" He pressed a button beside the desk.

"I am wondering whether the man you caught really is Cirotteau."

The sergeant's eyebrows shot up, and he looked keenly at Spencer.

"He answers the description perfectly. Even his linen bears his initials J. C. Furthermore, he didn't bother to deny the fact. He is Cirotteau without a doubt. Napper made a shrewd capture. Ah, Dickson, let this gentleman have a good look at Cirotteau. Wake him up if he's asleep. Follow the constable, sir."

"Thank you, sergeant," murmured Spencer.

The grim corridor flanked with cells had a depressing effect upon Spencer. He looked at the thick iron grilles and shuddered. His guide halted and pointed to a grille.

"You'll see him through that, sir. It's against the rules and common sense to open the door," Spencer was informed. "I'll flash the torch on him for you."

One glance at the redoubtable Jacques Cirotteau was sufficient for Spencer. It was as much as he could do to stifle his laughter. He nodded and drew back from the grille. Spencer trod on air as he retraced his steps; fortune was surely smiling on him this day.

"Well, sir; did you get a good look at him?" inquired the sergeant.

"I did, sergeant," Spencer replied, "and I'm of the opinion that you've got the wrong man. I wouldn't bet on it, but if he is the man I think he is, there is a woman in this town who will identify him instantly."

"Not Cirotteau?" The sergeant was startled. "Who is he, then?"

"He's the former friend of the woman I mentioned. Of course I'm not positive, but she would know him at once. The likeness is remarkable, but I have my doubts about his being Cirotteau. If you care to send him along under escort, I'll inform the woman that he is coming. She will be glad

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see him, and it might save the police a second blunder."

"Blunder, sir?" The sergeant bristled.

"Not that exactly, sergeant, but mistakes sometimes made by the shrewdest men," Spencer hastily replied. "Take the recent bitment of Sir Francis . . ."

"Ahem! Yes, yes. What is this woman's address? Will she be awake at this hour?"

"It is more than likely. In any case, she won't mind being aroused."

"Oh, later in the morning will do."

"I'm sure you know best, sergeant, but it might be wise to proceed at once. If your man is the fellow I'm thinking of, he is somewhat vindictive, and is influential. If he is not Cirotteau, he is not likely to appreciate that terrific struggle with Sergeant Napper, to say nothing of the indignity of being lodged in a cell as a murderer. Better be sure, sergeant."

"Just think of the lady's feelings at being disturbed at this hour. It's just on two o'clock."

"May I use your phone?" Spencer saw that the sergeant was wavering.

"Certainly, sir."

Spencer cautiously informed Madeline that the police were bringing a man to her to be identified. Would she mind? She would not? Good.

"It is quite all right with her, sergeant. Half an hour will set your mind at rest. Here is the address."

"I'll send him round. Thank you, sir," said the sergeant, pressing the button once again. "I'll send Sergeant Napper with him, also the constable who was with Napper. They are both in the station at this minute."

Once away from the station, Spencer lost his air of lassitude. He chuckled as he hurried to a public telephone bureau. Madeline's voice answered him.

"Listen, Madeline," he laughed. "I've arranged it. The police are bringing Colburn to your flat. If you have a veil, wear it, otherwise he will naturally be suspicious. You will have to handle the police tactfully. I'll phone the Martindales now. They'll come running. Use your wits, my dear; there's big money in this for us. If you can get Colburn to act the fool, we're set. Good luck!"

JIMMY COLBURN blinked when the torchlight was flashed full on his face. This was the second time he had been subjected to the searchlight test, and he showed his resentment by yawning widely and turning over in an endeavor to find a more comfortable position. But strong hands gripped him by the shoulders and a well-known voice informed him that his old friend Sergeant Napper was 'active again.

"Now step lively! You've got to be identified, young feller."

Jimmy was almost lifted to his feet, and he chuckled as Sergeant Napper and Constable Dick conducted him from the cell.

"I thought I recognised that musical voice of yours, sergeant," he grinned. "And Constable Dick is here, too! What dirty dark scheme is afoot now, my hearties?"

"None of y' lip!" grunted Sergeant Napper. The sergeant, apparently, was not in the best of humors. "We're takin' yer to be identified."

"By whom?" Jimmy inquired mildly.

"Dunno rightly—only that it's a woman."

"A woman, sergeant? At this hour. Who is she? Where is she? What is she? How is she? When is she? Why is . . .?"

"Now, cut that, Cirotteau!" rasped Sergeant Napper irascibly. "I told you before not to get funny. I dunno 'er name, but she's goin' to 'ave a squint at yer ugly mug."

"My what, sergeant?"

"At yer—that'll be all from you, Cirotteau. Shift y'self. Don't keep a lady waitin' longer 'n ye can 'elp."

"Not guilty, my lord. In fact I've never been guilty of that."

"Of what?" demanded the sergeant suspiciously.

"Of what you said, sergeant."

"I never said yer was guilty of it."

"You said—or at least I say that you said—that I . . ."

"Now look 'ere, Cirotteau, don't you try an' ram down my neck I said you was guilty of anythin'. What did I say you was guilty of?"

"Nothing."

"Eh?" Sergeant Napper was so astounded that he paused. Constable Dick stared woodenly at both. It is doubtful whether his nimble brain quite followed Sergeant Napper's lucid style of debate.

"We seem to have arrived at an impasse, sergeant. Your cerebral celerity, however, is compensated by your avoirdupois. Isn't that so, Constable Dick?"

CONSTABLE DICK contributed to the small talk by emitting a grunt. Sergeant Napper understood his colleague perfectly.

"Don't take no notice of the dago, Dick, was the sergeant's advice. "It's that there American lingo, I'll bet. Talk Hingilsh if yer talk to us, Cirotteau. Better still, don't talk at all. Shut yer face."

The trio paused before the senior sergeant, who scanned the prisoner keenly.

"Cirotteau, you are to be—Cirotteau! I'm speaking to you!"

Jimmy affected not to hear. He gazed about him with childlike interest.

"Cirotteau!" roared Sergeant Napper. "Pay 'tention to the sargint!"

"Young man, do you deny being Jacques Cirotteau?"

"Well, sergeant, one must be truthful; I do," murmured Jimmy affably. The senior sergeant sat back and stared thoughtfully at the prisoner. He frowned.

"You didn't deny being Cirotteau when Sergeant Napper brought you in."

"I wasn't asked," replied Jimmy mildly. Everyone insisted that I was Jacques Cirotteau. Sergeant Napper told me that I was wanted for murder, for bank robbery in America, in fact that I was the 'bloodthirsty 'ound from Noo York.' I did mention to the sergeant that he was slightly mistaken, but our mutual friend hasn't risen to be a sergeant of police for nothing."

"What is your name—if you are not Cirotteau?"

"My name is Colburn—John James Colburn. But who is the lady who is so obliging as to identify me at this hour of the morning?"

"That I am not at liberty to tell you. Sergeant Napper, take him along. Guard him closely, but if he is not Cirotteau don't bring him back here."

"E's Cirotteau all right, sargint," growled Sergeant Napper. "I'll bet me buttons."

Jimmy looked pained when Sergeant Napper produced the handcuffs.

"Really, sergeant! Are they necessary?" he asked.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" was the surly reply.

"Well, since you ask me, I . . ."

Click, click! Jimmy was linked to the sergeant by bonds of steel. The car secured by Constable Dick drew in to the kerb and Sergeant Napper and his prisoner entered it. The sergeant gave the driver a card with instructions to drive to the address written on it. The car moved away.

"Sergeant!" Jimmy leaned back gratefully against the padded leather. "Did you ever hear about the horrible murder of the two policemen in the taxicab?"

"Let me tell you, Cirotteau, both me and the constable is armed."

"Are armed, sergeant?"

"Eh?"

"Are armed, sergeant."

"I just said we was!" snapped the sergeant.

"You said you is . . ."

"Well, isn't we—I mean ain't we? Now cut that, Cirotteau! I warn you . . ."

"But about the horrible murder of the two policemen. They were both armed, sergeant, but they hadn't a chance," said Jimmy hollowly.

"Why not?" Sergeant Napper had a penchant for murders. Besides, this Cirotteau was an expert murderer and something might be learned by listening to him.

"Why not?" echoed Jimmy in low tones. "Their prisoner—their prisoner who murdered them foully . . ."

". . . murdered them foully—get on with it, Cirotteau!"

". . . was a mesmerist. He hypnotised his victims."

"Blime! D'ye 'ear that, Dick?" Sergeant Napper wriggled uneasily. Constable Dick did not speak, but his large hands were near his protective armament.

"I have dabbled a little in hypnotism, sergeant," Jimmy informed them pleasantly. "It's a queer thing. The victims have no idea they are under the influence—they just gradually go off."

"Hi—Dick! Tell that there driver to step on it. We'll be all night gettin' there. Now shut up, Cirotteau! I'm sick of listenin' to your jab. Is this the place? Good! Get a move on you, Cirotteau!"

Jimmy, naturally, had been wondering where they were taking him, and he was eager to see the mysterious lady who was to identify him. He was thinking deeply when Sergeant Napper's voice cut in on his reflections.

"Don't drag back, Cirotteau. This ain't no time for day-dreamin'. Get up them stairs."

"Those stairs, sergeant . . ."

"DON'T ask stoopid questions! Ain't they the only stairs 'ere?"

"Sergeant, do you wish to be reported?"

"Reported!" snarled Sergeant Napper furiously.

"Oh, not by me, sergeant," grinned Jimmy. "But the denizens of these flats might, if you persist in emulating Chaliapin. You have the volume, sergeant, but not the training."

"I think you're a bit soft in the crust," growled the sergeant. He paused before a door and grunted with satisfaction. "We're 'ere. Now, Cirotteau, don't give no lip to the lady, or I'll bash you one."

"One what?"

"One bash! Now that'll do, Cirotteau."

The sergeant pressed a button.

"Please come in," invited a low, husky, female voice.

Sergeant Napper accepted the invitation. Jimmy, naturally, followed. Constable Dick brought up the rear.

Jimmy gazed about him curiously. The room was sparingly though tastefully furnished; it seemed to say that the tenant had seen better days. But it was the woman standing motionless in the middle of the room that he was most interested in. He eyed her keenly, but the filmy motor veil prevented him from seeing her features. One thing, however, was certain. The woman was not Elaine Martindale.

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Sergeant Napper stared at the veiled lady.

"Are you the lady what's goin' to identify this man?" he demanded.

"I AM, officer," Madeline replied, disguising her voice.

"Then I must respectfully ask yer to take off that there veil. And I shall also want . . ."

"I shall satisfy your curiosity presently. That gentleman is not a criminal. He is well known to me. His name is James Colburn, and he is the son of Peter Colburn of London."

"'E ain't Cirotteau?" The sergeant's lips set grimly.

"Certainly not. You are mistaken. Where did you arrest him?"

"In the 'all grounds, Ma'am. 'E was slinkin' about in the shrubbery."

"Well, so were you. He had a perfect right to do so if he desired. He is a guest at the Hall."

"That's what he told us, sargint," muttered Constable Dick.

"I am not asking you to take my word alone, officer," Madeline smiled behind the veil. "His father, Sir Francis, and Miss Martindale will be here at any moment to corroborate my statements."

"You know 'im well, Ma'am?" Sergeant Napper glared at the veiled lady.

"I have known him in the past," Madeline murmured softly. "He has no doubt forgotten me. Haven't you, Mr. Colburn?"

"I can't call you to mind, Miss or Madam," smiled Jimmy.

"It is a very long time since last we met, Mr. Colburn. You were younger then. So was I." Madeline sighed softly.

Jimmy stared when that sigh reached his ears. Who the deuce was the woman? And why should she sigh like that?

"It might help to refresh my memory if you were to tell me your name. Perhaps if you even removed that veil," he suggested gently.

"My name—doesn't matter now."

"Did you say that Miss Martindale would presently be here?"

"I did. You are—or were—to be married to her."

"Lord! You seem to be well posted," murmured Jimmy.

"It is my business to be well posted."

"Ah—you are another of these lady reporters, eh?"

"Well, do I look like a gentleman reporter?"

"No, not exactly," conceded Jimmy. "So Elaine is coming here, is she? Well, that spoils my little game."

"And what was your little game?" Madeline asked sweetly.

"My present predicament is the result of a joke which I had determined to play on Miss Martindale, but it seems to have fallen flat."

"May I ask what the joke was?"

"Certainly. One good turn deserves another. I pretended that my object in leaving the Hall was to ask the first woman I met to marry me," laughed Jimmy, "but before I had gone a few yards the worthy sergeant here pounced on me. Isn't that so, sergeant?"

"It seems there's been a mistake," muttered Sergeant Napper, "but I'll wait for these other folks to give yer a look over. I know Sir Francis by sight, and if 'e says yer ain't Cirotteau—well, yer ain't."

"Mr. Colburn, it seems a great pity to be deprived of the pleasure of such an original joke," purred Madeline. "Could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, but I say! If I knew who you were . . ." Jimmy seemed dubious.

"The fact that I am veiled would help further to mystify your friends—wouldn't it?" Madeline laughed softly.

"Lord! It mystifies me, so it should certainly baffle them. I like to stick to my word. I don't suppose . . ."

"You will look very small in Miss Martindale's eyes if, instead of keeping your promise, you are found here in the role of a desperate character. The laugh will be on you, Mr. Colburn."

"Well, it is certainly sporting of you—er, Miss . . ."

But Madeline refused to satisfy his curiosity.

"You are sure this joke will not cause a definite break?"

"Not it," grinned Jimmy.

"What fun! Let us pretend then that I am the fortunate one. Listen! Yes—here they come!"

It's a bet! I say, sergeant, be a sport, too. Take off these bracelets, will you?"

"Might as well, I s'pose," said sergeant Napper gloomily.

"Ah, thanks, sergeant. Once more I am free, white, and twenty-one. Now for the fireworks!"

"SO you did go chasing females!" was the opening salvo of the battle. Peter Colburn strutted into the room followed by Elaine and Sir Francis. They ignored the police and concentrated upon John James and the mysterious veiled lady who stood straight and tall beside him. Sergeant Napper stepped forward before Jimmy could reply, and spoke to Sir Francis.

"Beg pardon, Sir Francis, but is this young feller known to you?" he asked.

"Yes, sergeant. I know him well," was the grim reply. Sir Francis had had just about enough. "He is James Colburn, the son of my friend here."

"Thank y' Sir Francis. Come on, Dick, we'll be moochin'. Good mornin' all."

And the disappointed sergeant Napper, followed by his burly henchman, strode majestically towards the door. Jimmy grinned.

"Now, sir!" roared Peter Colburn. "Explain yourself! What are you doing in these apartments? Who is this woman? Where . . ."

"Really," murmured Jimmy plaintively, "but it seems as though I am to be constantly interrupted this morning—my wedding morn, too. Hello, Elaine! You look simply stunning. Sir Francis, I trust you are keeping a watchful eye on my parent."

"Answer me, James!" shouted the magnate. "What are you doing here with this woman?"

"As a matter of fact, sir, I am not doing anything with her."

"I can see that, you fool! But what are your intentions towards her?" Peter Colburn, almost at boiling point, waved a frantic finger at Madeline.

"Ah, that's a different matter, sir," smiled Jimmy. "I thought I had made it plain to you all before I left the Hall that, as Elaine wouldn't have me, I would find someone who would. I insisted upon getting consolation. I have found it—I mean her. This is her. Shall I introduce you . . ."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, you impudent, lightheaded, spineless, spunkless jellyfish! I tell you, James . . ."

"Really, sir, I protest," said Jimmy sternly. "I have done nothing to merit these compliments. I merely desire to get married. Nothing extraordinary about that at my age—is there? There was a time when I thought seriously of Elaine, but—tut, tut, sir! You saw for yourself that she turned me down. Didn't you, Elaine?"

"I DID, and I cannot say how thankful I am that I had sufficient sense left to do so," Elaine replied scathingly. The sight of the veiled woman had almost chilled her circulation. Then, when the shock had passed, her temperature had risen to fever heat.

"Well, who is she?" snarled Peter Colburn. "Is she so ashamed of her face that she hides it behind that rag?"

"Allow me to present my future . . ."

"James," Sir Francis spoke for the first time, "think well of what you say. Don't let your love of a practical joke blind you to the possibilities of your words and actions. Do you know the identity of the woman beside you?" Sir Francis slipped the card which he had picked up from where Sergeant Napper had dropped it into his pocket. Madeline, apparently, had missed that point in the game.

"I don't," admitted Jimmy cheerfully. "But I'm sure she will be kind and true. After all, what couple about to be married can truthfully say they know each other? And what does a face matter?"

"And I'm just as positive that this woman will be anything but kind and true," smiled Sir Francis.

Madeline stiffened, but she did not lose her self-control.

"Don't listen to him, Mr. Colburn," she said in honeyed tones. "Naturally he wants you to marry his daughter."

"Naturally he does," replied Sir Francis calmly. "There is nothing I desire more. But the last thing I should wish to hear would be James proposing, even in fun, to a divorced woman."

Madeline, by an iron effort of will, controlled herself. Jimmy glanced from one to the other. He wondered at Sir Francis' words, and a little chill of apprehension shot through him.

"Jimmy—my boy! Listen to Sir Francis!" cried Peter Colburn hoarsely.

"Jimmy, dear! Don't let them make up your mind for you," whispered Madeline. "Must they always score off you?"

"James," interrupted Sir Francis, "I've had my say. If you prefer Madeline Cartwright to Elaine I have nothing more to say."

"Miss Cartwright?" Jimmy was startled. He flushed hotly at the look Elaine gave him. Then he turned to Madeline.

"So it's you, is it? Well, well! A pretty snare, upon my word," he said coldly, drawing away from her.

Madeline, now that she had been exposed, laughed wildly, shrilly. She sent in a parting shot as they began to file out of the room.

"Never mind, Jimmy, old dear," she mocked. "Just drop in again when you feel like it. You'll be as welcome as ever. I'll always be kind and true to you, Jimmy."

There was a painful silence as the party descended the stairs. Jimmy was fully conscious that for once, at least, he had succeeded in making a fool of himself. He was inwardly seething, but his turbulent feelings did not show on the surface. There was only one thing to do.

"Well," he grinned brazenly, "does anyone desire to offer me an apology?"

Peter Colburn choked and nearly missed his footing. Sir Francis did not appear to have heard. Elaine stared coldly before her.

"Then if no one will apologise I suppose I must. I hereby apologise for appearances that were deceptive in the extreme," he

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continued. "It might surprise you all to know that I arrived in that woman's room in company with two policemen just five minutes before you came in."

"Jimmy—do you mean that?" his father asked huskily.

"I give you my word."

Peter Colburn and Sir Francis brightened visibly. Elaine, however, remained sceptical.

"Then where have you been since you left the Hall?" she asked cuttingly.

"In gaol," grinned Jimmy.

"In—gaol? Do you expect me to believe that?" Elaine tossed her pretty head scornfully. "You should take more time to think out your excuses."

"FACT, Elaine," Jimmy assured her. "I was nabbed by two burly minions of the law before I had gone fifty yards. They thought me some desperate character from America—name of Jacques Cirotteau, bank bandit, New York."

Again there was a heavy silence. Jimmy looked quickly from one to the other.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked quickly.

"Y-yes, we do, Jimmy," muttered his father.

"Ahem—er, yes, upon my word we do, James," coughed Sir Francis.

"And do you believe me, Elaine?"

"Y-yes, J-Jimmy, I don't doubt you now, Jimmy."

Jimmy thought Elaine's voice sounded a trifle thin. Then, suddenly, and to his utter amazement, the three burst out in unrestrained laughter. Jimmy eyed them narrowly and with suspicion.

"P-please take the wheel, Jimmy," gurgled Elaine. "I—I'll sit beside you—oh, dear!"

"I'll bite—what's the answer?" Jimmy demanded.

"Jimmy, the answer's a—a, oh—a lemon," gasped Peter Colburn. "In gaol—oh! How rich!"

"Oh, priceless, Peter!" laughed Sir Francis.

"In—in gaol!" almost sobbed Elaine. "So near and yet so far—oh!"

Again a gust of laughter swept the three. Jimmy, alert and wary, pressed the self-starter.

"May I ask the cause of this indecent cachinnation?" he inqured coldly.

"It's a secret of ours," Elaine replied loftily.

"Good. I'll hear all about it shortly. Where to?"

"Home, James," chuckled Elaine.

"Jimmy, you have lost your bet. You owe me an apology."

"I said I'd be married within twenty-four hours, didn't I? I still have a few hours left."

"Jimmy—where are you taking us? This is not the road to the Hall," said Elaine as Jimmy swung the machine on to the high road that led to the south.

"I said I was going to get married—didn't I?"

"W-well, what about it?" stammered Elaine.

"We're on our way."

"Oh, indeed!" Elaine sat back and relapsed into silence. But presently she roused herself and turned to Jimmy. "Well, it's time you had a keeper. But where are you taking me?"

"Up on the moorland there is an inn—a charming old ruin. I stopped there for a bite the night I met you."

"Jimmy, I—I won't go there."

Jimmy was surprised at the quick change in her voice. Elaine was not usually a timid woman.

"Why not?"

"Jimmy—it's a dreadful place. It—it's said to be haunted!"

"Haunted!" Jimmy was so delighted at the information that he increased the speed of the car. "I say—that's topping! Who's the ghost?"

"I—I don't know," Elaine looked at the dark shapes of the trees flitting past and shuddered. Involuntarily she nestled closer to Jimmy. Jimmy grinned, but was too wise a driver to take one hand from the wheel while the car was eating up the miles.

"Bah! It's only some old superstition," he said cheerfully.

"But, Jimmy! I won't go there, really! It is said that people sometimes disappear there. Besides you've forgotten the parson."

"Gee—so I have!" the speed of the car decreased. Jimmy frowned thoughtfully.

"Postpone it for a few hours, Jimmy," she pleaded. "Really, I'm fagged out. I want nothing so much as sleep."

"Well, we must have a parson, I suppose, but I think I'll keep on and we'll spend the night at the inn."

"No, no, Jimmy! Oh, don't, please!" Alarm leapt into Elaine's eyes once again.

"Then tell me why you laughed when I said I had been in gaol."

"Oh, but I . . . yes, Jimmy, dear, I'll tell you, dear."

"Jimmy dear — oh, great!" Jimmy chuckled hugely.

"We laughed because, while we were searching for you, we were arrested at the Hotel Imperial on a charge of attempting to kidnap a woman, and were handcuffed and taken to the police station. Oh, Jimmy! You should have seen us! Three hopeless criminals being hauled before justice. My knees shook with terror and humiliation."

"Elaine! Are you telling me that you, Sir Francis, and dear old Pete had the darbies on your wrists?" Jimmy was staggered.

"That's precisely what happened," murmured Elaine, again nestling closer to him.

"Well!" ejaculated Jimmy. "No wonder you laughed. If that old gaol-bird in the back seat doesn't behave himself I'll—I'll . . . But we'll return to the Hall. Oh, no, Elaine, not at this speed, my dear!"

"MADELINE, put down that toast-rack!" snarled Spencer. He hurriedly pushed his chair away from the table.

"Put it down? I'll throw it in your face if you dare to repeat such words to me!" hissed Madeline Cartwright. She was livid with fury, and half-crouched with the heavy plated toast-rack poised ready for the throw.

Spencer eyed her warily. They were snatching a late breakfast together in Madeline's flat. Naturally, they were quarrelling; so bitter against each other, and so disappointed were they at the failure of their scheme, that the mere sight of each other aroused hatred in their hearts.

"Sit down, you spitfire! How can we . . ."

"Was it my fault things fell flat? Was it?" The toast-rack went higher.

"Calm yourself, you fool!" gritted Spencer. "We're not on a desert island. Do you want the other tenants to think that murder is being done in this room? Stop shrieking and get on with your breakfast."

"Then just you watch your step, my friend. You're in no position to throw mud at anyone—least of all at me."

Don't ever speak to me again as you did just now — or there will be trouble. I could have killed that self-righteous old money-bag when he had his little say this morning. But I'll get even — both with him and with her. Bah! I'm sick of it all!"

MADELINE eyes smouldering, trembling with the fury that surged in her heart, slowly resumed her seat. The toast - rack clattered down among the other dishes. Spencer relaxed and drew in to the table again.

"Well, we failed," he growled irritably. "It was easy money, too. If you had only . . ."

"There you go again!" flared Madeline. "How was I to know Martindale would recognise me? He was the only one who did. That fool Colburn had the words trembling on his lips. Even now I can't understand how I was recognised. The Colburns were utterly without suspicion—so was Elaine. But Martindale spoilt our plans. In ten seconds more Jimmy Colburn would have asked me to be his wife, thinking, of course, that I was just helping him to make Elaine jealous. If he had only spoken! Spencer, we should have netted thousands. It makes me ill to think of it."

"What did Martindale say?" inquired Spencer.

"Something for which I will never forgive him. And his daughter looked at me as though I were a leper!" Madeline tossed her napkin on the table. She rose and paced tigerishly up and down the room. Spencer helped himself to marmalade.

"Spencer, be honest! How much money have you?" she asked suddenly.

"None. I've been unlucky lately." He picked up a piece of toast from the floor and gazed dubiously at it.

"It's not enough," sneered Madeline.

"I know it. How much have you?" The toast was accepted.

"Twice as much," Madeline laughed shrilly.

"Then we shall have to stop rocking the boat and take an oar. Why did you ask?"

"I had an idea, but as we're both broke, it's useless. I could poison myself."

"That's all right as far as it goes, but it only relieves the person poisoned," grinned Spencer. "Now cease being a tragedy queen and let us get down to realities."

"Realities?" Madeline looked at him strangely. Then she turned away and walked slowly to the window which overlooked the street below. Spencer, his hunger appeased, eyed her critically. He fe... generous.

"It's rather a shame, Madeline, that a beautiful woman like you should go on the rocks," he said, with the air of one who sees good in all things.

"Spencer," replied Madeline without turning, "how much money have you?"

"None—I just told you!" said Spencer emphatically.

"Then don't preach, you fool!" was the bitter retort. "Spencer, you'd make a queer sea captain."

"Yes? Why?" Spencer was interested.

"Well, if your craft were foundering under mountainous seas you would, by some strange process, imagine yourself snugly in port. You are sinking as fast as I am—even faster—yet you fail to realise it. I'm still good-looking and can yet clutch at a few straws, but you—you'll sink like a stone and never come up. Think that over, old dear."

"Oh, I'll pop up again," said Spencer sullenly.

"Yes, a fine example of a decayed gentleman—very decayed!" sniffed Madeline.

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Spencer furiously. "You're abominable when you're in this

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kind of humor. Sit down and let us talk things over. What's the matter now?"

"Spencer, Spencer!" Madeline hissed. "Come here—quick! Quick, man!"

Spencer raced to her side and peered down at the man to whom she was pointing.

"It's Colburn," he whispered. "I wonder what he's doing down there? I'm off."

"Spencer—wait!" she clutched at him. "Don't be a fool. Why is he waiting there? Why is he dressed so shabbily? If he were coming here he wouldn't stand there cooling his heels. Spencer—wait!"

SPENCER, although obviously ill at ease, remained staring down at the man in the street. Colburn's appearance could only mean that he had discovered the trick played upon him, and had come prepared for a battle.

"He's waiting for me to come out," muttered Spencer hoarsely. "Well, he can wait, I'll slip out the back way . . ."

"Look, Spencer! Isn't he behaving rather strangely? He deliberately turned so that the constable who just passed him would not see his face. He is positively furtive. I wonder . . . Spencer, you watch him closely."

Madeline flew to the telephone, and to Spencer's dismay demanded Martindale Hall.

"Why are you ringing them?" he asked testily.

"You'll hear. Watch that man! Hello! Is that Martindale Hall? May I speak to Mr. John James Colburn, please? Thank you."

"Madeline!"

"Hello! Is that Mr. James Colburn? It is? Are—are you sure? I mean, I must speak to him personally. You are John James Colburn, son of Peter Colburn? Thanks! Sorry I can't hear you too well—my phone's out of order, I'm afraid. I'll ring you later."

Madeline hurriedly replaced the receiver. Her eyes were blazing, and her breath came quickly as daring thoughts raced through her mind.

"Spencer," she whispered. "Jimmy Colburn's at the Hall."

"At the Hall?" Spencer was astounded. "But—are you sure, Madeline?"

"Positive!"

"Then who is this man below?"

"Spencer—can't you guess?"

"Not—not Cirotteau himself?" Spencer gasped.

"Who else can he be? Spencer, they're like twin brothers. Listen! Is he still there?"

"Yes."

"Then I want him brought up here."

"Madeline, you're crazy!" gulped Spencer. "Do you wish to put yourself within the clutches of the law?"

"We're not supposed to know he is Cirotteau, are we? Spencer, we can still turn the trick. Rush down and bring him up—quick!"

"Madeline—this is madness!"

"It's the chance of a lifetime, you imbecile! Can't you see he's Jimmy Colburn's double? He'll prove a gold mine to us. Hurry yourself, you timid idiot!"

"I don't like it."

"Oh, you fool! Neither of us can afford to be squeamish. Spencer, we are all but down and out. The law can't touch us because I invite Jimmy Colburn to my apartments, can it? Use your brains, man. You remember what I said about sinking like a stone? Well, here's your chance to float on the crest for years to come."

"But what do you want him for?" asked the unwilling Spencer.

"Not to murder anyone—oh, you craven!"

"All right—I'll go," growled Spencer sullenly. "But what shall I say to the man? If he suspects that I am aware of his identity he might—he might . . ."

"Spencer, I never dreamt you were such a coward," said Madeline witheringly. "Simply bluff him. Say straight out that if he doesn't follow you he'll be taken by the police. It's about all you will be required to do to win years of ease and independence."

"Right! I'm g-game!" Spencer endeavored to speak boldly, but his lips were livid with fear. He walked slowly to where his hat was. He picked it up slowly, turned slowly, and slowly walked towards the door.

"Spencer, have I got to shame you by going down myself?" sneered Madeline.

"I'm going—am I not?" growled Spencer.

"You're a riot of speed. I never saw anyone so eager."

"Oh, be quiet;" snarled Spencer. The door slammed behind him.

Madeline hurried to the window and peered down at the man who so uncannily resembled Jimmy Colburn. She breathlessly watched his every movement. It seemed an eternity to her before Spencer walked into her line of vision. Spencer had evidently determined at the last moment to do or die. He walked briskly up to the man and then paused. Madeline saw the other start and quickly slide his hand into his side pocket. She chuckled, for she was positive Spencer had flinched. But he delivered his message and turned away. Jimmy Colburn's double sent lightning-like glances up and down the street and then turned and followed Spencer. His hand was still concealed in the pocket of hi. shabby coat. Madeline, a little smile playing round her lips, sat and waited.

"NOW, my dear," she murmured, "use your wits as you never used them before. Here's your last chance of easy money, and also the chance to square accounts with the Martindales. Perhaps Jimmy Colburn may yet decide not to marry the beautiful Elaine. Ah, here they come."

Madeline did not rise when the two men entered. Spencer came in first, his companion followed. Madeline laughed softly to herself when she saw the newcomer send swift, appraising glances in all directions. He stared at her coldly, and before she could speak he thrust the door back, apparently to ascertain if anyone were behind it.

"You may take your hand out of your pocket," Madeline said coolly. "There are no police here, I assure you."

But the man who so marvellously resembled James Colburn did not take his hand from his pocket. He glided with a catlike movement to Spencer and prodded something sharp and hard into that worthy's ribs.

"Say! What's the game?" Spencer was asked coldly. "And what makes you think I'm Cirotteau? Spill it, pronto!"

Madeline was astounded at the amazing likeness of this New York criminal to Jimmy Colburn. She eyed him as though fascinated.

"Sit down, Cirotteau," she said, before Spencer had collected his startled wits. "It was I who sent for you."

"I'll stand," was the curt reply.

"Cirotteau, do you want to make ten thousand pounds?" purred Madeline.

Cirotteau did not speak. His dark eyes and eloquent mouth expressed his contempt at such a foolish question.

"Cirotteau, we want y[illegible] other reasons than your record. Will you come in with us for that amount?"

"Who's the guy I've got to croak?" And Cirotteau's lip curled.

"I presume you mean kill. No one," answered Madeline hastily. "But I cannot tell you the scheme until I know whether you'll join us."

"Ten thousand pahnds—fifty thousand berries—all them dahlers—right, shoot! I'll come in with any jane for that. Who's that?" Cirotteau hissed the words as a knock sounded on the door. Madeline and Spencer turned pale. Again the knock. This time it was imperative.

"CONFOUND you!" snarled Cirotteau. "You're a coupla stool pigeons, eh?" He whipped a wicked-looking automatic from his pocket and advanced threateningly towards Spencer.

"Really, I-I don't know w-what y-you m-mean," stuttered the terrified Spencer.

"Is that the cops?" Cirotteau ground out. The automatic was jammed into Spencer's stomach with a force that made him squirm. Madeline hastened to the door and cautiously opened it. She sighed with relief when she saw that it was only a lad with a parcel from a local shop. She, too, had been conscious of a chilled spine as she walked towards the door.

"Cirotteau, you'd better pocket your weapon before my friend becomes a nervous wreck. Spencer, stop shaking! You're not hurt."

"G-go t-to the devil," chattered Spencer. He covered his confusion by applying his handkerchief to his nose and trumpeting vigorously. Cirotteau looked him over contemptuously and then turned to Madeline.

"Let's have it, sweetie," he leered. "I can see that bimbo don't count."

Madeline flushed, and her eyes gleamed at the manner of Cirotteau's address. But she forced a smile and seated herself at the table.

"I'm not your sweetie, Cirotteau," she said quietly. "Let us understand that from this moment."

"Right, shoot!" was the laconic reply.

"I—I think I will leave you two to discuss m-matters," murmured Spencer.

"Listen, bo! You park right there! Was you thinkin' of leavin' us?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Cirotteau—I . . ."

"Oh, do sit down, Spencer. You are making yourself look ridiculous," snapped Madeline. She turned to Cirotteau.

"Never mind him, Cirotteau. Listen to me."

"Sure, I'll listen. But tell me—how did you get wise to me?" Cirotteau demanded.

Madeline spoke rapidly for some minutes. When she finished Cirotteau leaned back and grinned hugely.

"Well, it's a cinch!" he chuckled throatily. "So this Colburn guy is the livin' image of me, eh? An' he's lined to the lid with dahlers, eh? Well, I'll say you know your onions. Shoot again, sister. I'm tickled to death!"

"Cirotteau, I want you to impersonate John James Colburn—now, Spencer, don't interrupt! But you have a slight American twang, to say nothing of your quaint slang. If you could drop the twang and the slang I'll swear Peter Colburn himself couldn't tell you from his son."

"Nothing easier, dear lady," grinned Cirotteau. Madeline was startled at the sudden change in his voice. "I assure you, Madam, that when ten thousand pounds are at stake I can assume the manners and the accent of an Oxford Don. We top-notchers in the—er—profession are rather clever. Yes, 'pon my word, old thing. Pray proceed, dear lady. I am all attention."

"You're a marvel," laughed Madeline. "It is easy to understand how you baffle the

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police. Where were you educated? Your accent is perfect."

"Educated?" Cirotteau stared at her. "Oh, at the Academy de Cinema."

"Where?" Madeline looked slightly surprised.

"The Academy de Cinema—the movies—the flicks—the Hollywood Hobbies . . ."

"Cirotteau, you're a hard case. However, you don't have to answer my question. Permit me to introduce Mr. Spencer to you."

Cirotteau rose and bowed gravely to the bewildered Spencer.

"Charmed to meet you, old top," he murmured. "Won't you join us at the council table?"

"Er—certainly, Mr. Cirotteau."

Spencer sat down well away from the versatile Jacques.

"Ah, that's rather jolly of you, Spencer, old dear. Now, dear lady, we're all attention."

THERE was silence in the room. Madeline stared unwinkingly into the dark eyes of Jacques Cirotteau. Cirotteau stared unwinkingly into the dark eyes of Madeline Cartwright. Spencer shot furtive glances of apprehension from one to the other. He was plainly ill at ease. He gave the impression that, compelled by the stronger will of the woman, he had been forced into this conspiracy. He was both uneasy and unhappy, but Madeline well knew that when the coup had been successfully accomplished he would not hesitate to accept his share of the spoils. Spencer was like that.

"Cirotteau"—Madeline spoke softly—"if I did not know that Jimmy Colburn was at Martindale Hall, I'd swear that you were he. I've heard of twins whose resemblance puzzled even their parents, but I defy anyone to distinguish you from James Colburn. I don't wonder the police arrested him; the amazing thing is that they let him go."

"Huh!" grunted Cirotteau, relapsing into slang. He turned and spoke to Spencer. "Say, bo! If this Colburn's picked for the fall-guy, what about you bumpin' him off?"

"Would you mind being more explicit?" murmured Spencer timidly. He did not like the fierce glare in the bandit's eyes.

"Yes, please talk English, Cirotteau," requested Madeline. "Mr. Spencer and I are not familiar with your Americanisms, and if you continue to speak in one language while we use another it might lead to a misunderstanding. There must be no misunderstanding between us."

"Very well," growled Cirotteau, "I'll talk English—but it's a strain. By the way! Who are you?"

"Permit me to introduce Madeline Cartwright," cut in Spencer quickly. Madeline shot a venomous glance at him. Cirotteau chuckled harshly.

"Napoleon scored that time, Miss Cartwright," he laughed. "Never mind. Listen, Nap," turning again to Spencer, "what I meant a moment ago was this . . ."

"Are you addressing me as 'Nap'?" Spencer stiffened.

"Yep!" snarled Cirotteau, half rising from his chair. "Any back-chat comin' my way?"

"S-sit d-down, Mr. Cirotteau. I—I was about to remark that Nap is—is more convenient than Spencer. In fact I—like it, I assure you," stammered Spencer.

"That's all right then," grunted Cirotteau, once more subsiding. "I'm naturally quick on the uptake. Matter of training, you know, old scout. Let us try again. What's wrong with you slipping a knife or a bullet into this Colburn fellow, Nap?"

"Oh—I—really! But I . . ." Spencer blanched and trembled violently at Cirotteau's fearful suggestion.

"Violence of that kind is not our intention," said Madeline hastily, coming to Spencer's rescue. "It will only be necessary to secure Colburn and prevent him from interrupting while you take his place."

"I see," said Cirotteau thoughtfully. "Well, Nap here should easily be able to arrange that. You'll keep him here, I suppose?"

"No, not here, Cirotteau."

"I—I say, Madeline . . ." began Spencer weakly. His brow was wet with perspiration. Already the deep black waters of crime were engulfing him. He shivered and silently cursed fate and the two before him. Better far the role of decayed gentleman than the grim isolation of the prison cell. But it was too late now; he was committed.

"Well, what is it, Spencer?" Madeline was tired of supporting him. It was time he stood on his own two legs.

"I was thinking . . ." Spencer looked desperately at her.

"Rather clever of you, Nap," said Cirotteau playfully encouraging. "What were you thinking?"

"That - the - proper - person - to - deal - with - Colburn - would - be - yourself - Mr. Cirotteau," said Spencer with the speed of a machine gun in action.

"Yes, Mr. Spencer is right, Cirotteau. We might as well admit now that we are inexperienced in this kind of thing."

"What?" Cirotteau was surprised. "Is this your first job?"

"Job . . . job?" muttered Spencer thoughtfully. "Oh, ah—yes; you mean crime? Yes it is. I thought for a moment you had mistaken us for working people."

"Go easy, Nap," Cirotteau warned him. "It isn't considered good form to mention the word crime among criminals, old top."

"Among criminals!" Spencer drew in his breath with a hiss.

"Yep! Just that, Napoleon!" snapped the changeable Mr. Cirotteau.

"Yes—of—of—course, Mr. Cirotteau," agreed Spencer quickly.

"Look here, Miss Cartwright; let's get down to business. Nap, you sit there and listen. You're a dumb-bell, anyway. What's the first move? It will be awkward if this Colburn is not to be—I was going to say bumped off, but for Nap's benefit I'll speak English—not going to be murdered. Mind you, I think you're making a mistake there. Dead men tell—but I see Nap knows the rest of it. Why not get him here, Miss Cartwright? A clever woman like you could easily slip something into his glass."

"CIROTTEAU — don't!" breathed Madeline. This Cirotteau was truly a callous animal. She realised that she would have to deal very warily with him.

"Well, what's the use of being squeamish?" grumbled Cirotteau. "I've always found it's best to make a thorough job of it."

"But Jimmy Colburn's death would spoil our chance of squeezing those two old money-bags," said Madeline quickly.

"You said something about a girl, didn't you? What do you want done to her?" Cirotteau looked interested.

"Whatever you like!" hissed Madeline venomously. "She plans to marry this Jimmy Colburn. Well, Jimmy Colburn won't be present, but Jacques Cirotteau will!"

"Who's the jane—the girl?"

"She is Elaine Martindale, daughter of Sir Francis Martindale. The two old fools want their offspring to marry."

"Which two old men?"

"Peter Colburn and Sir Francis."

"I get you! I'm to put this young Colburn out of the way, at least until after the wedding. The girl marries me instead of him, eh?" grinned Cirotteau evilly.

"You have expressed it accurately, though briefly," smiled Madeline.

"Say! What's this Colburn done to you?" Cirotteau demanded.

"Have I asked concerning your past?" parried Madeline.

"Fair enough, pardner. Now what money is in this game?"

"Your share should be ten thousand pounds. Both Peter Colburn and Sir Francis are millionaires. When they learn the true state of affairs they won't consider money, I assure you."

"And what about Nap here? Does he come in?" Cirotteau jerked his thumb at Spencer.

"CERTAINLY. We three are together in this matter," said Madeline decisively. Spencer looked relieved.

"Then what does Nap do to earn his share?"

"Mr. Spencer is a privileged friend of the Martindales. He has entree to the Hall practically at any hour."

"Is that so, Nap?"

"Y-yes, Mr. Cirotteau," said Spencer. He flushed, and had the grace to look somewhat ashamed of himself.

"Well, that's all right. I thought Nap was going to be a passenger on this trip. His job then is to kid the Martindales he isn't a hypocrite, and to furnish us with inside information. Nap, you'll have to be on the job—pardon, the crime—old thing. I shall want to know a few things. Miss Cartwright, what kind of a guy is this Colburn—I don't mean looks, I already know he's handsome—I mean his speech, mannerisms, dress, habits? In fact I want to know all about him before I have a look at him for myself."

"Well," began Madeline, "first of all he's a fool."

"What? Got a cracked dome—I mean is he half-witted?"

"Not exactly, Cirotteau," laughed Madeline.

"Good! I wouldn't take on this job if I had to impersonate a nit-wit," growled Cirotteau. He looked relieved.

"What I meant was that he is just an empty-headed, brainless, money-spoiled snob!" gritted Madeline. "He wears a grin that appears to be nailed on his face. He has a penchant for practical jokes, which generally recoil on his own soft head. What are you laughing at?"

"I knew a fellow over in Miami, Florida. He was just a common yegg—an itinerant burglar, Nap—and the poor cheese thought he was top of his class. He also had a penchant for practical jokes."

"What happened to him?" asked Spencer curiously.

"Sing Sing, click click, dim lights—phut! In other words, Spencer, old fruit, the fellow was electrocuted. What did you say, Nap?"

"Er—nothing, Mr. Cirotteau," murmured Spencer hoarsely. "He committed murder, I presume?"

"Oh, no. Strange to say, Nap, it was a stunt similar to the one we're going to tackle. The girl pinned it on the poor yegg. Good night!" Cirotteau waved his hands to indicate something rising towards heaven. Spencer licked dry lips and averted his eyes. Madeline also appeared to be rather restless and uncomfortable. Cirotteau seemed amused.

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"Proceed, Miss Cartwright. I shouldn't have created a diversion. Must stick to the business in hand. So Colburn's the sap in the family tree, eh? Let's hear the rest."

"But—but, Mr. Cirotteau," interrupted Spencer. "Could they arrest us on a capital charge?"

"Could they? I know some cops that'd arrest a guy just for the fun of it. A lot of 'em do it for practice, Nap. But don't you worry—I'm going to marry the girl, am I not, old fellow?"

"Oh, yes—quite. I mean, you are, Mr. Cirotteau," agreed Spencer. He wilted and remained silent.

Madeline then outlined all she knew of Jimmy Colburn's adventures from the time he left London until the present. Cirotteau listened intently.

"You say Spencer here met him one night up in the hills?" he said. "Was that the night he came to this burg?"

"Yes. Elaine and I were motoring up on the moorland. Her machine ran out of petrol. Colburn came on the scene, and, of course, proceeded to ingratiate himself with Elaine."

"YES? Nap, I reckon you're jealous. Cut you out, did he?" sneered Cirotteau. "Why didn't you take him to pieces an' show the poor mutt up before the girl friend? That would have fixed him."

"Show him up?" Spencer's eyes flashed and his chest expanded fully half an inch. "But for Elaine I would have horsewhipped the cad. But she pleaded with me, and so I spared him. He takes care to avoid me," Spencer concluded haughtily.

"I reckon he was lucky, Nap," drawled Cirotteau. "I guess he's the bunk? Well, folks, I'll be on my way. Gimme your number, dearie, as I'm likely to phone anytime—if the cops don't get me first. Nap, old stick of dynamite, be well on your job. And, say, Nap, be yourself! Cultivate that schoolgirl complexion—and, if you value your hide . . . but I see you get me."

Mr. Cirotteau, with an evil leer at both, pulled his cap well down over his eyes and swaggered from the room. Spencer turned to Madeline.

"M-my heavens—Madeline!"

"Oh, dry up—Napoleon. You horsewhip Colburn! Bah!"

Twelve hours later a closed-in taxi purred up to the entrance gates of Martindale Hall, and two dark figures, a man and a woman, well-wrapped and protected against the rain which was now descending in torrents, hastily stepped into it. Seemingly the driver had his instructions, for the car sped away into the night, stopping at last before the residence of the Rev. Hitcham, which the two passengers then entered. The driver and his car waited patiently in the rain-swept street until they reappeared. A shaft of light struck, spearlike, across the wet path, and behind the two hurrying figures the clergyman was momentarily seen, his arm raised as though bestowing a blessing or bidding farewell. His words, driven by the gusty wind, came jerkily and feebly.

". . . God's blessing . . . luck and happi- . . . not a word . . . night . . ."

The taxi sped away in the direction of the Hall, and the dim rays from a street lamp gleamed back for a moment from the plain band of platinum on the woman's hand.

Undoubtedly something was wrong at Martindale Hall. Spencer became aware of it the moment he arrived. Sir Francis was silent and preoccupied; Peter Colburn's brow was furrowed; Elaine sat white-faced, staring unbelievingly at the telegram before her. When Spencer joined them, he was practically ignored. He bowed to Elaine, nodded to the two men, and then inquired whether anything serious had occurred. Elaine stared at him as though he was not there. Then a brave little smile flickered round her pretty lips and softened her strained expression.

"Spencer," she became grave again, "something terrible has happened."

"Something terrible, Elaine?" Spencer's eyes widened.

"Jimmy—Jimmy Colburn has disappeared, and no trace of him can be found."

"Colburn disappeared? Surely, Elaine, you are mistaken! I don't quite understand," he replied.

Spencer's thoughts flew to the devilish Jacques Cirotteau and for the moment his blood ran cold. He had warned Madeline that Cirotteau was a fiend and would baulk at nothing. Murder to him was a pastime. If Cirroteau had murdered Colburn, then not only his neck but the necks of his two accomplices were in danger. Spencer wriggled uncomfortably, his collar, for some unaccountable reason, felt infernally tight; his throat suddenly became dry, and his mouth parched. Somehow he could not rid his mind of the fate of the yegg from Miami, Florida. Cirotteau's graphic gestures haunted him. Unconsciously his face registered the expression of one who has just sucked a particularly sour lemon. Elaine mistook the facial contortions for evidence of a tender heart.

"Sit down, Spencer," she said kindly. "It is good of you to sympathise with us. Your feelings, I'm sure, spring from a generous nature. We are all fearfully upset, and the knowledge that we can do little or nothing tortures us."

"But are you sure that he has vanished? What has been done to discover his whereabouts? What makes you think he has disappeared? Where did he go?"

"This telegram states that the one he received from the Speed Club in London was unauthorised. The officials did not send for him, and, furthermore, he has not put in an appearance there. We saw him off on the train, but after that no one saw him either on the train or at the London terminus. Whatever has happened to him occurred during the journey. We have an army of detectives searching for him."

"Detectives?" gasped Spencer. In his agitation he splashed his tea over his immaculate trousers, but even this disaster could not clear his brain of the terrible thoughts that flitted through it.

"SCOTLAND YARD and best private agencies are engaged in unravelling the mystery of Jimmy's disappearance," Elaine assured him. "If there has been foul play the perpetrators shall pay the full penalty. Jimmy! Jimmy! Oh, where are you? Spencer, isn't it awful?"

"G-ghastly, Elaine," shivered Spencer. "E-Elaine, I—I have something to tell you." Spencer writhed miserably, tortured by the barbs of conscience. He felt that there might still be a chance for him if he made a full confession of everything, and revealed the machinations of Cirotteau and Madeline Cartwright. "Elaine—you must listen! I want to—to tell you."

"Oh, Spencer—how could you? And at such a time. Please, Spencer, spare me the necessity of refusing to listen;" Elaine rose hastily. Spencer also rose and appealed to her.

"But Elaine—I can't wait—I must tell you . . ."

"Spencer!" Elaine drew herself up coldly, and without another word walked swiftly away. Spencer collapsed weakly into his chair.

"Curse this collar!" he whispered. "I can barely breathe. Oh, curse everything! Sir Francis, this is frightful news. Is there no trace of the body?"

"None, Spencer," sighed Sir Francis.

"Sir Francis," gulped Spencer desperately, "I want to tell you . . ."

"Not now, Spencer. Will you excuse me? I feel too depressed for conversation. I know you understand," said Sir Francis. He, too, rose and left the unhappy Spencer, who immediately turned his eyes upon the grim figure of Peter Colburn. But he inwardly quailed before the expression on the magnate's face. Unaccountably he formed a mental vision of a lion in the ancient Roman arena, pacing stealthily to and fro while waiting for its victim. No! Perhaps it would be better to write. Ah! He had it! An anonymous letter! Why hadn't he thought of that before? Spencer touched his brow with his handkerchief. What a relief!

"MR. COLBURN," he muttered, when the millionaire drew near him, "permit me to say how much I regret . . ."

"Huh!" grunted Peter Colburn. He glared at Spencer.

"How much I regret your son's . . ."

"You're a liar! Get out of my sight!" was the unexpected reply.

"I—I beg your p-pardon, sir."

"Get-out-of-my-sight!" thundered the distracted magnate. "I've been watching you sitting there grinning. How dare you grin! I've a good mind to . . ."

"Really, sir—you—you are mistaken," protested Spencer.

"Huh!" snarled Peter Colburn, advancing with slow, relentless steps.

"I—good afternoon, sir," bleated Spencer. He shot out of the chair and hastened towards the drive. Once he paused and indignantly looked back. To his horror Peter Colburn was only a few paces behind him. He turned and scuttled down the drive as fast as his dignity would permit. Not until he was safe within a taxi did he relax.

"Confound him and his son!" he whispered viciously. "After all, why should I care whether the fool is dead or alive? Would he care two straws about me? I think not. Nevertheless, I must see Madeline immediately. An army of detectives searching for the body—oh, good Lord! That fiend Cirotteau will get us all hung—ugh!"

Thinking matters over during his ride to Madeline's apartments, Spencer decided that he would tell her a few valuable bone-truths. Cirotteau must be brought to heel. After all, the fellow was merely a hired assistant. It was like his impudence to endeavor to trample arrogantly upon his superiors. Yes, he must have it out with Madeline before Cirotteau gained further ascendancy.

Spencer dismissed the taxi and hurriedly mounted the stairs. He knocked impatiently upon her door, but recoiled when it was thrown open and he found himself staring at Jacques Cirotteau.

"It's only Nap." Cirotteau flung over his shoulder. "Come in, Nap. Don't stand there gapin' like a hobo. What's bitin' you, anyway?"

"N-nothing, Mr. Cirotteau. How are you, Mr. Cirotteau I—I expected you would be here and—er, just dropped in to learn how things are progressing." Spencer, by an effort, twisted his features into a crude imitation of a smile. He nodded to Made-

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line, who was reclining gracefully on an ottoman.

"Make yourself at home, Spencer, she said affably. "Our friend Cirotteau has brought good news. To use his own picturesque phraseology, he has 'canned' Jimmy Colburn. Now that you are here we will discuss the next move."

"SLIP me the glad mitt, Nap," grinned Cirotteau. "I sure framed that bimbo. I guess he'll stay put till I do a fade-away. Sure. It took a week, but alla same it was slick business, believe me, bo!"

"I don't quite comprehend what has occurred, Mr. Cirotteau," said Spencer.

"Really, my dear fellow, I thought I had made it perfectly clear," replied Cirotteau, speaking with the approved Oxford accent. "John James Colburn innocently walked into the trap I prepared for him. He is no longer a factor. I would willingly enlighten you as to how this thing was accomplished, but, as you will some day learn, my dear Nap, some things are better left unsaid. And so to our discussion. Take a pew, Nap, and do try to look a little less intelligent."

"Cirotteau"—Spencer trembled and his voice sank to a whisper—"you have murdered him. I know it! Madeline, this—this man has caused Jimmy Colburn's death, and I was told that there is an army of detectives searching for the body."

"Spencer!" Madeline leapt from the ottoman, her hands nervously outstretched before her. "Who told you that?"

"Elaine Martindale. She is nearly distracted. Peter Colburn looked the personification of vengeance. Sir Francis was too shocked to speak to me. They have notified Scotland Yard, and have engaged the best private detectives in England to discover the criminal."

"Now, listen, Nap!" Cirotteau scowled blackly at the shrinking Spencer. "I told you there was only one way to do this job properly—didn't I?"

"Cirotteau! You—you haven't—Oh!" Madeline recoiled at the fiendish expression that swept over the face of Jacques Cirotteau. She sank weakly on to the ottoman, her dark eyes round and staring, her lips, usually so full of color, thin and bloodless.

"Well, it was the only way—if you must know," grumbled Cirotteau. "But youse needn't fly the kite. The cops won't find Colburn's body—no siree! Anyhow, youse birds is just as guilty as me. Accordin' to the law youse two is killers alla same as me."

"Killers — oh, good Lord!" groaned Spencer.

"Yep—killers!" snapped Cirotteau.

"Cirotteau—you fool!" panted Madeline. "Oh, you monster! You knew we would have avoided that at all costs."

"Bah—you're the bunk!" snarled Cirotteau. "Of course Colburn had to go. I'm gonna be Colburn, an' I'm gonna rip the jack outer . . ."

"M-Madeline, I—I can't stand it . . ." whined Spencer, pacing to and fro. "This fiend has put the noose round our necks . . ."

"Spencer—be quiet!" screamed Madeline.

"Youse two gimme a pain," sneered Cirotteau. "There's millions of dahlers in this. Once I get set as Jimmy Colburn, I'll bump the old boy off, too. Then I get his lot. I'm gonna marry the girl, ain't I? That'll be reg'lar, I guess. Then, when things settle down again, I'll give Sir Francis a date with old Peter. Then she gets all his jack—see? I ain't likely to get too fond of her, believe me, Nap! I'll just send her along in case Pa feels lonely. What's wrong with all that? Ain't it the turkey's trousers? Now, on the level—ain't it?"

"Ma-Madeline! H-have y-you any brandy? I—I feel queer."

"Oh, give the poor boob a stiffener, dearie," laughed Cirotteau contemptuously. "They all go a bit pale the first time. But it's nothin'. Nap'll get used to it. Sure, he will! When we've cleaned up on this side I'll just nacherally take you across the lil old pond and get you to meet some of the boys. I remember when Spider McGrady . . ."

"You mean O'Grady . . ." Spencer paused, and was astounded that he could notice so trivial a thing when all the world was rocking.

"I said McGrady—and I mean McGrady!" rasped Cirotteau. "Well, him and O'Dougal—O'Dougal, by the way, had so many notches in his gun that they spoilt the balance and he once plugged the wrong guy by mistake—both got pinched for a neat killing. By this time O'Dougal had got the sights on his gun adjusted, and they had just plugged eighteen or ninetenn, I ain't sure which, now—eighteen or nineteen cops—when O'Dougal got his. McGrady went to the chair—nacherally—and I remember the last thing he wanted was brandy. You brought it to mind, Nap."

"Cirotteau, you're a fiend! Oh, I wish we had never heard of you."

"It's all your fault, Madeline," bleated Spencer. "It was you who insisted that I should bring Cirroteau."

"Meanin' me bo?" asked Cirotteau gently.

"Er—I mean Mr. Cirotteau—that I should bring Mr. Cirotteau here. It was you who planned the whole thing."

"I HAD no idea he would commit murder—had I?" Madeline's voice was at concert pitch. Cirotteau held up a warning hand.

"Not so loud, dearie, not so loud," he advised. "Your screamin' like that reminds me of Dynamite Kate. She and a poor ham who thought he was a yeeg went to the mat over the Chicago pork-packer's wife's pearls. Kate allers cut loose and gave her voice a try-out when some guy crossed her. But she slipped. The cops was listenin'-in, and before she and the yegg knew it, they was clubbed into insensibility and dragged down to the patrol waggon. Sweetie, it don't pay to holler. Walls has ears, but they ain't no bigger than the ears of a cop, Nap!"

"What shall we do?" Madeline placed her head between her hands and rocked from side to side.

"Do?" echoed Cirotteau cheerfully. "Well, I guess this guy's goin' to get ready to collect. Jimmy Colburn, meanin' me, of course, is arrivin' unexpectedly on to-night's train from London."

"And what excuse will you make for your silence?" ventured Spencer.

"Say, Nap, leave that to me; I've been doing secret trials on a new super-speed machine, and was just nacherally tickled to death when I learnt all England was lookin' for me. But the feller that's invented the new Powerplus Carburetter is an old pal of mine, and I couldn't even send word till the trials was over. Speakin' of trials . . ."

"Cirotteau—don't!" shrilled Madeline. "I can't endure any more of your ghastly reminiscences. They make one shudder."

"Only one? Must be a flat tyre somewheres. I thought I seen you both shakin'. But you got to get hardened. I once wised-up a fall-guy . . ."

"Cirotteau, do speak English!" cried the distracted Madeline. "Your very slang chills the blood. It's only an underworld jargon at the best."

"English? Oh, well, it's obsolete, but, if you insist, I suppose I must oblige. Now forget about murders—they're only minor incidents, after all—and we shall plot the next move. Come closer, Nap! It's cold out there, old comrade."

WHEN Spencer, clad in faultless evening clothes, entered the library at Martindale Hall, he was instantly oppressed by the chilly, overpowering atmosphere of gloom. Peter Colburn glared at him, and then tossed off the remainder of his drink. Sir Francis nodded, and that was all. Elaine sighed wearily, and languidly waved him to a seat. Spencer, already a nervous wreck, shivered when he sat down and clipped a cigar; he literally jumped when the clock chimed. But Cirotteau had commanded him to be present at the Hall, and although to obey that command meant mental torture, he had come. Much as he feared the dead, he feared the living more.

"I had to drop in, Elaine," he murmured. "Have you any fresh news?"

"None, Spencer. Apparently the earth has opened and swallowed poor Jimmy. Poor Jimmy! Oh, I feel I shall go mad! Why can't we learn something? If we only knew his fate! And to think that, had I married him instead of behaving like a schoolgirl, all this would have been avoided. Whenever the clock chimes I feel I want to scream — to shriek aloud — to . . ."

"Elaine, Elaine, dear! Calm yourself!" Sir Francis' voice was like the tolling of a bell. "There is yet hope, I am sure. Everything that can be done is being done to discover the—ahem! Another drink, Peter?"

"Drink? Francis! I want my boy—not drink!" Peter impatiently pushed the decanter away from him. "Ah—there's that telephone again!" he growled. "Another idiotic fool, I'll be bound."

"You answer it, Elaine," said her father staring moodily before him.

Elaine hesitated. Plainly she was loath to comply, lest some dreaded message should come in funereal tones over the wires. But at last she picked up the receiver.

"Yes, this is Martindale Hall. Oh, who—who is that?"

The others electrified by the strange quality of her voice, whirled round and stared at her.

"Is that you, J-Jimmy? Oh-h-h, it is—it is! Jimmy, darling—I—we—oh, come quickly! We are all nearly insane with anxiety. Father! Mr. Colburn!" Elaine swayed as she turned to the others. "It's Jimmy! He's alive and well, and is on his way here!"

"Thank Heaven!" gulped Peter Colburn hoarsely.

"Oh, what a relief!" breathed Sir Francis.

"Er—rather jolly, isn't it?" muttered Spencer fatuously. But Spencer at the moment portrayed anything but jollity. His teeth sank into the butt of his cigar, thereby rendering an excellent weed useless.

"A drink, Peter?" beamed Sir Francis.

"Well, Francis; I think I will. Well, well! Now just where has that young pup been?"

"I—I really cannot say, Mr. Colburn," replied Spencer. Why should Peter ask him such a question?

"Blister me, Spencer! I wasn't talking to you! But—tut, tut, never mind, Spencer.

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my dear lad. Aren't you drinking? Take no notice of an old man's idiosyncrasies. I'm afraid I was rather abrupt with you. I'll give him a piece of my mind."

"Won't you join us, Spencer?" said Sir Francis with a smile.

"OH, do, Spencer," pleaded Elaine. "I'll pour it out for you. Spencer, you have been wonderfully sympathetic and considerate. I—we appreciate it very much."

"Thanks, Elaine. Yes, I will have a drink."

"Have you got a sore throat, Spencer? Your voice sounds so strange. Not only that, but I have noticed that you seem to avoid looking at me. Come now, Spencer," in a tone of gentle raillery, "what dreadful designs have you on my humble person? Why, look, father, Spencer is actually blushing. The drink—quick! Ah, villain—you are unmasked!"

The horrified Spencer stared into Elaine's laughing eyes. He gasped, and then, with an effort, forced a sickly smile. Eagerly he seized the drink and tossed it off neat.

"Don't look at me like that, Elaine," he choked. "I—thanks, I'll have another Sir Francis. I am not feeling very fit this evening."

"We regret to hear that, Spencer," said Sir Francis in a kindly tone. "Perhaps you would care to stay here to-night?"

"No, no, Sir Francis!" Spencer started up hastily. "Thank you so much, but it's nothing serious. I have had a trying day in town. I fancy I heard a car stop. Perhaps it is . . ."

"It is! Oh, father! It's Jimmy!" cried Elaine. "Listen! He is speaking to Judson . . . the same old care-free, irresponsible Jimmy."

Spencer groaned and hurriedly gulped his second whisky. His eyes, wild and slightly bloodshot, followed Elaine as she ran lightly towards the library door. He flinched when Cirotteau, playing the role of the man he had so foully done to death, clasped her in his arms and lifted her off her feet with all the ardor of a passionate lover.

"Good evening, folks," Cirotteau grinned brazenly. "Say—Judson was telling me I'm a much-wanted man."

Spencer shrivelled. Why couldn't Cirotteau remember that Jimmy Colburn was an Englishman and spoke the English language? Why would the fool persist in his abominable Americanisms?

"Jimmy, where have you been, you rascal? And why did you keep silent when you must have known how worried we were?" boomed his father.

"Couldn't be doge, buddy."

"What—what did you call me?" gasped Peter. "Curse me, James; if you were younger I'd tan you, Buddy! What insolence!" Peter glared at the grinning Cirotteau. The bandit seemed highly amused.

"He's all set for a boil-over," laughed Cirotteau, giving Elaine an affectionate squeeze at the same time. Elaine smiled happily, as though she preferred being squeezed to any other form of assurance. Spencer breathed painfully, and although he refused to look at Elaine and Cirotteau, he knew that Cirotteau was looking at him.

"And friend Spencer doesn't look a day older," continued the jovial Cirotteau. "How are we, Spencer?"

"Er—quite fit thanks—er, Colburn," muttered Spencer hastily.

"Spencer is not fit, Jimmy," said Elaine in Spencer's defence. "He won't tell us what the trouble is, but we can see that he is anxious and worried about something."

"Worry? Say! I knew a chap once . . ."

"Er—Colburn . . . won't you have a whisky?" interrupted Spencer desperately.

"James, you appear to have acquired the American touch during your absence," smiled Sir Francis.

"American touch? Huh!—I mean quite so—Sir Francis," replied Cirotteau. "As a matter of fact, I did come in contact with an American while in London. She was some girl, believe me!"

"Jimmy!" Elaine stared at him.

"James!" snarled Peter. "Just what the devil have you been up to? Explain at once, sir."

"Well," said Cirotteau, stubbornly, "this fellow assisted me during my secret trials of the Powerplus carburetter. He was most amusing—most quaint and original, Sir Francis, and his slang, even though it made one's scalp creep, was entertaining to a ticklish degree."

"Jimmy, you said 'she!'" accused Elaine.

"I said 'she?'" Cirotteau looked mildly surprised.

"You did!" Elaine was emphatic.

"I did?"

"Yes!"

"Huh! You must have misunderstood me, darling. There's only one 'she' in my life, sweetie, and that's your own lil self."

"MY—MY heaven!" whispered Spencer. He rose hurriedly. "Sir Francis—Elaine—if you will excuse me, I'll leave."

"Not on your life, Spencer," cut in Cirotteau. "Sit down, man, and listen to the tale I will unfold. You mustn't run away just because I am here."

"Very well — er — Colburn, only I thought . . ."

"Forget it, Spencer! There's no need for you to be so retiring—is there, Elaine?" Cirotteau spoke to Elaine, but glared at the unhappy Spencer.

Before Elaine could reply the telephone rang. Cirotteau helped himself to a whisky and pushed the decanter towards Peter Colburn. Spencer also helped himself to the produce of Scotland. Sir Francis unhooked the receiver.

"Yes, this is Sir Francis speaking," he said. "You are the police? Yes, yes. What's that? Cirotteau is—eh? Yes, of course. With Madeline Cartwright."

Crash! The glass dropped from Spencer's hand and emptied its contents upon the carpet. The blood drained from his face, leaving it white and strained. His mind rioted with fearful thoughts. Had Madeline betrayed them to save her own neck? Were the police even now on their way to the hall to arrest Jimmy Colburn's murderer and his accomplice? His teeth chattered with fright, and, but for the sinister movement of Cirotteau's hand, which was concealed in his pocket, he would have jumped to his feet and shrieked aloud the whole ghastly story. But the cold glare in the bandit's eyes told him plainly that he would not speak more than one word before being silenced forever by the fatal bullet. He became conscious that they were all staring at him.

"P-pardon my clumsiness," he whispered hoarsely. "The glass slipped from my fingers. Pray continue, Sir Francis—d-don't mind me."

"Very well, sergeant," continued Sir Francis. "What's that? Fire? What fire? At Shaw-Manners' apartment Really, how unfortunate. A total loss? Yes, he is here now. I'll tell him. Thank you, sergeant. Good night!" Sir Francis replaced the receiver and turned to the others. He spoke to Spencer.

"Spencer, I regret to inform you that your diggings have been completely destroyed by fire. I'm sure we are all very sorry that this has occurred. I insist now that you remain with us until you have made other arrangements. No, I will not hear of your going to an hotel. I'm sure Elaine echoes my wishes in this."

"Why, of course, father," answered Elaine.

"OF course he will," added Cirotteau. "He could not refuse—now, could you, Spencer?"

"Certainly not, Colburn. Elaine—Sir Francis—I shall be delighted to accept your hospitality."

"Good," laughed Cirotteau, as though he had extended the invitation. "Now, Sir Francis, what was that we heard about Cirotteau and the Cartwright woman?"

"The sergeant, apparently, was in a communicative mood. He told me that one of the detectives saw a man who greatly resembled Cirotteau in company with Madeline Cartwright."

"Where did he see them, Sir Francis?" Cirotteau clipped a cigar.

"He saw the man leaving the woman's apartments."

"And what are the police going to do about it?"

"I don't know. Naturally he didn't tell me that," laughed Sir Francis. "But judging from his tone one could tell that he was very confident about something."

"Then you can expect to see me arrested again at any moment," chuckled Cirotteau. "That fat sergeant—now what was his name?"

"Napper," said Spencer quickly.

"Oh, yes—Napper. Well, he arrested me once; so perhaps he will again. This fatal likeness to such a notorious criminal is deuced annoying. At any time, apparently, the minions of the law are likely to pounce upon me with shrill cries of triumph."

"Then you'd better cease uttering those ridiculous American expressions," advised Spencer. "Were I you, I'd be careful to speak English. Cirotteau was an American, I believe. Take my tip, Colburn, and be yourself. I mean, be natural."

"That's good advice, Spencer," growled Peter Colburn. "Jimmy, it's about time you ceased playing the fool. I suppose if none of us cared two straws about you, you young scoundrel, it wouldn't matter. But—we're mighty glad you're here to plague us all the same. Now just when are you two youngsters going to be married Perhaps there will not be any hitch this time. I hope not! I shall go to pieces or become insane if there is any further delay. What say you, Francis?"

"I quite agree with you, Peter," nodded Sir Francis. "But we can arrange all details of the wedding to-morrow. To-night let us listen to James' account of his adventures in London."

"Sir Francis, I guess—I mean, I thought of telling Elaine first—that is to say—it seems a long time . . ."

"Oh, very well, James," laughed Sir Francis. "We will not detain you, my boy. I quite understand that you would like to tell it to Elaine first—and alone."

"Sure!" grinned Cirotteau.

"Jimmy, you certainly have got a grip on Americanisms. You speak some words with a twang like a banjo," said Elaine. "Come and tell me all about this 'she'! These three men will amuse themselves. Spencer, your room will be next to Jimmy's. There is a door between them, so you can tell me whether he snores."

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"CIROTTEAU, you'll have to be more careful. Why did you forget your role and relapse into your natural self? Do you want them to realise that you are Jacques Cirotteau? I sweated with fright. And then to cap matters you had to insist that I should remain here for the night. What's the result?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Nap, the result's funny," drawled Cirotteau lazily. He eyed the pyjama-clad figure of Spencer with open amusement. The suit was far too large for Spencer, and his waving arms, instead of giving emphasis to his protest, made him look ridiculous when the long sleeves flapped down and swallowed the quivering hands. In desperation Spencer rolled the sleeves up.

Cirotteau sat down on Spencer's bed and stared thoughtfully through the doorway into his own room. He was fully dressed, much to Spencer's dismay, for the fact that he had not undressed convinced Spencer that he contemplated action of some sort.

"Huh!" Cirotteau grunted. "Nap, you've got the heeby-jeebies! The folks in this house don't suspect that I'm Cirotteau. No, siree, not at all! Forget it, Nap! It's a cinch, bo. Now listen, Nap. We ain't got time to waste thinkin' about the Cartwright woman. I'll tend to her if she squeals, sure 'nough, sure 'nough. No one ever framed this guy and got away with it. I guess not, Nap."

"Elaine didn't suspect that you are not Jimmy Colburn."

"That peach! Say, Nap—ain't she the goods? I'm tickled to death over thoughts of marryin' that girl. No, she thinks I'm Colburn, all right, all right. Gee! The minute she put her lil soft arms round me I fell for her. I guess I'll simply hate leavin' her cold. But business is business, Nap. Now, on the level, ain't it?"

"It's a dastardly business," murmured Spencer.

"Huh? Dastardly? Say—what's eatin' you now? Have you gone bugs, Nap?" growled Cirotteau.

"Cirotteau—you hound!" Spencer recoiled white-faced and trembling. The pyjamas that once belonged to Jimmy Colburn flapped as his limbs quivered.

"Napoleon!" snarled Cirotteau menacingly. "No more of that! You ain't any better than me, anyway."

"Mr. Cirroteau, you cannot be so . . ."

"Careful, Nap!"

"So reckless," gulped Spencer.

"Perhaps you're right, Nap," muttered Cirotteau. "But I tell you what—let's go get old Colburn."

"M-my heavens, no!" bleated Spencer in horrified tones. "Mr. Cirotteau! Not that! Not that!"

"You gimme a pain!" grumbled Cirotteau. "You stand there like an animated scarecrow and do nothin' but wave your mitts and squeak 'not that—not that.' What about all these dahlers? When do I handle some of the iron men—the jack—the money?"

"You c-can't get the m-money to-night, Mr. Cirotteau, in any c-case. You mustn't—you simply mustn't do anything desperate to-night, Mr. Cirotteau."

"Say, Nap! Stop doin' the Charleston. You make me feel giddy—say! What's that?" Cirotteau whirled round and his automatic appeared in his hand as though by magic.

"I—I'll s-swear I heard s-someone laugh," chattered Spencer.

"Laugh? What is there to laugh at?" gritted Cirotteau.

"Heaven knows."

"Here, Nap—take this lil gun and plug anyone eavesdroppin'. I'll scoot back to my room. We ain't supposed to be that friendly. Step lively, bo—and shoot to kill, Nap!" Cirotteau thrust the automatic into Spencer's hand.

"T-take the b-beastly thing b-back! I don't want it! Take it b-back! Cirotteau, come back, come back . . ." shrilled Spencer.

"Quick—you poor mutt! It might be the cops! That gun's just the right calibre for cops. Use it, Nap! I'll get another and drop 'em from my end of the corridor. Step out now or we'll both be hung!" hissed Cirotteau. Then he turned and raced into his own room, leaving the shaking, distracted Spencer standing in the middle of the room, the black automatic dangling in his hand and pointing at his toes.

Spencer seemed to have lost all self-control. His wide blue eyes, full of fear, stared alternately at the automatic and at the door that opened on to the corridor. The leaden thoughts that crept sluggishly through his brain, as a corroding poison creeps through the veins, were thoughts of the police, the prison, and the scaffold. Then, suddenly, and to his intense horror, he became aware that the door of his room was slowly opening, inch by inch. His agitation increased; he forgot that he was standing quivering and fear- stricken; he could think of nothing, could see nothing but that slowly-opening door. He was trapped, betrayed. Cirotteau, the fiend, had sensed the danger and had left him to face the charge of murder. Cirotteau had known that Madeline was a traitress and had sold them to the police. He stiffened at the realisation of his terrible predicament. He would not be like the yegg from Miami, Florida. They would never take him alive.

"Stand!" he squeaked, the heavy black automatic pointing at the door. "Stand—or I f-fire!"

No answering voice came to his ears. The blood throbbed to his temples; his hair stood erect; his eyes threatened to leave their sockets. The door continued to open slowly, slowly. He found he couldn't hold the automatic steady with his right hand; so he used both. The deadly black muzzle pointed straight at the door. Just as his frayed nerves were at breaking point a heavy hand thumped him authoritatively on the shoulder. His curved fingers tightened convulsively as he leapt aside, and the automatic exploded with a roar that sounded deafening in the room. Then the terrified Spencer found himself glaring into the grinning face of Jacques Cirotteau.

"I CAME back for me gun, Nap," chuckled the bandit. "There's no one in the passage. Say—what did you shoot at, bo?"

"The door—the d-door, Cirotteau," Spencer panted. "Someone was opening the door . . ."

"Well, that ain't any reason to shoot, is it? Suppose it had been Sir Francis?"

"M-my heaven! I did not think of that."

"Or Elaine?"

"Here—take the beastly thing—take it, or I'll pitch it out of the window. Ugh! I feel like a murderer."

"Nap, it ain't tactful to use that word," said Cirotteau, taking the automatic and carelessly pointing it at Spencer's abdomen.

"D-don't p-point that fearful thing at m-me!" yelled Spencer, backing slowly towards the bed. "Don't! It might go off. It did just now."

"I know it did, Nap," leered Cirotteau. "I saw you deliberately shoot at the door. You aimed to kill, all right."

"I didn't."

"You did, siree! You had both hands on the lil gun to steady it. Sure. I'll bet you said 'Atta baby! Here's me first cop.' Now didn't you, Nap—on the level?"

"Nothing of the kind!" Spencer almost screamed. "I—I had no intention of killing anyone. The thing just went off, I tell you!"

"Don't yell like that, Nap—listen! Gee! That shot of yours has brought 'em all a-runnin'. Now what are you goin' to tell 'em, Nap?"

Before the dazed Spencer could frame a reply the door was thrown open and Sir Francis, followed by Peter Colburn and Elaine, entered the room. Sir Francis and Peter had hurriedly thrown their dressing-gowns about them. Elaine was a lovely vision in a lavender negligee. But Spencer had no eyes for lovely visions. His mind was rioting with thoughts of guns, cops, murders, and sudden alarms.

"What has happened, James?" asked Sir Francis. "We all heard the shot."

"NOTHING serious, Sir Francis," grinned Cirotteau. "Friend Spencer was walking in his sleep, I guess. He had this gun in his hand and when I touched him on the shoulder he jumped and pulled the trigger."

"Spencer, you'd better see a doctor," growled Peter Colburn. "A sleep-walker with a loaded revolver! We might all have been murdered in our sleep. Be more careful, fellow! None of us wish to die just yet."

"I—I'm fearfully sorry, Sir Francis," stammered Spencer, "but lately my nerves have been somewhat jumpy. My apologies to everyone. Elaine, I trust you were not unduly frightened. I don't quite remember how it happened. The gun just went off. Luckily no one was shot."

"Shot?" Cirotteau drew all eyes to him when he suddenly rocked with laughter.

"Now, James, don't be a fool!" rasped his father. "What is there to laugh at in a person being shot? I presume this weapon you hold in your hand is as deadly as any other?"

"This one Not it!" Again the bandit gave a peal of laughter.

"Blister me, James! Why not that one?" demanded Peter Colburn.

"Because it only carries blank cartridges. All noise and no bullets."

"G-good heavens;" breathed Spencer. He staggered to the bed and sat down, staring before him like a man in a dream.

"Poor Spencer!" murmured Elaine. "What a shock it must have been to be suddenly awakened in such a fashion. Are you all right now, Spencer?"

"Eh? Er—yes, thanks, Elaine. Quite all right—ah, yes, quite . . . Blank cartridges . . ." was Spencer's confused reply.

"Well, folks, all's well that ends well," laughed Cirotteau. "We'd better leave friend Spencer to get a fresh grip on those nerves of his, eh?"

"Yes, good night, Spencer," smiled Elaine.

"Good night, Spencer," nodded Sir Francis.

"Night!" grunted Peter Colburn.

"I'll see you in the morning, old fellow," laughed Cirotteau. "Now, no more sleep-walking. You'll sleep like a top, I'm sure."

The door closed behind them. Spencer still sat on the edge of the bed. Then he slowly crawled between the sheets and switched off the light.

Spencer slept badly. In fact, it would be more accurate to say that he did not sleep at all. He tossed from side to side, muttering imprecations every time the great clock in the hall below chimed the quarter hour. When the early dawn crept into the room

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he threw back the bedclothes with a sigh of relief, and slipped from the bed.

"Blank cartridges, eh?" were the first words he uttered while adjusting his dressing-gown. "Cirotteau must regard me as a fool. I'm through with the whole affair, Cirotteau or no Cirotteau. I'll send him where he'll do no more violence to myself or anyone else. After all, I had nothing to do with the killing of Jimmy Colburn. This fiend in the next room is entirely responsible for that. In fact I have been a very unwilling accomplice from the beginning. But he won't get Elaine—the dirty New York trash! If ever I put in such a night again I shall go mad."

HAVING finished his soliloquy, he cautiously opened the door and peeped round the frame. The house was as still as a tomb; the servants had not yet commenced their duties. Spencer's objective was the bathroom, and he crept along with the stealth of an Indian on the trail. Opposite Elaine's room he paused and became tense and rigid, and his breathing almost stopped. Subdued voices came to his ears, and he was astounded and scandalised when he recognised them as the voices of Elaine and Jacques Cirotteau.

"Impossible!" he whispered, and listened again.

But at last he was sure he was not mistaken. Cirotteau and Elaine were together in her bedroom, and both were laughing.

A sound, as of someone getting out of bed, sent him racing to the bathroom.

"Say! Is that you in there, Nap?" came in low but cheery tones from the outside of the bathroom.

"Yes," snarled Spencer. "Go away!"

"Really, my dear old blank cartridge, you sound somewhat peeved. What's the matter?"

Spencer gasped. The cast-iron cheek of the fellow! Well, he was not holding all the trumps now.

"Go away!"

"Well, that's all right," grunted Cirotteau. "But I brought along your handkerchief. It must have slipped out of your dressing-gown pocket outside Elaine's door."

"I—ah, thanks, Colburn. Much obliged. Won't keep you waiting long," muttered Spencer. So he had been warned, eh? Cirotteau knew. He would have to be careful. He would have Elaine at his mercy once the bandit was safely behind the bars. Well, yes. He might even marry her. The Martindale fortune was well worth the sacrifice. However . . .

"Say, Nap!"

"What do you want?" Confound it, was the infernal fellow still there?

"I'll bet a dime I know what you're thinkin'," Cirotteau chuckled.

"I—what do you mean?" Spencer paused in the act of drying himself.

"Nap, you have the dangerous habit of talking to yourself."

Heavens! Had he spoken aloud? Spencer began to tremble.

"I'm afraid I do not understand you, Mr. Cirotteau," he replied hastily.

"Well, well! But be more careful in future, Nap. Many a good man has disappeared for sayin' less than you did. Say, bo! Have you got a lease of that bathroom?"

"No, Mr. Cirotteau. I'm coming out now." Curse the fellow. Spencer wrapped his gown tightly around his limbs and opened the door.

"Listen! What's the big idea callin' me Mister Cirotteau?"

"My mistake—er, Colburn . . ."

"You'd better watch your step, Nap! I'm beginnin' to think you don't like me, and I've allers found it pays to deal pronto with guys that don't keep in step with me. Get me, Nap?"

"Oh, most assuredly, Colburn. But you are mistaken, really. Er—pray go in . . . the bathroom's empty."

"Well, I ain't blind," growled Cirotteau. "I'll see you at breakfast, Nap—at breakfast, I said!"

"Why, of course, Colburn—I'm looking forward to the meal. You'll excuse me now, won't you? It's somewhat draughty at the moment."

"Sure. Did you sleep well?"

"Oh, perfectly. Ha! Ha! Ha! That blank cartridge was a great joke, eh?"

"Yep, but don't forget they ain't all blanks, Nap."

Cirotteau leered significantly at Spencer and then stepped into the bathroom. His cheery whistle followed Spencer along the corridor. Spencer closed the bedroom door behind him and locked it. Then, after shaking his fist violently in the direction of the bathroom, he proceeded to dress. He would need to get a shave in town, as all his kit had been destroyed by the fire. An excellent excuse to dart away after breakfast. Then he thought of Elaine.

"Blank cartridge, eh?" he muttered. "Well, Cirotteau, this one ain't gonna be a blank, believe me. Sure—I'm tickled to death."

Spencer actually sniggered.

All were in high spirits when they sat down to breakfast. The morning was perfect. The sun poured down rays that caused the bird-life to revel in the light and warmth. From the open windows came the scent of shrubs, flowers, and freshly-mown grass.

Sir Francis beamed upon them as he sat at the head of the table. Elaine, dainty and alluring, presided at the opposite end. Jacques Cirotteau, smiling and assured, sat on her right. Spencer, also smiling and assured, sat opposite Cirotteau. Peter Colburn sat between Cirotteau and Sir Francis, and upon the magnate's face was expressed a vast satisfaction.

"Well, Spencer," laughed Sir Francis, "in spite of fires, nerves, and nocturnal adventures, you are looking very fit this morning."

"I am feeling splendid, Sir Francis," smiled Spencer, pausing in his onslaught on the food before him.

"Sure. There's nothing like sound sleep to act as a tonic," murmured Cirotteau.

"And did you sleep well, Jimmy?" asked Elaine demurely.

Spencer shot a swift glance at the beautiful girl. Then he looked at Cirotteau. The bandit was grinning broadly. Spencer's lips curled slightly in a cynical prescient smile.

"Like an innocent babe," replied Cirotteau.

SPENCER sniggered, but instantly became grave when he caught the carnivorous glare in Cirotteau's eyes.

"What about this wedding?" boomed Peter. "Elaine, have you decided when you will take that young rascal off my hands?"

"James, are you ready to accept the responsibility of Elaine?" chuckled Sir Francis.

"Well, father, Jimmy and I have been talking things over. We—we were wondering whether it would not be better to leave things just as they are," murmured Elaine.

Peter's hand trembled. For safety's sake he placed the cup back on its saucer. Sir Francis' fork paused midway between his plate and his mouth. Spencer mentally hugged himself.

There was a moment's silence. Elaine and Cirotteau were apparently unaware of the gathering storm-clouds. Peter glared at Sir Francis. Sir Francis peered at Peter. Spencer gave his undivided attention to his breakfast.

"Just what does she mean by that, Francis?" growled Peter Colburn. "Jimmy, suppose you say something, instead of sitting there like a damned oyster."

"What can I say, sir?" grinned Cirotteau.

"What can you say!" roared the rubber magnate. "James—am I to understand that . . ."

"One moment, Peter, please," said Sir Francis. He turned to Elaine. "My dear, surely you do not mean that you and James have decided not to . . ."

"Now, father, allow me to refill your cup," laughed Elaine. "Don't you seriously think—both you and Mr. Colburn—that marriage between Jimmy and me would be a grave mistake? You have both seen how unfitted we are temperamentally, and on pure psychological grounds . . ."

"OH!" Peter Colburn flung down his napkin. "What gibberish is this? After all the worry and trouble Sir Francis and I have had to try and get you two married, you—you . . . Francis! Did you ever hear the like? Psychological grounds! Bah—if you had said zoological grounds it would have been more like it. Monkeys—the pair of you!"

"Well, sir, can we help that?" murmured Cirotteau, carefully selecting a piece of toast.

"Now, James, none of your impudence!" snarled his father. "Upon my word, Francis, I've a good mind to wash my hands of the whole affair. If they won't get married, they won't, and that's all about it. I'm grey-headed now, but a little more of this and I shall be bald."

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I don't see how we can get married now," said Cirotteau thoughtfully.

"Why not?" roared Peter. "Why not? Why not?"

"Really, don't press me, sir."

"Press you! I've a good mind to break your neck! I—oh, Francis! See what you can do—see what you can do with them. I shall lose my self-control in a moment."

"James, what is your reason for not wishing the ceremony to take place?" asked Sir Francis.

"The reason, Sir Francis, is simple but sufficient. I might as well tell you now as at any other time. The truth—the truth is . . ." Cirotteau paused.

"Ah—the truth is . . ." echoed Peter Colburn.

"The truth is . . ." came a fainter echo from Sir Francis.

"The truth is that I am already married. Sirs, I am a married man!" Cirotteau calmly reached for the marmalade.

Peter Colburn turned a beautiful turkey-red. He opened his mouth, drew in a long breath, and then closed it again. Sir Francis sagged and stared unbelievingly at Cirotteau. Elaine looked slightly distressed. Spencer was plainly dumbfounded at Cirotteau's statement.

"Then there is no more to be said!" Peter recovered his wits at last. "But, James, there is much to be done. What I intend doing you shall learn in due course. One thing I insist upon. Never attempt to bring your wife into my presence. I forbid it! Francis, I have urgent business letters to write."

"I'll come with you, Peter," said Sir Francis. He avoided looking at Elaine or

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Cirotteau. He rose and accompanied Peter Colburn from the room.

"Will you excuse me, Elaine?" murmured Spencer. "I really must rush away."

"Certainly, Spencer," said Elaine graciously. "Don't let us detain you."

Spencer paused at the door and glanced quickly back at Elaine and Cirotteau. To his surprise they were both laughing heartily, and, furthermore, were preparing again to enjoy the food before them. Spencer hurried on, deeply mystified. Madeline Cartwright must know of this new phase of affairs at once. Cirotteau, obviously, was preparing to outwit his accomplices. Well, Cirotteau was due for the shock of his criminal life. Yes, he, Spencer, would see to that!

SPENCER, while on his way to Madeline's apartments, vainly racked his brains in an endeavor to fathom the bandit's subtle scheme. But what perplexed him most was Elaine's extraordinary conduct and attitude. Certainly she believed the criminal to be Jimmy Colburn—there was no doubt of that—but even so it was nothing but madness on her part to pursue such a dangerous course. Madeline, of course, would be highly elated. Naturally.

Madeline was. She listened patiently, eagerly, during Spencer's long recital of what had happened at Martindale Hall, and her dark eyes glowed vindictively. When he finished speaking her lips lifted in a particularly feline sneer.

"Ah, my beautiful Elaine, it is my turn now!" she hissed. "I'll make you writhe before I've finished with you—even as you have made me. And as for that white-haired old saint, Martindale, I shall have something to say to him . . . Spencer! Who's that?"

"I believe it's Cirotteau," muttered Spencer. "The hound must have followed me here. I thought he seemed in no hurry to leave his fair charmer. We shall have to play him cautiously, Madeline. He'd do away with both of us without scruple if he thought we had finished with him."

"He mustn't suspect that—yet!" whispered Madeline. "Yes, I believe it's he. Let him in, Spencer, and for your life's sake let me do the talking."

But both Spencer and Madeline were relieved beyond words when they saw that it was not Cirotteau. It was merely the agent calling to inquire whether Madeline intended renewing her lease. He was impatiently dismissed and told to call again.

"Phew! I thought it was that fiend Cirotteau," said Spencer.

"Spencer, we must act quickly. Cirotteau has evidently determined to throw us into the discard. From what you have told me it is obvious that the wretch intends to blackmail Sir Francis. He knows we can do nothing, can claim nothing, for the moment we open our mouths we incriminate ourselves. One thing only is left to us. We will have him arrested this morning."

"That was in my mind, Madeline," grinned Spencer slyly. "But suppose he informs the police that we sent him there—that we knew his identity from the first?"

"It would be two to one against him in a court of law."

"What about the murder of Jimmy Colburn?"

"We know nothing about that—do we? Were we there at the time? Certainly not. Both of us can account for our movements here in Ironcastle after Colburn left. We might as well be held responsible for any old murder."

"But what do we get for our trouble?" demanded Spencer petulantly.

"We shall get exactly what Cirotteau expects to receive. Once he is canned—our friend's useful expression—we shall be in a position to make Martindale pay heavily for our silence. Heaven! how he'll pay! His beautiful daughter! His lovely child! Spencer, I'm just longing to tell him a few things."

"I see you are, Madeline," grinned Spencer. "When will you visit Martindale Hall?"

"With the least possible delay, old dear. While I am dressing, you must go to the police-station and arrange for the capture of Cirotteau. But be careful not to mention his name. Say there is a desperate character, a much wanted criminal, at the Hall. Afterwards, if questioned, you can say that your suspicions were aroused by the strange manner and accent of the man masquerading as Jimmy Colburn. Why, Spencer, it's all so easy. When you have arranged with the police, meet me at the Imperial. Spencer—I'm almost crazy with joy! I'm simply aching to see the look on Elaine's face when she discovers that it is not Jimmy Colburn but Jacques Cirotteau. Isn't it too gorgeous for words?"

Spencer caught the malevolent gleam in Madeline's dark eyes, and in spite of himself, he shuddered. In that swift glance he saw the dark vengeful soul of the woman; read her determination to crush without pity the woman she hated. Yes, in spite of himself, Spencer shuddered. He knew he could never hate like that.

"Somehow I'd rather drop the whole affair," he growled with a faint show of spirit.

"Now don't begin talking like that, Spencer," she spat at him. "Haven't they all wiped their boots on you? Doesn't Elaine practically despise you? Bah! Don't be so spineless! You'll change your tune when Martindale writes us a cheque. Whatever happens, Spencer, there's easy and unlimited money waiting for us. Sir Francis will be glad to adopt us into the family! Now run along and arrange matters with the police."

"Yes, I suppose we'd better move before Cirotteau beats us to it. All right. I'll wait in the foyer of the Imperial," said Spencer resignedly.

"Cheerio, old thing—I'll be there! I can hardly wait to see . . ."

But Spencer shut off the flow of words by closing the door behind him. For a moment he paused irresolutely. Then, shrugging his shoulders and smiling cynically, he descended the stairs.

MADELINE and Spencer stepped from the taxi-cab and paused before ascending the broad steps at the entrance to Martindale Hall. Spencer looked and felt decidedly uneasy and timid now that the time to strike had come. But there was no sign of indecision in Madeline's words or demeanour. She eyed her companion scornfully, fully realising that if it were not for her he would beat a rapid retreat.

"What are you trembling for?" she sneered. "Don't be stupid, Spencer. The game is ours before it commences—unless you are mistaken regarding Elaine and Cirotteau."

"I'm not mistaken in that, Madeline," replied Spencer gruffly. "There's not the slightest doubt he was in her room this morning. And Cirotteau knows that I know."

"Then it's a good thing we lost no time, otherwise Jimmy Colburn might not be the only one to disappear. Stop shaking, man! Brace yourself! The police will be here soon."

"Yes. Sergeant Napper and several others were assigned to this affair. I had considerable difficulty in convincing them that I was in earnest. I believe they are entering the drive now. Ah! Here is Judson himself. Judson, we wish to speak to Sir Francis immediately."

Judson bowed in his inimitable manner, and they followed him to the library.

"I will inform Sir Francis at once. You are familiar with this room, sir."

Judson bowed again and went in search of Sir Francis.

"This is a beautiful home, Spencer," said Madeline, critically examining her surroundings. "But, of course, the Martindales are absurdly rich. Watch the old dear's face when he sees your lady friend. I wonder where the charming Elaine and her cavalier are? But we shall soon . . ."

"Shhh—here is Sir Francis!" whispered Spencer nervously. "Now b-be careful, M-Madeline."

A faint smile dispelled the gloom on Sir Francis' features as he advanced towards them, but the moment he became aware of the identity of Spencer's companion he paused and froze into an attitude of stern disapproval.

"SPENCER! What is the meaning of this?" he said coldly. "Surely you must know that I consider this woman's presence an intrusion?"

"Do not blame Spencer, Sir Francis," said Madeline sweetly. "I insisted upon accompanying him here. My reason for this intrusion, as you so considerately term it, is to render you a service."

"A service, Madam?" Sir Francis looked rather surprised. "I cannot imagine in what manner you can render me a service. Indeed, I do not require or desire you to do me a service. I would be better pleased if you . . ."

"If I took the hint and removed my obnoxious person from under your roof, eh?" Madeline's lips tightened. "But you are mistaken, Sir Francis. You will thank me for this visit, I assure you. I have come to return good for evil."

"Will you be seated?" Sir Francis bowed in his courtly manner. "You will pardon me for standing. Pray proceed."

Madeline gracefully seated herself and ignored Sir Francis while she glanced into her tiny mirror and made a leisured adjustment of her complexion. When the correct tint had been applied she turned and fixed her black eyes on him.

"Sir Francis, it might interest you to know that a strong body of police are approaching Martindale Hall," she murmured.

"I cannot say that your statement interests me," was the level reply.

"No? That is because you are ignorant of what is going on in this house," she retorted.

"I cannot pretend to understand your insinuation, Miss Cartwright. Will you please be more explicit?"

"With the greatest pleasure," purred Madeline. "You doubtless imagine that the man who is paying such unconventional attention to your daughter is Jimmy Colburn, the son of your friend."

"Well?"

"Well, he isn't Jimmy Colburn. He is no more James Colburn than you are!" Madeline relaxed and surveyed Sir Francis keenly. "And your daughter, to her sorrow, will soon be aware of the fact."

"To her sorrow? What do you mean?" Sir Francis demanded.

"Ah—so you are becoming interested in my statements. I knew you would, Sir Francis. But we will come to that important point later. I have just informed you

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that you are sheltering an impostor, a brazen adventurer who passes without difficulty for Jimmy Colburn owing to the amazing resemblance of one to the other. The man you think to be Jimmy Colburn is Jacques Cirotteau, murderer, bank robber, fiend. It is because he is Jacques Cirotteau that the police are even now at your door."

"Cirotteau? Why—you must be mad!" gasped Sir Francis.

"Really?" smiled Madeline. "Sir Francis, you have been cruelly imposed upon, but not so cruelly as your unsuspecting daughter."

"My daughter?" Sir Francis blanched.

"Yes, the charming Elaine!" Madeline's voice was becoming shriller.

"STOP, woman!" thundered Sir Francis. "No more of this! How dare you pollute Elaine with the breath of your vile slander!"

"I'm merely stating facts, Sir Francis," laughed Madeline. I thought you might care to know. Furthermore, I knew you would appreciate the information coming from me."

"By heaven, woman! You shall rue this vile calumny!" panted Sir Francis furiously. He strode across the room and pressed an electric button.

"It is unnecessary, of course, for me to tell you that I don't believe you. Woman—you are an evil creature—a vile person! Please leave . . ."

"Will you stop calling me names?" hissed Madeline venomously. "I repeat what I said about your daughter. I dare you to question her. Bah! If you must know, ask Spencer!"

"Really, Sir Francis, I—I . . ." stammered the fearful Spencer, "I'm afraid—I regret . . ."

"Spencer!" Sir Francis was amazed. "Surely you do not corroborate this woman's awful suggestions?"

"Sir Francis, it cuts me to the heart to have to say her words are true," said Spencer mournfully. "There is no doubt that the man is Jacques Cirotteau, and that he and Elaine . . ."

"Stop—enough!" blazed Sir Francis. "I will have my daughter and James Colburn brought here. I will then . . ."

"Pardon, Sir Francis," murmured Judson from the door. "A sergeant of police and several constables wish to see you, sir."

"Bring them here, Judson, and then inform my daughter and Mr. James Colburn that I want them immediately. Also inform Mr. Peter Colburn," snapped Sir Francis. "Spencer, after this do not cross my door again."

"I regret to hear you . . ."

"Don't be a hypocrite, Spencer," sneered Madeline. "Indeed, your pride should keep you away, if not consideration for your reputation."

"You serpent!" Sir Francis was almost incoherent.

"The police, Sir Francis," murmured Judson.

"Come in—come in! Why are you here, sergeant?"

"This gentleman 'ere, Sir Francis, says there's a desperate character 'idin' somewhere 'ere in the 'all," said Sergeant Napper nodding at Spencer. "We was instructed to lose no time arrestin' him. Where is 'e, Sir Francis?"

"Just wait one moment, sergeant. Ah! Here are Elaine and James Colburn. Now, woman, we shall see if you have the temerity to repeat your words."

When Spencer saw the expression on Cirotteau's face he shrivelled. If ever murder looked out of a man's eyes it was glaring from Cirotteau's at this moment. The bandit drew in a hissing breath as his eyes darted from his former accomplices to the burly figures of the constables. Then he looked at Spencer, who promptly turned a deathly hue.

Peter Colburn came stumping in through the doorway and glared at each person in turn.

"What the devil's this pantomime, Francis?" he rasped.

"These two persons accuse James of being the murderer Cirotteau . . ."

Sir Francis was interrupted by a strangled cry from Spencer. Spencer had been watching Cirotteau closely, and when Sir Francis mentioned the name Cirotteau the bandit's hand shot like lightning into his side pocket.

"S-stop him, for heaven's sake, sergeant!" Spencer squealed in his terror. "H-his hand—quick! He carries a gun there—quick—quick!"

But to the utter amazement of both Spencer and Madeline the police made no move in the direction of the desperate criminal. Madeline, who had leapt from her chair, was as pale as Spencer, but she had not lost her wits.

"Seize him, you fools!" she shrieked. "He'll murder us—he'll—he . . ."

But all the bandit drew from his pocket was a cigarette case. He grinned as he selected and lighted one.

"Say, Nap," he chuckled, "you're a slick worker, bo! I'll tell the world. So you wised-up the cops, eh?"

Madeline and Spencer gasped even though they marvelled at the criminal's nerve and assurance.

"Arrest him, sergeant," said Madeline faintly. "Apparently he is unarmed for once, and therefore helpless, but arrest him or he'll escape."

"Arrest 'oo, lady?" grinned Sergeant Napper.

"That man—you blockhead! He's Cirotteau the New York murderer."

"'Oo? Mr. Colburn 'ere?" Sergeant Napper jerked a fat thumb at the smiling Cirotteau.

"He's not Colburn; we know he's not! He's Cirotteau, I tell you!" cried Madeline hoarsely.

"Is this the desperate criminal yer brought us 'ere after, sir?" Sergeant Napper turned to the cowering Spencer.

"Y-yes, S-sergeant," chattered Spencer. "That's h-him. D-do your d-duty."

"There ain't no dooty to do, sir," chuckled the sergeant.

"My goodness! You wooden-headed fool! He's Cirotteau."

"BE careful 'ow your address the police, lady!" Sergeant Napper's jovial mood vanished. "'Ow can I arrest Mr. Colburn 'ere for bein' Cirotteau when the real Cirotteau was arrested in Noo York a week ago?"

"W-what's t-that you say, sergeant?" faltered Madeline.

"Y-yes, w-what's t-that y-you s-say, s-sergeant?" stuttered Spencer.

"I'm tellin' you the real Cirotteau was arrested in Noo York a week ago. Y' ain't both deaf, are yer?" growled the sergeant. "This gentleman 'ere is Mr. Colburn. If 'e told you 'e was Cirotteau then it must 'ave been some joke of 'is."

"Sure, sergeant," grinned Jimmy Colburn. "Just a lil joke of mine, folks. Say, Nap! Did I ever tell you about a bimbo who once plugged a guy and a skirt . . ."

"You devil! You—you . . ." screamed Madeline, who was now livid with mortification.

"Say, there was a jane once . . ."

"My goodness! I could kill you! I—I could . . ." Madeline suddenly remembered that the police were listening. "Perhaps you will tell us all what you were doing in Miss Martindale's room before five o'clock this morning. Yes, Miss Martindale, you may well blush and look confused, you sly little . . ."

"Stop that!" Jimmy's voice cut like a knife.

"Well—deny it if you can!" hissed Madeline.

"I have no intention of denying it," grinned Jimmy.

"James! What's—what's that?" thundered his father.

"Elaine! Surely!" gasped Sir Francis.

"Yes, father—it is quite true," murmured Elaine, hanging her head.

"Oh—hang me! James—I could shoot you!" bellowed Peter Colburn.

"Elaine, my child! . . ." but Sir Francis could say no more.

"There now, Sir Francis!" shrieked Madeline triumphantly.

"THERE is no earthly reason why I should not visit Elaine in her room at any hour," interrupted Jimmy drily.

"James!" gasped his father. "You must be mad! Why should you be privileged to—to—oh, hang me!"

"The reason is simple," Jimmy informed them cheerfully, "You see, sir, it happens we are married. Elaine is my wife, Sir Francis, and has been for more than a week past. Gosh, Elaine! We scored that time—look at 'em all!"

Elaine's laughter rang clearly in the room, for the expressions on the faces of all were a sight for the gods.

"Miss Cartwright, we won't detain you and your accomplice," murmured Jimmy. "And let this be a lesson to you both. You are indeed both fortunate to be free. But before you go, Spencer, please accept this little memento as a token of my esteem."

Before the bewildered Spencer could prevent it, Jimmy stepped forward and placed a small, bright object in his hand. Spencer gaped at it stupidly.

"A blank cartridge," he whispered.

"Exactly, Spencer! A blank cartridge. It is the one with which you nearly—very nearly—shot a cop. But its significance is deeper than that."

"G-go to the devil!" bleated Spencer. He threw the blank cartridge from him and walked rapidly from the room. Madeline followed at his heel like a shadow—a very silent, crestfallen Madeline.

"Is there anythin' we can do, Sir Francis?" asked Sergeant Napper hopefully.

"Nothing, thank you, sergeant. Good morning."

When the police had gone there was silence in the library. Jimmy broke it.

"Well," he grinned, placing an arm round the smiling Elaine, "I told you I was a married man—didn't I. Does anyone desire to offer me an apology?"

"May God bless you both!" said Sir Francis simply.

"I—er, hang me, yes!" breathed Peter Colburn. "Francis, at last! Blister me—at last! What a relief!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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